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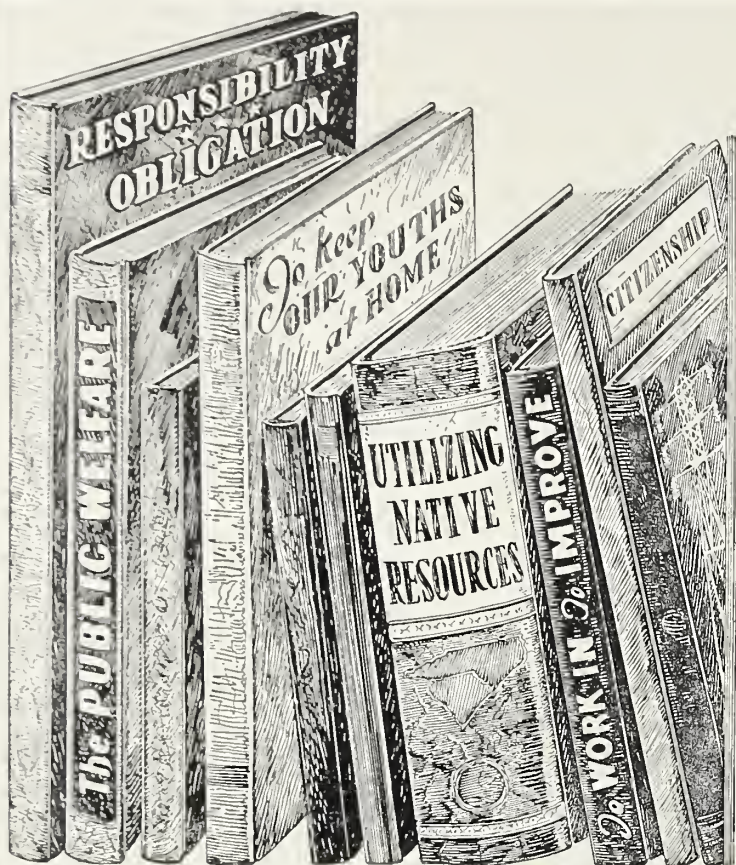
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The ARCHIVE

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THE ARCHIVE

*A Literary Periodical Published By The Students Of
Duke University, Durham, North Carolina*

VOL. 67

OCTOBER, 1954

No. 1

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IN DEFENSE . . .

ALMOST ANY publication is ultimately in the hands of the more - or - less benevolent despot who is its editor. It is he who exercises the power of life or death over any manuscript which crosses his desk. It is he who, whether he edit a college magazine or control a great publishing house, can exert, if he will, a noble influence upon those writers who pass before him and those readers whom his publication reaches. An editor need look no further than the published letters of Maxwell Perkins to Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, and others to realize the responsibility which is his and the fearsome power which *may* be his to mold the new and amorphous stuff of genius into significant and articulate order.

All too often the Editor of THE ARCHIVE has chosen to remain incommunicado, to avoid justifying his choice of material for publication. As a result the selective processes of the magazine have become veiled. Ideally, of course, the printed work should be of a quality which requires no justification. But THE ARCHIVE does draw on essentially imperfect writers, and I suppose that it would do no harm either to me or to you if I say briefly why these few pieces were chosen from the body of work submitted.

Lynn Williams has labored long and fruitfully on *Mr. Brooks*. It seems to me a really brilliant excursion into the problem of the child as an unconscious instrument of evil which has been dealt with often in fiction, but only occasionally with success — as in Henry James' *What Maisie Knew*. I am bold to say that Miss Williams has done a first-rate thing, and I salute her as I hope you will. There are a few controversial points which I have argued with her (she won them all): perhaps Maude's theoretical discussions of Communism are a bit advanced for so young a girl; perhaps, indeed, Maude is too young. But these are points to be considered and answer-

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ed by each reader, few of whom will deny the power of Miss Williams' probing truthfulness and the appalling implications which she has strewn throughout the story.

Veve Caviness has added a valid newcomer to the ranks of fiction's convincing neurotic women. *The Perfect Fool* is a genuine tour de force. Its economy, its mastery of means, its resolution of the technical problem of time, its bizarre plot—all reveal Miss Caviness as an already accomplished craftsman. One's regret at her passing from the Duke campus last June is mitigated by the hope that she will continue to exercise the talent so satisfyingly displayed here.

To pass more rapidly through the remainder of the magazine: Marian McSurely's spirited discussion of E. E. Cummings partakes of that poet's own nimble wit and broad sympathy. She has understood rather thoroughly our most *talented* (if not our greatest) poet, and she has set forth her insights gracefully. Odessa Southern's authentic sense of the rhythm of rural Negro speech lends the importance of reality to a sketch which is, admittedly, propagandistic. The poems of Rutledge Parker, Diuguid Parrish, E. B. Chaney, and Margie Sullivan are, in the end, tentative pieces. They are honest and sometimes beautiful, and there is promise in each—of serene grace and epigrammatic terseness from Parker, of striking imagism from Parrish, of vitality and condensation from Chaney, of fine movement and lightness of touch from Miss Sullivan. The book review and the freshman writing do not require any comment from me.

It is, I think, a good issue and, therefore, a heartening one. But I am biased and shall say no more. I trust that you have not thought my remarks presumptuous or dogmatic. They will serve their purpose only in sending you to the piece which they briefly defend. After all, in such matters it is the Word which giveth life.—E. R. P.

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- Southgate Dining Hall
- The Oak Room
- Old Trinity Room
- Cafeterias A-B-D
- Breakfast Bar
- The New Grille
- Graduate Center Cafeteria and Coffee Lounge



Approach To Innsbruck

Rubin Battino

THE ARCHIVE

A LITERARY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF DUKE UNIVERSITY

VOL. 67

No. 1

Lynn Williams *has here dealt boldly and sensitively with an old theme which still commands attention: the ideological influence of educators on their students. Miss WILLIAMS, a junior from New Mexico, began the story last year in the writing class of Edgar Bowers. She has since expanded and modified it into its present lean and logical form.*

MR. BROOKS

THE CLASSROOM was filled with the buzz of conversation, occasionally broken by staccato exclamations which always accompany the first day of school. As they were eighth-graders, they tried not to betray any eagerness; after all, this was their second year in junior high school. Some even affected boredom as they lounged nonchalantly back in their desk-arm chairs and traced over the ancient carved initials on the desks with newly sharpened pencils. But there was a steady, unmistakable rise in the pitch of the conversation as the sixth period United States history class awaited the arrival of the new teacher. Carefully practiced adult dignity was gradually forgotten as adolescent shrillness crept into their voices, and the attitudes of sophistication relaxed long enough to permit wriggling and craning of necks in the direction of the door.

Maude sat in the rear section of the room, where her little clique was assembled. She heard snatches of the light talk going on all about her: "... the cute new boy in my English class. . . .," "Isn't home ec. going to be fun!" "Let's all eat lunch together." She nodded or smiled at the appropriate times, complacent in the knowledge that she was one of the group without any effort on her part. Yet, she had the vague, familiar feeling of being identified with a group outwardly similar to herself, but somehow completely foreign to her unconscious analysis of her own character.

It would have surprised her, had she been told that she did not belong. She would have denied it

vigorously, and she would have been even more puzzled and even more vehement in her denials if she had been told that she was proud of her detachment. Why, hadn't she shown her indignation that night at Carol's slumber party during the "truth session?" The conversation had swung abruptly from the comfortable, ever-popular topic of boys to a heated discussion of the merits of the basic seventh grade geography course, with Maude generating most of the heat. "I think it's actually wrong for them to teach us stuff that sounds just like a fairy tale," she had said with conviction. But her argument found little opposition and began to lose force with the lack of adequate response.

In one of the silent spells that followed, one of the girls hopped up from the bed excitedly. "Let's have a truth session!" she cried in sudden inspiration. Maude's opinions were lost in the enthusiasm which greeted the suggestion, and she good-naturedly allowed herself to be pulled along in the current of excitement over the newest diversion.

"My big sister told me how they do it in high school," Barbara explained importantly. "They take one person at a time and everybody tells just what they think about them, good or bad—mostly things that will help improve a girl's personality, of course," she added prudently. "The main thing about it is not to get hurt or mad about anything said. After all, we all have to realize that it's for our own good." And with that the session began.

MAUDE entered the game with nothing more than curiosity and soon enjoyed it along with the rest of them. Unknown aspects of the characters of both the subject and the describer came to light. There was stimulation in the unfaltering frankness of youth, sometimes unabashed praise and other times unbelievable cruelty, but always on the level of a well-earned reward or a clean swift knife, never sloppily trying to circumvent the issue. Each girl was allowed a brief word or two of defense or modesty after hearing the verdict rendered by her friends.

Maude awaited her turn as subject with a bit of the contagious excitement of the other girls around her. She knew about what they would say, she thought. There would be a few compliments about her good grades or her ability to get along with boys, or, perhaps, her move to take responsibility in situations where it was needed. Then, too, she had her little faults just as the rest of them did. She was inclined to be impatient and sharp with her friends at times, although usually her good nature was quickly restored and made such moments forgotten. Her little nervous habits, such as twiddling with her hair or biting her fingernails or shaking her foot, when she was thinking, must undoubtedly irritate people. At least, that's what Mother always said. Besides, she thought with a small uncomfortable frown, her grades might indicate that she was a grind; the ability to get along well with boys never made one very popular with other girls; and the willingness to take responsibility could easily be twisted into bossiness. She began to squirm a little as her turn approached.

However, she gradually settled back in relaxation again as her turn went along the lines she had thought it would. She received about the same number of good and bad comments as the rest of the subjects had, with a few revelations here and there. This was all as it should be.

"I don't really think any of us know you, Maude," Carol, the last person to speak, said quietly, and Maude straightened her shoulders once more in interest. "You seem to be so sort of moody all the time, like you were away off somewhere by yourself. Oh, I know you're lots of fun usually, and you get along okay with everybody," she hurried on as Maude opened her mouth to protest, "but it's not like being one of the gang or anything. It's more like you just put up with all of us—like a grown-up, or something!" She stopped suddenly, noticing the silence and biting her lip in the self-conscious feeling that, perhaps, she had said too much.

Maude had the same sensation she had felt one

time when she got hit in the stomach with a baseball. As soon as it went away, she said with a little smile, "Can I say what I think now?" and waited for the nods of the group, Carol's more emphatic than the rest. "Well, I think you're all pretty right about what you said, I guess. But I think you're a little wrong, Carol. I do get quiet sometimes when I'm thinking, I suppose. Everyone does that. But I think you just imagine that. Why, I always think of myself as being right in there with you in everything you do. I didn't think there was a finer bunch of friends anywhere. Of course, maybe you all don't feel that I'm a part of things as much as I do," she added with a tone of righteous indignation. The truth session ended in the midst of their protests and general relief at the latest suggested diversion—raiding the icebox.

HOWEVER, she did not think of all these things, as she sat there nodding and smiling with a genuinely pleasant expression on her face. She thought of what it was to be thirteen and starting in one's second year of junior high. She thought of her life, its pattern in the future and its pattern in the past; and she saw the present as a complete picture, each detail observed, memorized, and pondered for some special meaning. This constant analysis of herself and the importance of making the pattern balance correctly among education, social life, and ambition was the reason for her difference from the others. Not that they didn't think of such things, for they did; but Maude's thinking probed deeper inside of her core and things around her, like a form of continual amateur psychoanalysis, combined with career planning. Most of this thinking was done unconsciously so that she hid the clear outline of it from herself, and from her friends.

To analyze and magnify the character of her thoughts would have been to her too tragically adolescent, too typical of the others. She enjoyed being different from them, but without defining the difference or even thinking about it; and so she saw what they did not see and thought of what she saw and in a completely unselfconscious way. It was with no great effort that she changed the direction of her concentration when the room quickly became quiet.

A new teacher can invariably create a pause in conversation by walking into a room full of prospective pupils; he has no trouble in commanding the attention of a class for at least the first few minutes. Mr. Brooks caused more than a pause or hush. Instead, it was as if he changed completely the color,

shape, and atmosphere of the room to nothingness and installed in an instant one mood to take the place of all of these: silence.

In what was a rare moment, Maude was experiencing the same sensation as those around her. Without looking at them, she knew that they felt the same as she, and without really thinking, she interpreted the uniqueness of their accord to be an illustration of some great power within the man. "It is his eyes," she thought to herself. "No, perhaps it is his mouth or chin." He walked the short distance from the door to his desk in a peculiar, uneven, yet not ungraceful gait. His form was lanky and gave an impression of looseness, and he reminded Maude of an overgrown boy; but mingled in with the natural awkwardness of his swinging step was an unnatural grace of dignity. He was like a little boy pretending he was a very wise old man and somehow succeeding in his imitation.

WHEN HE reached the desk, he laid his books down deliberately and turned to face the class. He was made of angles. His high cheekbones went straight across from his nose to the outline of his face, which tapered down to his pointed chin. His shoulders were another straight line which, because of their broadness, made an angle with his gaunt figure.

Although he spoke quietly, every member of the class heard him. "I am Mr. Brooks," he said.

After a short introduction to the course and the text, he dismissed the class. Scraping chairs and chattering young voices gave the room its normal amount of noise again as the students filed out of the room. Maude heard her friends talking and realized that they all liked Mr. Brooks very much, but she did not join in the discussion until it switched to another subject. After all, it would sound foolishly affected for her to say, "I do not just like him. I am fascinated by him." For she was.

In the sessions after that, the United States history class progressed normally and well. The students found Mr. Brooks to be a good teacher, making everything they studied clear and surprisingly interesting to them. He had an honest sense of humor and often related to his pupils funny stories or jokes he had heard; they, in turn, felt free to tell their own. Anyone deciding to contribute such anecdotes, however, would always carefully consider its worthiness, which in this case amounted to appropriate funniness, first. They knew that Mr. Brooks was their final judge. If one's joke were not worthy to be told, Mr. Brooks would get a remote look on his face and say, as if he

had not heard the story at all, "Now tell us about the *Federalist Papers*, Joe," or something equally businesslike and aloof. Indeed, many of the members of the class thought he was a most peculiar man; but they all liked him.

HE DID NOT just stay within the scope of his subject when lecturing. Often he talked of quite unusual things, having to do with the supernatural, or aesthetics, or sociology, or psychology—in fact, almost any subject one could name, Maude thought to herself, was well known by Mr. Brooks. His unlimited supply of information made his opinions seem infallible.

"I hate the South," he had said one day, simply, without expression, yet somehow emphatic in his very simplicity. He spoke of a characteristic laziness of Southern people, the effect of the climate on their habits, as compared to those of the people of southern Europe and other warm parts of the earth. And then, easily because he made it seem unavoidable, he let the discussion move towards a vigorous condemnation of the South's treatment of the negroes. His attitude was made to seem broader and more correct by his admission of the fact that much of his own background, in a small Southern Missouri town among a family with Southern sympathies, had been opposite to what he now believed. He capitalized on the idea that he had once had certain illusions as to Southern virtues too; but now he saw things clearly, rightly.

Maude could now give you an explanation of the significance of the I. Q., or a brief outline of the ways in which socialized medicine was adopted in Great Britain, or statistics on the increased life expectancy. Sometimes she might make mistakes in quoting him; thirteen is young to try to absorb noteless junior high lectures. However, the important thing was that she felt she understood the attempted points, and assumed, then, the right to experience a few revelations of her own, but always along the lines charted for her by Mr. Brooks's discussions.

The most unique thing about these discussions was that, even though his gestures were only ordinary half-movements of illustration similar to those made by anyone who is talking, when Mr. Brooks made them they became a violent thrashing of arms through the air with a fury that held the students fast to their seats and gave Maude a feeling that they were all under his power, unable to escape even if they had been willing. His hair, although not long, would manage somehow to fall into his face, not limply, but with an appearance of having had an electric shock;

and his eyes, usually a clear blue, would become some intense metallic color that she would not have recognized, had she tried. If any member of the class or a person from outside the class had been able to look at the scene unbiassedly and coldly, he would have thought the whole picture ridiculous because of its very intensity; but no one would ever be able to be present without becoming a part of the whole atmosphere. After one such class period, one of the girls remarked rather weakly to Maude, "He certainly gets his point across, doesn't he?" And Maude, still feeling the binding power of his personality, only nodded.

One morning while Maude was eating her oat meal in great gulps so as not to be late to school, her father's voice broke through her pleasant preoccupation with the problem of what to wear to the freshman football game Friday night. ". . . 'so our only hope is to show the rest of the world that support of the concept of individual freedom on which our democratic system is based is the one way in which they may guarantee against the oppression that the menace of the communistic form of government would automatically bring.' This editorial on the Voice of America is good, Mary. You should read the rest of it."

Maudie's father was a rather gruff, alert man, whose black eyes snapped with intelligence and forcefulness. His real affection for people and his understanding of them were often hidden behind a rough voice and stern expression, which sometimes intimidated his patients in his practice as a surgeon and small-town general practitioner. Maude remembered her wonder at her mother's consternation and surprise when Maude had suddenly confessed one day, in her childish frankness, that she was afraid of her father, even in her deep love for him. Recently, in a flash of insight, she had understood that consternation, now that she had begun to realize for herself what lay beneath the apparent gruffness of her father. Why, Mother knew about Daddy's softness underneath, she had for a long time. She must have thought that he wasn't being a good enough father because Maude didn't recognize it when she was afraid of him. Maude had suddenly experienced a new feeling of tenderness towards her parents as individual personalities, rather than just security.

But as Maude listened now to her father finish reading the editorial and watched him step over to hand his wife the paper, she suddenly felt a strange burning inside. Its strangeness was due to the fact that she had never felt any strong emotion towards either parent except love; and this new sensation, completely alien to anything she had ever known before, frightened and half-sickened her. Nevertheless, the

power of it drove her to come close to shouting, "But Communism is not a menace!" At the astonished looks which she could not help seeing pass between her parents, her voice became lowered, but no less firm nor vibrant. "That is, true Communism isn't. Look," she said, hastily taking a pencil and a piece of paper from among her books. "Here is a diagram of it. In our capitalistic system the point of this triangle represents the few well-to-do businessmen who actually run our government. As the power decreases, the number of people increases, so that here at the bottom, the base of the triangle represents the mass of the people who actually have no power at all. Under Communism, just the opposite is true. The government is the mass; the base of the triangle is at the top, so that the mass of the people control the resources and the economic system of the whole country. They have the power; and the point of the triangle, which is pointing downward, represents the very few who haven't any power, probably because they have done something to justify their losing it."

THROUGHOUT her recital Maude's voice had been quietly intense, her eyes alight with the earnestness of her attempt to make them see what was right. She had carefully drawn the straight lines of the two triangles, one of them inverted, of the illustration; but her pencil had moved with an almost violent accuracy, as if she felt some desperate need for complete expression of her thoughts. Now that her need had been satisfied, she sat back, calmly and triumphantly relaxed, and finished her oat meal.

Her parents turned from the diagram, which they had been examining, and faced each other. Shock and then consternation had replaced the surprised expression appearing on their faces when Maude had started talking so loudly. "Why, Maudie!" her mother said in a slightly reproving tone.

"Listen, Maudie . . .," her father's attempted light tone sounded strange combined with his customary gruffness. He was trying to hide his concern from her, in case it might be unjustified. He did not have time to say anything further because a horn sounded from outside just then, and Maude, outwardly her care-free self again, arose hurriedly from the table, grabbed up her books, said good by, and rushed out to the car, where Carol's mother was waiting to drive the group to school.

Maude stayed after the class that day. Her purpose was simply to clear up a few of the details of the drafting of the United States Constitution which she did

not understand and on which they were to be tested the next day. But it was the sound of the five o'clock whistle which made her suddenly realize that she had been talking with Mr. Brooks for over an hour. The others who had stayed after class had left long ago, and just the two of them remained—Maude, sitting pensively on the edge of one of the front chairs, and Mr. Brooks, sprawled carelessly on top of his desk, his long legs hanging down towards the floor. Between his slim, strong fingers he twisted a pencil, from time to time using it to pound on his desk or to point out some picture visible to only the two of them. The late October afternoon sun had been saving its best until the end, and the little of it which managed to get through the high windows of the basement classroom reflected against the blonde wood of the desk chairs in a yellow-orange glow.

MAUDE HAD been listening to Mr. Brooks with her whole mind, her eyes fastened on each muscle of his expressive face. Without realizing it, she reciprocated every tiny movement he made with one of her own. The long hours she had spent in front of a mirror in an effort to raise one eyebrow like Lana Turner did would never have been necessary, had she had Mr. Brooks around, for any slight twitch of his was unconsciously easy for her.

She had been so completely absorbed in what he was saying that the sound of the whistle came as a shock to her, scattering for a moment her neatly outlined thoughts. She quickly gathered them again, even though she had realized for the first time that it was late. She did not want to miss a single word.

"... must be careful in what I say to the class. Children have a way of repeating statements heard at school in a completely wrong light. It puts the teacher in some very embarrassing situations at times if his attempt to release the minds of his class from the absurdities of grade school history are misinterpreted by concerned parents." His voice grew less fierce as he turned his gaze back to Maude. "You understand, don't you, Maude?"

Maude flushed at the implied tribute and lowered her eyes self-consciously, then looked up. "Yes—I believe I do, Mr. Brooks," she said steadily. "I suppose I ought to go home now; it's getting late." She said something trivial but sincere about how much she had enjoyed the discussion and hurried out.

Maude was slightly late in getting home for supper, but after apologizing to her mother, she knew she was quickly forgiven. "It's about time you got home," said Tim, her younger brother, in his most

adult voice as he rhythmically tossed a baseball into the air and caught it. Her mother gave her a quick hug and an understanding smile on her way from the kitchen to the dining room and shook her head reprovingly at Tim. She hated for the children to bicker, particularly at mealtimes.

The dining room seemed to have an even warmer atmosphere than usual. Maude looked lovingly at the plum-colored drapes that blended so well with the plum and aqua striped wall paper. The crystal of the two old-fashioned lamps on the mahogany buffet reflected their light, and it was re-reflected from the mirror behind the buffet. There was a feeling of comfort about the room, created by simplicity and good taste.

Maude then looked at each of the faces around the table. From time to time she tried to see her family in a fresh new way, imagining that she had never seen them before. Afterwards she would always have a renewed appreciation of the ideals which had assumed importance to her because of her parents and a renewed pride in the compactness of their spirit as a family. Tim sat with his body bent forward over his food because, as always, he had been ravenous. He almost shone with the glow of the scrubbed face, neck, and ears of boyhood. The mother looked serenely over the three parts making up the whole of her life. Her face was strong and kind and might have been described as attractive, although one did not think of her as merely attractive; instead, one felt warmed by the life and love that came from her. Her air of understanding and strength made her whole personality seem to penetrate right inside those around her and compel them to share her views. Last of all, Maude looked at her father. In childhood she had sometimes been frightened by his gruffness. As she had grown to adolescence and greater maturity, her increased understanding had replaced her awed fear of him with the highest degree of respect and admiration. She unconsciously imitated his little mannerisms and repeated the gist of opinions he expressed. She was far too down to earth to have a human idol; yet this feeling for her father was as near as she had ever come to worship of any non-divine thing. At times she felt an alliance with him against all signs of social inequality which she noticed that her mother seemed to embrace. "They just aren't our type of people," or "They're not refined," Mother would say; and when Maude, who somehow hated the smug sound of statements like these, challenged her mother, she found a ready champion for her side in her father. Now the power of her affection for him swept over her again as she watched the sparks jump

in his black eyes while he told the family of his day's work.

AFTER SUPPER Maude and Tim always spread their books out on the dining room table and began their homework. Tonight Maude seemed to be having some trouble with her rate of interest problems and asked her father's help. She had long ago recognized his boyish love of showing his superiority to Maude and her mother, whom he called "the womenfolk of the family," in matters of arithmetic; and Maude, as all women do sooner or later, had learned the delight to be received from playing up to the masculine ego. So their homework sessions were a pleasure to both of them, as well as a help to Maude.

While they worked together, man and girl side by side, the man said almost too casually, "Tell me, Maudie girl, just where did you get those profound ideas you were spouting off so recklessly at the breakfast table this morning?"

Deciding to ignore the peculiar uneasiness of suspicion she felt at his somehow forced tone of lightness, Maude replied, matching the mood he had set, "Oh, our American history teacher, Mr. Brooks, had been giving us some ideas about other forms of government besides democracy. He wanders off the subject quite a bit, and we all just love him for making class so interesting that way. Besides," she added with a wink, "he's very young . . . and very good-looking."

That feeling of uneasiness, which she couldn't quite explain to herself, became stronger as she glanced into the living room and saw her mother sit forward just slightly, her mouth a little tight at the corners as she jabbed at her needle point.

"Perhaps I'd best watch my pretty young daughter with these handsome, dashing teachers," Maude's father joked. Maude felt a funny sick feeling in the pit of her stomach at the hollow unnaturalness of his voice, usually so well matching his smile at his own teasing. She chuckled softly for his benefit and turned back towards the arithmetic with an affected frown of concentration that ignored Tim's muttered declaration that "I've seen him and I think he's a creep."

"Where were you this afternoon, Maude?" Her mother's question came with calculated polite curiosity from the living room.

"I had to stay after school to talk to one of the teachers about something I didn't understand," said Maude. At the expectancy which became almost part of the atmosphere, Maude felt compelled to add, "Something about the Constitution. I . . . We're having a test on it tomorrow in history."

Maude felt something like panic at a chilling pressure, the source of which she could not define. She had never before been on the defensive against her parents.

Maude acquired the habit of staying after school quite frequently after that. At first she usually felt she had to talk to Mr. Brooks about this minor problem or that one. However, by the time the first semester was over, their talks had become a daily habit, requiring no pretenses for reasons at all. They would sit always the same way—he with a lanky sprawl on his desk, a sprawl which he could change into a passionately intense orator's stance at a second's notice; and she, always alert and straight in her chair even when relaxed, seemingly existing on the fuel his words gave to her mind and body and spirit.

Her friends, although they would always unquestionably accept Maude as one of them, began to be less close to her. They did not begin to think of her, as would have been logical, as the apple polisher or teacher's pet; rather, the old instinct that had always told them subconsciously that Maude was different from them in some undefinable way warned them that, if before she had been somewhat individualistic, she now was someone to be admired, included, and loved, but through an imaginary fine and delicate screen which she herself kept around her at all times.

The family had an unspoken rule that all members were to be prompt at meals, their one time of day to be all together. Often Maude would stay so late talking to Mr. Brooks that she would have to rush to get home in time for supper. Was it her imagination, she wondered, or did the family seem overanxious as they waited for her to come home? She could not know that her face, flushed with the exertion of hurrying and even more so with a mental stimulation greater than she had ever known before, looked completely unlike the face of their Maude of a year ago. And even Tim noticed her eyes.

"YOUR EYES look funny," he said one evening. "Maybe you got fever or somethin'," he speculated; Tim had already decided to follow in his father's footsteps and be a doctor. He thought no more about "Maude's fever"; but their mother and father exchanged worried looks at this direct expression of their own unvoiced observations. If Maude had looked at herself in the mirror, she would have been surprised, but not displeased, to recognize something of the same quality of fierceness she had seen in her teacher's eyes. They seemed to be set in hollows, large gray shadows surrounding the sockets—very different indeed from

the fresh-eyed youthful attractiveness of the old Maude. No one would describe Maude as being pretty now with that soft freshness she had had before; her appearance now was one of deeper beauty stemming from its intensity.

Because of the sensation she had that she was under some sort of concerned observation by her parents, Maude gradually began studying less at the dining room table after supper and retired to her room. When once her father commented on the fact that he hadn't been getting much practice at eighth grade arithmetic lately, Maude said something about being able to concentrate so much better upstairs. At the evasive finality in her voice, the brightness in her father's eyes dimmed for a moment with hurt bewilderment. "Tim," he said sharply, "do you have to look at Hopalong Cassidy *every* night on TV?" Tim opened his mouth to protest that his father had never seemed to mind before; then he closed it again and meekly turned the television set off. Maude went up the stairs to her room, leaving the room in unnatural silence.

At first, if anything about political science had come up in family conversations, Maude had entered into inspired and often heated arguments defending what she called her "theory of liberality."

"The government should very definitely control the petroleum industry, for example," she would say. "There are millionaires who actually burn natural gas—our resources wasted!—because they will have to pay too much to refine it and pipe it to cold people who need it for fuel in other parts of the country. Why, Mr. Brooks says . . ."

Here she stopped, the involuntary wince of her mother and the little twitch of a muscle in her father's jaw as effective as a gag would have been in checking her enthusiasm. Lately, in fact, she had not bothered to join in these discussions at all, grinding her even teeth together as if a force were needed to prevent her from speaking.

OF COURSE, she felt a certain tension which grew from the invisible cleavage forming between them. She did not often look directly at them when speaking to her parents as she always had before. She seemed to them evasive, as if she knew that an open attitude on her part would explode into the open the terrible lack of the something that before held them all so close. When the tension became a real knowledge and not just a dreaded shadow in her thoughts, she was driven to talk to someone about it.

The inhibitions which her parents had created

in her became too strong for her to speak at home of their obvious differences in matters about which she felt so strongly; she turned to Mr. Brooks.

They were sitting in their usual places for a regular afternoon session. He had been telling her of some of the practices of improved European governments. She sat before him, but for the first time she had trouble in concentrating. Starting guiltily, she realized that his voice had ceased for several moments, and he was looking at her with a puzzled expression. "What's the matter, Maude? Doesn't this interest you?"

"Oh, no . . . I mean, yes, it does very much, only—" Her voice trailed off, and in the instant of her deliberation, she looked down at the pencil in her hands. She had never, never discussed any family problem with an outsider, at least, not before taking it to her parents.

But when she looked up again, there was a bright, set gleam in her eyes, and she spoke calmly and deliberately. "Mr. Brooks, I'm worried about my parents and me." All the little doubts and tensions, which had only been vague clouds in her mind before, assumed definite shapes as she brought them forth to lay them before the all-knowing eyes of the person who, she felt, had enabled her to grasp a great deal of the truth. She told him of the uneasiness she had felt at home so much recently, of the terrifying gap left by the lack of whatever it was that had bound her and her father together. She told him of their seeming inability to understand her and to respect her opinions.

"I thought Daddy would understand, you know. He always seemed to feel more the way I do about things than Mother," she said with a troubled expression. "Of course, Mother really can't help it; she was sort of brought up that way," she added hastily, apologetically. "But even he doesn't seem to get what I try to tell him now. He just looks at me as if I were sick, or something, and he doesn't quite know what I've got."

She sat back in her chair, still worried, but feeling that a great deal of a force that had been pressing in on her chest and throat and ears had been removed.

Mr. Brooks had not looked at her during the recital but sat with his eyes focused on some object outside the high window. He remained that way for a moment when she had finished; then with one quick motion each muscle of his angular back and shoulders tightened as he bent towards Maude, his eyes engaging hers in a gripping force that no one could have broken.

"We must do what is right," he said. "You under-

stand, don't you, Maude, that we *must* do what is right. In spite of everything that might keep us from it, in spite of any person." His words became slower, as if they had to travel a long way to reach his mouth. "We . . . have . . . no . . . choice!"

And Maude did understand. She understood because he had reached out with the mysterious force which held him and it had enveloped her too. Her mind, she felt, had not really lived before because it had never attempted to understand problems of human relationships and interdependence and all the political and economical situations which may arise in contemporary civilization. But the almost maddening obsession of Mr. Brooks was based on the idea of mass sovereignty, equality for all people in all things. Maude, now also a followerer of his idea, could no longer see another alternative for action, regardless of any amount of opposition presented by majority will, national heritage, or family loyalties.

The "right" as she understood it, was to use one's whole being in devotion to establishing this ideal state. It was the all-enveloping quality of the force of this devotion which made Mr. Brooks seem so dynamic and which was leading gradually to the complete recreation of Maude as a person and a personality. So the time they spent together became comparable to time spent at a temple in worship. Their deity was their common ideal which so powerfully motivated them. To Maude, Mr. Brooks was a person who had opened her mind, a person who had enabled her to see reality and made her want to remedy the wrongness of it.

Her transformation was not complete, however. More than anything else her deep love for her father, a part of her existence since childhood, made her waver from conversion to principles to which she knew he was so violently opposed.

At night when Maude went to bed, she often found it difficult to sleep because of her new divided loyalty, never questioned before. One night she felt particularly restless, and upon looking at her watch and finding that it was after midnight, she slipped quietly out of bed and down the stairs to the kitchen. Perhaps a little snack would make her sleepy.

She was poking around in the refrigerator when she heard the doctor's lowered voice speak her name. "I thought I heard you come down here and I decided I might as well join you since I was awake anyway. What are you trying to do, get fat?" He loved to tease her about being chubby, even though she was really of about the normal weight for her size and age. He sat down at the table, and she got out enough milk and leftovers for both of them; then she sat down.

"Do you really think I'm too plump, Daddy?" She looked earnestly at him and hesitated a minute before helping herself to a piece of ham for her sandwich. She noticed how surprisingly boyish he looked in his pajamas and tousled hair; and with the feeling of affection for him that came over was a little of the old companionship they had always shared, but which had become less and less a part of them.

They ate and talked of what to buy for her mother's birthday present and whether or not Tim would need braces on his teeth and all the other things which the increasing rarity of their conversation together had caused them to neglect sharing with each other.

Finally her father leaned back and stretched, then bent forward, waving the peanut butter knife at her. "You'd better get to bed, Miss Priss, or you won't be in any shape for school tomorrow. Your days are so long now, it seems, since you've been staying after school every day." A little frown appeared on his brow and she knew he had suddenly thought of Mr. Brooks, just as she had. He paused and looked at her as if in questioning. She wanted to plead with him not to spoil it, this good time they were having together, by asking her questions whose answers would only make him unhappy at not being able to agree or understand. As if he sensed her mood, he arose and began clearing the table, speaking, as he walked to the refrigerator, of the fishing trip he hoped to take in the summer. She felt grateful and relieved.

"Sweet dreams, Maudie." Her father tapped her shoulder lightly as they reached the top of the stairway together and then parted. Maude slept well that night.

The next evening when she arrived home, as usual, just in time for supper after talking to Mr. Brooks, all her thoughts seemed to be focused inward. When she did not notice or return her father's wink of greeting, he turned away with a hopeless expression on his face.

THE HEAT OF May had always increased Maude's restlessness to be out of school, her eagerness for the cool freedom of summer vacation. This year her restlessness was a different kind. It stemmed from a vague tension, not in just one place, but all around her. Once when Maude walked into the living room, she thought there was a pause, only a slight pause, before the conversation of her parents was resumed; but the resumed conversation seemed to be an entirely different subject. And Maude thought, although she was not sure, that the last words before the pause

were something about "that teacher."

Several times the same thing happened with her schoolmates. She thought then that the interrupted chatter when she appeared was only another indication of the breach that was steadily growing more definite between her and her friends.

But children are more blunt than their elders. It was Carol, her friend all through childhood, who finally resolved the whispers into one blaring shout. "Did you know, Maude," she said as Maude approached the little group on the last day of school, "that Mr. Brooks isn't coming back next year?"

Maude's face betrayed no emotion. None of them would know that she had fixed her schedule so as to have Mr. Brooks again, this time for citizenship; that they had talked of the coming year and her further development in the knowledge of the promotion of the "right" with great enthusiasm; or that she had dreaded summer vacation and was looking forward with an intense eagerness to the resumption of their talks in September. No, she wouldn't let them know any of that.

"I heard that the school board asked him to resign," one of the more outspoken girls said. "They told him he was teaching us the wrong sort of material or something." Gaining courage from her curiosity as to Maude's immobile features, she added boldly, "Some even said he was a Communist!"

Maude almost shuddered at the sound of the hated word. "They don't even know what it means," she thought with bitter contempt. She had never looked down on any of her friends before, and it would have startled her to realize that she did now, if her mind had not been too full to think of it. Still her face did not change.

Kay shrilled in sudden nervousness, "The reason they asked him to resign is that some of the parents had been complaining that he had been converting their children. I heard that your father started it!"

Maude felt an uncomfortable heat; she was enveloped in perspiration, then in a racking chill. She was physically ill, but the girls saw only that she

seemed to be breathing a little harder as she turned her back on them and walked away.

"I came to you as soon as they told me . . . that you were going away." Her words were passionate even in their calmness, begging him to deny them.

"Your father, Maude—" He stopped at the pleading look on her face. "All right, we won't mention him. But you must not hold it against him. He just doesn't understand us . . . our work."

He examined her face closely and found that she was starting to cry, but her tears came from fixed, hard eyes that would resist any consolation, had he thought of offering it.

He went on, urgently, the indescribable power of his speech and appearance matching her own unnatural gaze. Her eyes had taken on the same metallic quality that her parents had noticed from time to time, except that the contrast of the redness of the rims from her silent weeping produced the impression of permanence. Her eyes would always be the same now.

"I won't be with you, but the things I have taught you can never leave you now; and you will find others who believe as we do and who can share common ideals and efforts with you."

"Yes, you are right, I suppose. I am ready now for you to leave." Then she put out her hand to him, and he gripped it firmly. They said good-by.

On the way home Maude decided what her future would be. She would follow Mr. Brooks's advice and hold nothing against her father; it was too late for his ideas to change. The family did not understand her any more; and now their division of spirit, which had once so distressed her, was complete, finished.

They had once mentioned sending her to boarding school; perhaps she would bring up the subject again tonight. "After all," she was thinking, "I would be better off away from them. After boarding school will be college. There—there I'll really have an opportunity to learn and share and teach . . . and help others to see that we must do what is right. For indeed we *must*." And her eyes glittered as she quickened her steps towards her house.

QUESTION

How will I find it,
When I cannot see;
Blind to the dim lamps,
The faint sparks?
How will I find it,
Madman,
Prodding with your
Glowing iron?

My shell is empty.
How will I find it?
Laugh at me.
You know I must dare.
How can I find it?
Leave me.
You have my eyes.
E. B. CHANEY

Odessa Southern *whose "Tent Meeting" won the Anne Flexner Memorial Award in 1954, here incorporates discussion and comment on a contemporary problem into an imaginative sketch. With a keen sense for the cadences of Negro speech, Miss SOUTHERN lends new reality to her subject.*

THE STARTING PLACE

"Ain' no rope strong 'nuff to hold me,
Ain' no chain big 'nuff to bind me,
Ain' no pretty girl ever gonna keep me. . ."

TAZ hit the banjo strings with his calloused thumb, his pink nails scratching against the skin-head as his hand came down in perfect rhythm.

"Taz? Where's Jody?" Lucille came out of the screen door which was rusted and speckled with the carcasses of many flies swatted against it.

"Out'n the yard, down the hill a li'l way." Taz stopped playing and looked up. "I got my eye on her. She ain't going nowhere."

Lucille crossed her arms and rubbed her palms over her elbows. "I don't trust your eye. It wanders too much." She sat down on the stoop beside him and pulled her washed-out print dress down over her knees. Taz slapped her thigh lightly.

"When's my eye ever wandered 'way from you?"

Lucille shook her head and rubbed the back of her neck with her hand.

"I ain't a fool, Taz. I may be lots of other things, but I ain't no fool. I know things as well as other people."

Taz laid down the banjo and pulled her clumsily toward him. "Ah, honey, what you thinkin' bad about me?"

"Let go, Taz. I ain't fooling with you tonight; it's too hot."

Taz released her, leaning back on the wooden post that held up the edge of the tin roof. The yard was silent except for the faint cries of children down the hill near the creek. In the summer twilight, the locust tree stood dusty-bowed with long clusters of bean-fruit. From one of its lower limbs hung a tire swing on a chain, and beside the swing was a wagon made from a packing case.

A black Pontiac came slowly up the road and past the house. Behind the wheel sat a middle-aged man, a heavy growth of whiskers darkening his loose-hanging jowls. Sitting on the side of the car nearest the house was a younger man, his brown

square face set with his eyes looking only before him. Neither man glanced at the couple on the porch.

"Sam Barnes." Taz gazed after the slowly moving car. "I guess they been to a meetin' in town."

Lucille carefully broke a splinter off one of the porch planks and began jabbing holes around the flower petals in her dress.

"Lodie wanted me to go one night." Taz ran his tongue around the edge of his thick lips. "Don't know but what I might."

The piece of wood punctured the cloth smoothly. "Why?"

"Well," Taz picked up the banjo again. "I don't know; I reckon I should find out what it's all about."

"You read them letters Sam's been giving out."

"That's not all of it. Just parts. There's a lotta things to hear yet; lotta things to be said." He picked at the strings absent-mindedly. "Like when it's gonna begin, and who's gonna give the final word about beginnin'."

"This year?"

"Nawh. Oh, Lordy," Taz threw back his head and laughed. "What do you reckon will happen when I go to work at the Judge's one morning and he asts me to get the car and take Carolin' to school, and I ast him back if it would be alright for Jody to ride in, too?"

Lucille ran the splinter in her knee and winced. "Taz! Taz, don't talk crazy."

"Don't talk crazy?" Taz leaned toward her with burning eyes. "What's crazy? They said my Jody could go to school in town; the Judge can't do nothing about it."

"Maybe not. Maybe so. There's alotta things that get stopped in this world."

"Not this time. You read the paper: they said it was the law, the law in Washington; not down here in town. They ain't nobody can stop the Washington Law."

"Taz, you talk too big."

"Sam Barnes does too; and he goes to all the meetings with the big dogs in town. Didn't you see

that committeeman drive by just now, takin' Sam home? Don't Sam be in things with the high-ups all the time?"

"Sam don't know everything."

"Sam knows enough. He says its gonna happen. Maybe not this year, but it'll come. And then," Taz gripped the banjo handle tighter, his voice rising, "then Jody can go right on and sit down beside Carolin' and they won't be nothing the Judge can do. He can't tell me, 'Taz, you might ought to keep little Jody home, 'cause we can't let her and Carolin' get to thinkin' too much of each other.' They won't be nothing he can do about it."

"That's a long way off."

"Nawh, it can't be; Sam says it can't be."

"It better be."

Taz looked at his wife, surprised at her bitter tone. "What you mean: it better be?"

"I mean," Lucille's soft eyes lifted and looked out across the dusk-darkened yard. "I mean I don't know if I want my Jody goin' to school with Carolin' n' any the rest of them."

"You don't want Jody goin' to school with the white kids?"

"No. Taz, things're not going to stop with going to school. That's just the starting place."

"I know; that's what Sam says. After that, everything will change. We can get jobs like anybody else; and sit anyplace we want. Things. . ."

"That ain't what I mean, Taz." Lucille broke the splinter in two. "First, they go to school together; then they start goin' 'round together." She breathed heavily. "Taz, you want your girl marrying some white boy?"

The man looked up, and their eyes met for a long while.

"I hadn' really thought about that."

The rim of the new moon edged around the side of the locust tree, pushing the shadows back further on the porch. A breeze blew some of the dust from the leaves, and the chain squeaked against the limb.

Lucille turned away from Taz and got up slowly. "Better call Jody; it's getting late for her to be out." She moved toward the door.

"Yeah," Taz ran his fingertips over the banjo frame. "I'll call her; it's getting too dark for them to be playing down there."

COMETS, METEORS AND PEPPERMINTS

Comets, meteors and peppermints,
We all have so much intelligence.

Gherkins and pickles,
Hammers and sickles,
Death sleeps in earthly tents.

Life, love and sausage meat,
Which way leans man's soft heartbeat?

Syrup and honey,
Make more money,
Who knows which Maker to greet?

Secrets, dreams and follicles of hair,
Of such great things is man aware.

Shapes and sizes,
Pulitzer Prizes,
All are welded to an hypnotic glare.

Hydrogen, oxygen and greasy popcorn,
The substance of lives that we have sworn.

Sprinkle and spatter,
Mind over matter,
One fly can leave a soul unborn.

MARGIE SULLIVAN

Arts Council Prizes *In the spring of each year the University Arts Council awards prizes to the outstanding original work submitted by student artists. In 1954 the purchase awards went to CAROLYN CATHER and JOAN FINCHER. The winning pieces reproduced here are now in the lending library of the Arts Council from which they may be borrowed by students.*

Joan Fincher: *Animal Forms*—MISS FINCHER's etching (opposite) is an exquisite evocation of the pastoral mood. While maintaining its own integrity, it suggests the art of the Orient in adroit management of carefully placed mass in space. The animals, dark and light, stand in subtle rhythm one to another; and the heavy black areas, suggestive perhaps of shrubbery, enrich the texture of the picture. The spare simplicity of means, the suggestive use of mass and space, the consistent skill of execution — all combine to an effect of profound harmony, calm, and order appropriate to a pastoral scene.

Carolyn Cather: *Three Figures*—To the readers of this magazine who know already MISS CATHER's unfailing genius for line, her experiment in shape and color in the painting reproduced on page 18 will be of real interest. The painting must, of course, be seen in color before it can be fairly evaluated. Its bold juxtaposition of pinks, oranges, browns, greens, and blues makes the piece an extremely decorative one—merely as color. It is, however, much more. The artist's deliberate choice of vague and stylized faces and bodies and the absence of any apparent emotional rapport between the figures lends the picture an imposing monumentality and strength. One might argue that the straight back line of the middle figure, coinciding with the mid-line of the picture, splits the composition in half and destroys its logical unity. However one who knows the original may well assert that the consistent tonality and the strong pyramidal structure go far toward unifying "Three Figures" into the rich thing which it is.



Animal Forms

Joan Fincher



Three Figures

Carolyn Cather

Veve Caviness *graduated in June, 1954. This story is the final one written for William Blackburn's English 104. Miss CAVINESS is now teaching in Lillington, North Carolina, her home.*

THE PERFECT FOOL

MRS. CRANFORD, would you like to have the draperies drawn for your nap?"

"No, Florence . . . leave them as they are. . . . Would you open the windows . . . a little, please?"

"Yes, ma'm. Would there be anything else before I go? Can I do anything to make you more comfortable?"

"That will be all . . . thank you. . . . Oh, Florence . . . when you go down . . . have George drive into town . . . and get the carpenter. . . . Mr. Gregory is his name . . . I believe. . . . I shall want to see him . . . as soon as he returns. . . ."

"The carpenter, ma'm?"

"Yes, Florence."

"Yes, ma'm."

As the maid walked quietly from the room and closed the door behind her, Jo Cranford turned her eyes toward the windows and lay very still. The bed was high and covered with a ruffled canopy, and the woman rested her head on three or four silk pillows. Her hair was dyed black and combed in little ringlets around her face, and she wore a ribbon in her hair. There were pink ruffles under her chin and a pink satin comforter over her. The youthful round cheeks and puckered pink lips were betrayed by the wrinkles of old age which covered her face. Her weak old eyes stared out at the ocean below her windows, and she drew her breath in little short gasps between her half-opened lips. The wind was cold and gentle as it tapped the end of the drapery cord against the side of the window. Her eyes moved to the pink brocade draperies hanging in folds in either corner of the room and down to the shiny rose chaise lounge in front of the windows. Over every plush and satin pillow on the lounge and then down to the thick pearl-gray carpet on the floor, she dropped her stare. All around the room she sent her eyes covering every lavish fabric and every fragile ornament. Finally, they came back across the rich coverlet over her and up to the pink ruffles under her chin. Tears ran out the corners of her eyes and down the wrinkles across her round puffy cheeks.

"God, what a fool I must be," she thought. "What

an ass I've been I'll be the perfect fool the most utterly complete fool I won't stop now I can't stop no one will ever know no one but Dave I've been a good fool I'll be a fool to the very end my coffin in satin pink satin satin and rosebuds I'll die in the rot I lived in rot buried in rot rot rot and filth and pink and ruffles and satin and rouge and flowers gardenias sweet sweet sick-sweet gardenias all around me tears and flowers and a satin coffin and sick-sweet smell gardenias and roses they'll all send gardenias and roses and smile with wet wet tears when they see the stone with angels and cherubs fat round cherubs and flowers roses and gardenias a sweet-sick fool a faithful fool a pink satin fool."

Her eyes turned once more to the windows. She gazed at the water below under half-closed lids and the breeze blew the end of the drapery cord tap, tap against the window.

“JO, JO, you must come in. The sun's too hot now."

"Come look, Mother! Look!"

"What is it, dear?"

"We built a castle out of sand! Look, Mother! Sister made the peaks. She can make it drip. Let me make it drip, Sister. Look, Mother. I can make it drip too! See the peaks?"

"It's very pretty, Jo."

"Let's put shells on it, Sister. You can have my shells."

"You must come in now, Jo."

"No, Mother, I'm not hot. Feel? Let's make another swimming pool. I'll dig a hole. You dig a hole too, Sister. Look, Mother, I can dig a big hole! Watch the water come up!"

"I'm not going to tell you anymore, Jo! Let's go get a shower before your wet bathing suit chafes your legs."

"I want to stay with Sister. I want to catch a sand fidler. Mother, help me catch a sand fidler."

"If you don't come in, Jo, you'll be sun-burned and we won't be able to ride the hobby-horses tonight."

"Can we go now? Can I ride six times? Can I have pink candy?"

"You come in now, and we'll see. You have to have a shower and take a nap."

"I want to go now. Let me go now. Let me ride six times!"

"We'll see."

"Look, Mother! Look what I found! Look what a big shell!"

"That's an old oyster shell, Jo."

"Don't you like it, Mother?"

"Yes, it's very pretty."

"Do you want it?"

"No, you may keep it, dear."

"Have the lights come on yet mother? Have the hobby-horses waked up?"

"No, I don't think they wake up until after supper."

JO CRANFORD stirred on her pillow and her eyes opened. She gazed out across the water with a soft little smile on her lips—her lips half-parted to catch the little gasps of breath. A playful gust of wind came in and stirred the ruffles of the canopy over her. The wrinkled old lids drooped once more, and the ruffled canopy hung quietly.

"HEY JO, wait for me!"

"Hey, Ann, you sleepy-head! Who got you up?"

"I told you I could get up at six if you could."

"Haven't you ever been out at six before?"

"No, except when we go out in the boat."

"Golly, if I could stay down here all summer like you, I'd come out every single morning. Just think of the shells you could find!"

"Oh, you get tired of looking for shells. I've got a lot at the house that you can have."

"Oh, that's all right. You keep them."

"I don't want them, Jo. I'll give them to you when we get back."

"I couldn't keep them anyway, Ann."

"You couldn't keep them?"

"No, I guess it's silly, but I don't keep any shells except the ones I've found. The others aren't really mine. Hey, there's a whole sea button!"

"Yeah, you don't find many of those. Are you about ready to turn around?"

"Heavens, no! I always walk at least to the hotel."

"That's three miles!"

"You don't realize it, though. Did you and Billy have fun last night?"

"Oh, he's all right. Where were you? We certainly lost you and Dave in a hurry."

"We didn't stay on the boardwalk; we were down on the beach. I hate that boardwalk and those awful people. Do you go down there every night?"

"Yeah. There's nothing else to do. We have a lot of fun. What were you and Dave doing on the beach?"

"Just talking."

"I'll bet!"

"We walked all the way back to the cottage along the beach. It was just beautiful. Did you see the moon? It was full, and it made the most gorgeous light on the water. It really is sort of like a path, isn't it? And the edges of it just shimmers—you know, sort of like it's phosphorescent. And every time a breaker came in, it looked all foamy and silver and white."

"Yeah, it's pretty when there's a full moon."

"Oh, I like it better sometimes when it's pitch black and you can't see it. Then you can hear it better. You know, you aren't thinking about how it looks, so you can think more about how it sounds. I like to sneak out at night by myself when it's like that and the wind's blowing. I get so scared I get goose flesh, and I just keep standing there seeing how scared I can get. It sounds so awful at night like that. When I get so scared I can't stand it I run back in and listen in bed. When you're in bed it sounds soft and gentle."

"You really love the ocean, don't you, Jo?"

"Golly, I'd live the rest of my life here if I could, but I'd pick some little beach where there are just a few houses and no 'honky-tonk.'"

"Wouldn't you get awfully lonesome? I'd be so bored I'd lose my mind."

"Yeah, I guess it would be lonely, but I'd like it. Don't you like that lonely feeling you get at the beach?"

"Nobody likes to be lonesome, Jo! When I get lonesome I call some of the kids or go up town or something."

"I don't mean lonesome like that. I nearly always feel lonely at the beach even when there are people around. I love that feeling. Sometimes when it begins to go away, I go out by myself and get it back again—like last night on the boardwalk. Do you know what I mean?"

"Gosh, Jo, I don't know. You're so poetic—I guess I just don't understand. You weren't out by yourself last night, anyway—Dave was with you. I wouldn't feel lonesome with a boy!"

"Well, I don't know how to explain, but just one person or just a few people can't keep me from feel-

ing lonely. Then I can get all by myself in my mind and be lonely—but on the boardwalk, all the noise kept me from hearing the ocean, and I couldn't smell it either. All I could smell was hot dogs and cotton-candy. I'll tell you what it's sort of like—you know, when you're homesick, you don't want to go to a party and forget it; you really want to go up to your room and think about home. Well, when I'm at the beach I don't like to do anything that will make me lose that special feeling—it's a good feeling, and I can feel it all over most all of the time."

"Golly, Jo. . . . What did you ever do with that poem you wrote last summer? Have you written any more?"

"Ann, you didn't tell anybody, did you?"

"I don't think so, Why?"

"That thing was horrible! I'd die if anybody found out."

"I thought it was good. You didn't throw it away, did you?"

"No. I stil have it, but please don't tell anybody, Ann."

"Okay. Look, I'm dead tired. Let's go back."

"I don't want to go back yet. Why don't you go back and get your shower and then come over to our cottage for breakfast. I'll walk a while by myself and meet you back there."

"Okay, I believe I will."

JO CRANFORD'S eyes opened again and her fat little chin quivered. She dragged herself closer to the edge of the bed and squinted her eyes as if she were straining to see.

"I must not drop off again that way," she thought. "Can only see a few more hours the light will be gone it will be dark I must look now long last looks long long looks at rolling water blue and green and gray and yellow with white on the edges it's the edges that are good just the edges it's no good in a boat just water just flat rolling water all alike it's the edges and the noise and the smell like it was then like I tried to tell Ann before it got so bad before I was a fool a pink satin fool all poetry and talking and sweet aching inside good and sweet and growing up when I could tell people when I wasn't ashamed when it didn't hurt and tear and pain when other people knew like Dave and his damned poetry poetry poetry."

Her eyes closed again and she breathed in short, hard gasps. The noise from below her windows came up in steady, monotonous rolls and splashes and the little breeze sent the cord tapping against her win-

dow. Finally, her chin dropped into her ruffles and the little gasps of breath were quieter.

"DAVE, WHY are you so quiet?"

"I didn't think we had to talk, Jo. Don't you remember? That's what you used to say. . . . The ocean speaks my thoughts to you

The waves my. . . ."

"Oh, really, Dave! Can't you get past high school?"

"Not if that's high school—you, and I, and the ocean."

"Let's go back up on the boardwalk. This communion with nature is too much."

"Okay . . . if that's the way it is."

"Oh, Dave, don't get that hurt expression in your voice again. You make me feel like a heel."

"You don't exactly make me the happiest fellow in the world! What's eatin' on you anyway? College can't change a person that much!"

"I have changed, but it isn't college. I'm still changing and I can't stop myself! I don't know what's wrong . . . no matter what I do . . . I can't stop! What am I going to do, Dave?"

"Say—You are mixed up."

"I'm getting married in September."

"Well, do I get out here or hang around to meet the groom? Maybe it's not such a bad change—just changing fellows?"

"You don't understand, Dave. I still love you too—sometimes."

"Oh, well, that makes it a hell-of-a-lot better. I suppose you still want to marry me too—sometimes!"

"That's true—I wish you'd let me explain."

"Good God! What I want to know is, who's the lucky fool who's gettin' loved the rest of the time?"

"Rock Cranford. Do you remember him?"

"The All-American! Jo, have you completely lost you mind? Rock's all right, but—you and Rock! I'm sure you've tried to explain this part-time business to him?"

"I did. He doesn't understand, but he doesn't complain."

"Is that what you're going to spend the rest of your life with?"

"Just a minute, Dave. I love Rock, remember? He has a fine mind. He'll be one of the best lawyers in the city. I don't understand a lot of the legalities that are just routine with him but he doesn't understand us either. He's completely insensitive to beauty. As far as he's concerned, water's for swimming, wind's for sailing, and sand's for auto racing—and I wouldn't

have him any other way!"

"Is that what water, and wind, and sand mean to you now?"

"Yes! No—I don't know. Oh, Dave, is it possible to love something of the earth more than a human being? The ocean is the only thing I love all of the time—it's absurd; it's ridiculous; it's adolescent; but I can't get rid of it! That's how I've changed—I love it more, and more, and more. I can share you, and I can share Rock, but I can't share the ocean. With you, I have to share it—you talk about it; you write poetry about it; you go out and stand beside it; you gaze out the window at it. With Rock, I'll never have to share it. Most of the time he doesn't even know it's there."

"Poor Jo. You must be miserable. You resent my understanding and Rock can never understand."

"I know, Dave. I've tried it both ways, and Rock's way hurts least. His father left him a big stone house on the beach about three miles below here, and I'll have that. I don't know what I'll do about other people's intruding—I haven't gotten that far yet. I'll be a good lawyer's wife, though. I'll join clubs, and entertain, and raise flowers—no one will ever guess. Twenty years from now I'll be pudgy and frilly and superficial, but Rock won't mind."

"Are you sure it's worth it, Jo?"

"I don't really have any choice, Dave. It's either that or leave and never come back."

JO CRANFORD lay very still with her face turned toward the windows. Below her on the beach a young couple walked hand in hand along the water's edge. The girl was tall and slender and she took long easy strides to match those of the boy. Their long arms and legs were reddish-brown and their white suits looked brilliant in the sunlight. Jo watched the boy reach down in the edge of the water. The girl freed her hand from his hold and began to run.

"Brown arms and legs fading out of sight brown bodies and white suits and laughter drowned by pounding, splashing waves caught up in the sea and the sun and the sand caught up in them without seeing them men and women like babies and castles in the sand all fun and cotton-candy and calliope music like Rock with boats and skis and fish brown arms and legs for Rock white suits and wide mouths and straight hair for Rock poor dear Rock with pink satin and flowers and Dresden china and no questions never questions only puzzled eyes and laughing eyes and then not even questions in the eyes patient dear Rock."

"ROCK, MUST you invite all those people out this week-end?"

"I thought you enjoyed them, dear. It's rather good business for the firm too; but, if you'd rather not. . . ."

"No, no—I hadn't thought about that. I'll call them myself. Perhaps we can spend Saturday down at the club; and then you can take them out in the boat on Sunday."

"Yes, I suppose so. You know, I really should get a man out here to clear the undergrowth between the house and the beach. It seems rather stupid to take our guests to the club to swim when they could go right out front—don't you think? I'll see about that first thing tomorrow."

"No, Rock. I wish you wouldn't. I rather like it the way it is."

"That's silly, Jo. You can't even see the beach from downstairs!"

"I know, dear. I let it get that way intentionally. Do you mind terribly?"

"Is it more of this business I don't understand?"

"I'm afraid so."

"I have to give you credit for one thing, Jo—whatever this notion of yours is, you're certainly faithful to it. The first few years we were married, I kept trying to figure it out. I've completely given it up since then. You won't ever give it up, will you?"

"No, Rock, I can't. Please don't. . . ."

"It's okay, dear—sorry I brought it up."

"ALWAYS OKAY always all right always dear or dear Jo never understanding always agreeing do you understand Rock where you are now are you anywhere are you here in my mind do the dead understand do you feel do you know did you know about the windows the boards in the front windows the windows in the guest rooms upstairs upstairs before I closed the upstairs did you know that Rock did you know guests don't come upstairs no one upstairs right here these windows the only place and strangers on the beach these windows for me the beach for strangers and parties downstairs clubs and cakes and gardenias can you understand will you understand now these windows gone these beautiful windows my windows and they won't know then even when I'm dead when they come and cry with wet wet tears I won't have to share they won't see us at once me and my ocean my face naked in shame alone with the ocean."

The door opened quietly.

(Continued on Page 32)

Marian McSurely *a senior from Arlington, Virginia, began her study of Edward Estlin Cummings in Helen Bevington's contemporary poetry course last spring. Harcourt, Brace and Company has just published the collected poems of Cummings. The volume will be reviewed in a future issue.*

MR. CUMMINGS IS AN AMERICAN

IF THERE can be a poet who characterizes his country, Mr. Cummings is he. Many characteristics make him unmistakably American: diverse, sometimes laughable, often foolhardy, and in isolated but important moments, beautiful. He is an important representative because he is proof that an American poet need be neither a Walt Whitman who can only "sing America," nor a deliberate, homespun traditional, nor a disappointed-European intellectual. His words are his own, but still a part of the American idiom, jammed together or painstakingly distributed. He speaks our language, sometimes elevating it to a level we rarely reach in our use of it, or in other instances, laughing at it as we would at a child who thinks that "Imno" is the letter of the alphabet after "k" and before "p" because that is the way the alphabet song is sung.

The "i" of Mr. Cummings is not so unpretentious as the lower case may denote, for to know his poetry we must see things in his patterns and on his terms. The "i" is also a way of retaining his individuality, carefully separating himself from "mostpeople." In the introduction to his collected works he says, "it's no use trying to pretend that mostpeople and ourselves are alike. Mostpeople have less in common with ourselves than the squarerootofminusone. You and I are human beings; mostpeople are snobs." For those who think of conformity as rapidly becoming an American characteristic, this may not seem to be an Americanism. I think that "mostpeople" in America, like Mr. Cummings, secretly think of themselves as having little in common with "mostpeople." This is an assertion of individuality, even if it is noticeable only in the assertion itself.

American superficiality is also present in Mr. Cummings' poetry. We are never quite sure what he is thinking and may suspect that he is not thinking deeply at all. He can speak lightly of death and never contemplate its meaning in serious tones. He addresses "Mister Death" in the epitaph for Buffalo Bill with a partly courageous, largely foolhardy salute. His "Uncle Sol" loses progressively a chicken farm, vege-

table farm, and skunk farm, kills himself, and finally succeeds in starting a worm farm. The impact of death is in these poems, but stated superficially.

When deeply disturbed or disgusted by something, his outburst is harsh and stings with bitter irony. He may purposely choose words which are repulsive to the reader, using shock to impress our memory more lastingly. Olaf, the conscientious objector swears ferociously, and the modern Good Samaritan carries his awful burden through a million billion stars. Is it not an American characteristic to think that to arouse others to cognizance of an evil we recognize, and to prove our rightness, we must swear loudly?

When Mr. Cummings is simply irritated, he will write that

economic secu
rity" is a cu
rious excu
se
(in
use among pu
rposive pu
nks) for pu
tting the arse
befor the torse

He criticizes his society almost as if to prove that he really has the right to do so. Although Americans may not bother to vote, may not pay their taxes, may not obey speed limits, they are always adamant when it comes to protecting their right to free speech, most often interpreted as their right to (freely) criticize.

Judging by the number of poems he has written about it, the one part of life which Mr. Cummings seems to consider most important is love. Americans are noted for the movie and radio-serial love, for being entranced by the idea of romantic love. Mr. Cummings seems to understand, recognizing the various manifestations of love between men and women including,

Jimmie's got a goil
 goil
 goil.
 Jimmie

's got a goil
 and
 she laughed his joy she cried his grief
 and
 nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands.
 Beside the romantic love, Mr. Cummings includes a
 portrait of five American prostitutes, shabby sales-
 women. His strip-teaser is delightful as

sh estiffl
 ystrut sal
 lif san
 dbut.

This poetry could be dismissed lightly, if it were
 not closely related to an exuberant love of life, his
 belief that "love is the every only God." He manages
 to elevate to beauty, through love, all life experiences.
 He cheers the earth's answer to science, philosophy,
 and religion, by saying:

O sweet spontaneous
 earth . . .
 thou answerest
 them only with
 spring)

Of this father he says:

because my father lived his soul
 love is the whole and more than all.

Mr. Cummings' love of life is a youthful charac-
 teristic. He is always in a way an adolescent and
 pleading to stay that way. He says:

. . . may i be wrong
 for whenever men are right, they are not
 young

also:

You shall above all
 things be glad and young.

America is a young country in the world commu-
 nity of nations. Despite demands for her to grow up
 over night, she pleads her youth and indeed the grow-
 ing pains of adolescence are clearly visible. They are
 on exhibition in Cummings who is not stagnant, rest-
 ing on tradition, but represents growing America.

Above all things, Mr. Cummings laughs. He
 laughs at himself and his neighbors, a grasshopper
 and a mouse. He does not laugh with the idea that
 he is putting over a big joke on someone, or with
 the attitude that someone is putting one over on him.
 His is a healthy whole-hearted humor by which he
 can laugh at an America which is forever doing and
 dying for God for country and for Yale. Perhaps he
 is only an American poet to be smiled at tolerantly
 as many Americans are smiled at tolerantly.

We Americans are getting old enough to begin to
 define ourselves, even though the definition may end
 as one of great diversity. The characteristics men-
 tioned here may not seem to some to add up to an
 American. Mr. Cummings is not able to make ob-
 jectively any definitions, he is yet part of the defini-
 tion, but he is certainly a start in the right direction
 when he says:

take it from me kiddo
 believe me
 my country, 'tis of
 You.

THE QUEST OF MAN

Base dirt and mirth,
 The hard and soft:
 Man's death and birth
 With gaze aloft—
 Yet never finding
 What is binding
 Him to the mystic,
 The Epicurean,
 Christian, atheistic,
 The Manichean—
 Through seeking, searching
 Mental powers,
 Vainly lurching
 In their ivory towers.

RUTLEDGE PARKER

THE GREAT CRANES

I saw the sun set on the sky,
And heard a great crane leader call
To his flock behind on the southward-fly.
He said, the time is passing fall.

So let us not be slow,
Came down the crane's faint cry,
For there is far to go—
And a long, long way to fly.

And so I watched the great cranes fly,
Before the night had yet begun,
And there was still the colored sky,
While the flock flew away with the sun.

RUTLEDGE PARKER

KANSAS BOTOMLAND

Gigantic black soil mouth
whisker-ringed by green,
avidly sucking sky teats
for stuff of manna . . .
Growing up green in spring.

DIUGUID PARRISH

CRISIS

All of life turns on a fulcrum,
a pivot point,
Swings freely on the lever arm of time
About a moment, a speck of infinity,
A bearing . . . oiled for disaster.

DIUGUID PARRISH

BOOKS

DEVICES AND DESIRES, by E. Arnot Robinson. The MacMillan Company, New York, 1954. 229 pp. \$3.50.

THERE IS a world more remote from us than the fish-finned Martian hordes of the motion pictures. It is the world as Europe knew it after the second World War, when danger was constant and physical, despair more than intellectual boredom, where hunger and the pain of uncut toenails pressing against too-small shoes were facts to be grappled with without the aid of food or scissors. With quiet, inauspicious relentlessness, E. Arnot Robinson creates such a world, in an atmosphere devoid of panic, with a nicety that is almost quaint as it treats of vulgarity and rape and murder with a subtle reserve that sees no need to shout what can be told in normal tones.

The strength of the novel lies in its characters, who are treated with a detached understanding. Hebe, the refugee girl of thirteen, is faced with the responsibility of leading a group of displaced persons illegally across the border into Greece. Jean-Paul, treacherous and likeable; Mihal, questioning whether God does, after all, exist; Lisabet, coarse peasant woman with a need in her to help others; and the Professor, old, "at least forty," not desperate to live like the rest of them, yet sharing with Hebe his ageless poetry of wisdom; these made up the little group. It was to be decreased and dispersed, and only Hebe, young and strong and determined, was ever to reach her goal.

Hebe is kept from despair by an intensely strong motivation. For Hebe has known too much excitement, too much thrill and travel and change. She desires propriety, and dull routine, the tedium of certainty. Her aim is personified by Andre, whom she hopes to find again, to marry someday. He is a curious Prince Charming, for theirs is "a bond of shared interest, not of affection." He is "the only person she had known who shared that flame in the heart, a driving desire for the world's quiet favor." Facing danger, violence, privation, completely dependent on "poor thin armour of understanding" to gain her end, Hebe sets out.

Her father, the leader of the group, is killed; Hebe, taking command, leads the refugees into a Macedonian village where they find a few months' shelter. Driven from it by a guerilla attack which kills three of them, Hebe and Jean-Paul travel on together,

resting a few days with a little old lady whose peculiar brand of painless courage has lead her to rebury in the wrong places all the rare archaeological objects she and her dead son had unearthed over many years, in a twisted, humorous revenge against the authorities who refused to let her take them to safety. They stop for a few days with two Quaker women, distributing milk for the UNRRA. Hebe, selfish all her life of necessity, watches with curiosity one driven by "the love of human beings just because they're human . . . the pity for them that makes it essential to try and help, even if the help doesn't accomplish much, or anything."

The narrative ceases to be plausible at the point where Hebe becomes nursemaid to a dying, wealthy boy, travels with him and his family to the West Indies, and, on his death, is granted all her dreams and a sizeable sum of money by his grieving parents. This inconsistency in the novel makes it possible for the heroine to achieve her heart's desire—the quiet life, married to Andre, following a proper education in a private girl's school in England, raising their children, helping her husband at the cafe. Without undue emotion and without cynicism, Miss Robinson's quiet prose discloses Hebe's "improbable success, magnificently achieved, all things considered," and the sad irony of its achievement. For,

"Henceforth, Hebe would keep her inward eyes still more strictly on practical matters, turning away from all wild longings to understand people and things which were no concern of hers, from the profitless streak of poetry in her own nature which had always run parallel with her earthiness. Emotion connected with a snake in the claws of a hawk, or with fish skimming over a tropical sea, was of no help in the efficient running of a business. There would be fewer and fewer, as time went on, of those disturbing moments of immense burning comprehension, when the whole mind saw, not only the eyes."

Devices and Desires sparkles with unexpected bits of wisdom, astute, sturdy and unillusioned. This, coupled with the characters who are portrayed with wit and sympathy, albeit objectively, makes Miss Robinson's latest book one to be enjoyed. At odd moments, its prim, tender prose, will flash into the mind with pleasure.—Janet Ray

Freshman Writing

It is the wish of THE ARCHIVE to publish a sizeable amount of the best freshman writing. Most such writing necessarily takes the five hundred word form, and we hope to present several of these pieces in each issue. Those printed here were done in sections of English 1-2 last year. Any freshman who, encouraged by this department, wishes to submit his work to THE ARCHIVE will find the magazine receptive.

THE CHOICE

BY JANET WHITE

LINDA STOOD ankle-deep in wildflowers and weeds and looked around her. An April thunderstorm had just blown by, and droplets hung on every leaf and twig, sparkling in the mid-morning sun like tiny crystals. She took the scarf off her hair and let the wind toss it into a mass of tangles. It was wonderful to be free, to be able to witness the rebirth of nature! How could she ever have objected when her father decided, a few weeks ago, to move to the country? Of course, it was true that the city had more conveniences. But she wondered how she had ever tolerated the smothered compactness of their city apartment. She took a deep breath and turned toward the rambling, two-story house. This was by far the most enjoyable spring vacation she had ever spent.

"Linda!"

The shout came from behind her; and, turning, she saw Pieter climb the wooden fence that divided the neighboring land. What a wonderful life he must have had, she thought, living on the farm ever since he could remember. Of course, he had worked very hard, since his parents were Dutch immigrants and had nothing in the world except their little plot of land. But Pieter didn't seem to mind; he always seemed quite content. Now he was running across the field like a young colt, full of the contagious exuberance of spring.

"We have a new brood of baby chicks in the henhouse, if you'd like

to see them," he said gayly in his barely perceptible Dutch accent. "They are only an hour old."

Linda happily assented. She laughed as they climbed the fence together, and remembered what a difficulty and inconvenience that had been not very many weeks ago. Pieter had taught her how to master that task, as he had taught her so many other things about his way of life. For Pieter loved life with a passion, and he unconsciously spread his delight in it to those around him. From him, Linda learned not only to climb fences but to stand in awe of the miracle of Life, in the newly opened petals of a wild-flower or the warm ball of down which would someday be a possessive mother hen. Pieter was a simple country boy, but in his own way he was a good deal wiser than she.

Most of her absorption of Pieter's knowledge was unconscious; and she didn't realize how much he had taught until it was time for her to leave for college in September. She was confused as she stood in the field on that last afternoon. She wanted to go away, to learn more and to become an educated adult. She had been planning it excitedly all summer. But in the back of her mind a vague misgiving had been forming, and now, on this last day, it clarified itself. Was she really going to learn something more valuable in college than in the environment around her, where so much waited to be discovered? Would the professors and textbooks be as inspiring as Pieter's often unspoken lessons had been? She decided that she could not compare them, for the two types of knowledge were completely different. She really had no choice; she

had to learn to make a living, and that meant training her mind. She looked out at the grain fields in the distance, shimmering like yellow-brown silk in the late afternoon sun. There was still packing to be done. She turned reluctantly toward the house.

"Linda!" at the sound of the familiar voice she brightened and turned. Pieter was walking toward her. His hair was slicked down with oil, and he had on a pair of stiff new jeans and a clean shirt.

"I came to tell you goodbye—and to wish you good luck in school," he said in his peculiarly formal way. It sounded rehearsed. He shifted his weight from one long leg to the other, and kept his eyes on the grounds.

Linda couldn't stand that. "Oh, don't be that way," she said in an exasperated tone. "Be natural, the way you always have been with me, won't you? I want to remember you like that. I'm going to miss it all so much."

Her voice broke and she felt very ashamed.

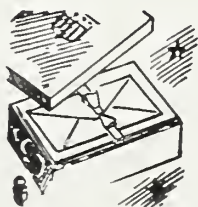
Pieter was touched. He stooped and picked a violet that was growing between them, and held it out to her.

"Take this with you. You can look at it when you are homesick."

"But Pieter," Linda countered in astonishment, "how can one little flower take the place of a whole world of beauty? Besides, it will die before long."

"There is as much beauty in the petals of one violet as there is in all the millions of flowers in this field," he answered, "because this flower has the secret of life. And even after it wilts and dies it can bring happiness to you, because it will remind

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you of the way it looked when it was fresh and new. It does not really matter how much you have, Linda; what matters is how well you can appreciate what you do have." He put the flower into her hand and closed her fingers over the stem. "Goodbye. If you remember that, I think you will be happy." He turned and walked quickly across the field, climbed the fence, and ran home.

HOW MUCH LIKE the hustle and bustle of cities college was! Everyone was in a hurry, studying in preparation for class, going to class in preparation for more study, crowding in parties and movies on weekends—trying to look purposeful, but unable to define the purpose! It seemed that no one had time to watch the trees turn to pillars of red and yellow flame and burn themselves bare, or to notice the rainbows caught in drops of dew, or to see a rose droop its head and die.

Linda laughed. "I was just counting the hours until Clint comes tonight."

Nan put down her books and flopped onto the bed. "You've got a good man there, Lin—hold on to him. Besides having looks, charm and personality, he's a pretty good financial risk. If you come across any duplicate copies, pass them on to a loyal roommate, will you?"

"I'll ask around for you," Linda answered with a yawn.

"Lin—are you really in love with Clinton?"

"I don't know, Nan. I keep changing my mind about him." She reached into her bookcase and pulled down her scrapbook. There, dry and brittle between its pages, was a violet. It was almost three months old now. Pieter had been right—it had been a great source of comfort to her in those first hard weeks, whenever she was homesick. Pieter was wise. Was Clinton as wise?

Silly question, she countered. Clint was a brilliant, ambitious student, and would someday be a fine

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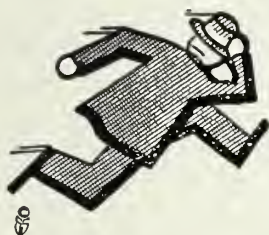
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engineer. But was he intelligent about other, more abstract things? She didn't know, and she didn't know how to find out. She couldn't just suddenly say, "Clinton, I have an old, worn-out violet that I love very much. Would it mean anything to you?" Nobody—at least nobody around here — would understand such a question.

"What's that?" Nan interrupted her musings as she examined the flower. "Part of a treasured corsage from the hey-day of your youth?"

"Not exactly. A boy gave it to me when I left."

"Were you in love with him?"

"Oh no. We were just buddies."

But she had once loved his sensitivity, and his ideals. And if Clinton's turned out to be different—she would have to make a choice.

AS SHE STOOD on the gravel walk that night, looking up at the cold, clear-cut brilliance of the stars, Linda wondered what she was going to say to Clinton when he stopped talking. She was not surprised that he wanted her to wear his pin; she had seen it coming. But should she accept it? There was something else she wanted to know first.

"Clint," she said finally, "I know we're in love. But do we understand each other? You see, there's a friend of mine at home—a farm boy who lives near us. He taught me about things I had never considered before, things that really count to him, —like. . . ."

"Like what?"

"Oh, like the miracles of nature—birth and death and growth—that men see hundreds of times a day and don't even give a second glance to; or like all the millions of minutes given to a man that slip through his fingers unused. Do ideas like that have any value for you? Can you understand what I mean?"

"I understand what you mean," he answered with an urgent overtone in his voice. "You've been caught in a reflective, philosophical embroglio

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that confuses so many people at some time in their lives, if they aren't on the lookout for it. Listen, Linda; this deep thought is all very fine for a pastime, but it isn't what counts in today's world. It's progress that counts—and we have to fit ourselves into the pattern or risk being destroyed. The future of the world depends on the efforts of people with ambition and intellect, like you and me. As you said, every minute is important. Reflecting on weeds and wildflowers is fine for simple farmers, but we don't have time to waste like that! Don't you see, Linda, it takes all kinds of people to make up a world; and we just weren't meant to be that kind."

"But Clint—maybe that's true for you, but I'm not so sure about me—"

"Okay," he answered slowly, "It's up to you. If you care more about a handful of abstract ideas than you do about me, we'd better call it quits right now. But remember this: we're basically from the same stock; you and this farmer boy are as different as black and white. What constitutes happiness for him might be hell for you, whereas our needs would probably fit together pretty well. Don't give up your chances for happiness and security in exchange for an outmoded sense of values, Linda; for when the novelty wears off you'll regret it. Still, the choice is all yours."

It was her choice. Was Clinton right—were Pieter's ideas outmoded and sentimental? She could be reasonably happy leading the type of life she always had—Clinton's type. Could she be happier if she borrowed the ideals of a farmer boy? There wasn't time to find out for sure; to choose that over Clinton would be to take a big risk. He loved her, and if she made up her mind to she could easily learn to love him. It was the safest thing to do. She turned to Clinton, her answer ready.

THE DORMITORY greeted her uproariously when she walked

in wearing Clinton's pin that night, and it was nearly an hour before she made her way to her room with Nan, feeling exhilarated and happy.

"Well," Nan said, kicking off her shoes, "I guess you can give me a straight answer now. Do you love Clinton?"

"Guess again."

"Well, I'm glad that friend at home didn't mean anything to you; I was a little worried this afternoon. Clinton's such a nice guy; no one but a fool would miss an opportunity like him!"

Linda looked at the brown violet, lying on the open page of her scrapbook on the bed. Who was to say who was a fool? Well, anyway, Clinton was probably right—she could never enter Pieter's world. She just didn't belong there.

But wait—once or twice, hadn't she slipped past the guard, and entered Pieter's paradise with him?

Hadn't she run with him through glorified fields of rainbow-hued flowers, and felt the golden warmth of heaven on her bare head? And once hadn't she felt the stirring of a soul as a dry cocoon burst and an awakened life majestically emerged?

And once, hadn't she seen that one violet possessed so much life and so much beauty that, if she could but recognize it, she could be happy forever?

She was blind, now, to the beauty the flower had once possessed, and she felt inexplicably that she always would be. Somewhere in her spiritual consciousness a door had opened briefly; but she had closed the door herself, afraid to venture into the unknown. Suddenly she felt a great sense of loss; and, while Nan looked on wide-eyed with astonishment, she put her face against the crushed violet in the scrapbook and cried.

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AN ANSWER TO A PROPOSAL BY JONATHAN SWIFT

To the most honorable Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, On Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue.

November 13, 1952

SIR,

This letter is written in reply to our letter of the twenty-second day of February, 1712, on a proposal for taking legislative action to control the growth of the English language. Your letter was directed to your Lord High Treasurer, Earl of Oxford, but since it was printed openly and since it is of greatest concern to all English speaking people, now and forever, I feel justified in making this reply.

Two hundred and forty years after your prediction that the English tongue would become decayed by the haphazard use of jargon, I am able to say that you were wrong. In spite of your failure to have formed by legislation a committee which would decide what words are proper or improper, our language is still serving its purpose very well. As in your time, slang expressions are continually invented and then, after a short period of popularity, forgotten. Occasionally, however, a word which began as mere jargon is accepted into standard vocabulary. In this way our language is enriched and fitted to the ever-changing needs of its users.

Your main fear seems to have been that the changing of literary style with time will prevent a piece of writing from being read and enjoyed through the ages. The fact is, sir, that most writing after a few years is not worth reading anyhow. Most literature is for its own age and need only be written in the language of its own age; it may freely use current, short-lived expressions. The author who wishes his works to be immortal, should, of course, be

more careful in his choice of words; he should use words with well-established reputations.

If a piece of literature is one of the few which are great enough to be immortal then it will exert a tremendous linguistic pressure of its own. For example, people living today are able to understand early English literary style because of their familiarity with the language of the Bible. The works of Shakespeare because of their ageless popularity have raised many of the words that he used from the realm of slang to general acceptance.

The history books of your time are still easily understood, but they are not often read. Not the style but the point of view is what becomes antiquated. We have contemporary historians who write with a modern perspective. They read the earlier history books, sorting out that which is valuable from that which is not. They condense the old, and add the new.

Language and culture cannot be static things; men of all times must create. It is more important that they produce, than that they exist merely to appreciate and pay tribute to the past.

Your humble admirer,
JOHN EDMONDS,
Duke University



PROSPECTUS

By SHIRLEY DAVIS

NO MATTER HOW deliberately gay we were, the day refused to cooperate; and before the picnic was well under way, we all knew that it was going to be an ordeal. For weeks past the weather had been bright and beautiful, and on the day of our picnic it was suddenly winter. The sky was absent altogether. It had receded into a vast grayness, a vacuum which sucked all the color from the autumn earth.

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Somehow, we struggled through the afternoon with its hot dogs and its small talk, until there was only the "hike" to endure. Summoning our strength, we left the comforting fire and entered the sodden and chilly woods. Brown pine needles formed a dark carpet under foot, and the trees cast heavy shadows. As we walked, we could sometimes feel webs brush against our faces; and the unpleasant sensation remained long after the webs were gone.

The river had been beautiful a month before; now it was a dismal sheet of water, which reflected no glint of light. Its muddy surface looked as if it might hide all sorts of decay. Dark, rotting leaves covered its banks. No one cared to continue the walk, but to turn back would suggest that we were not enjoying ourselves. Our hostess had planned for the hike to end at an old cemetery, and we were determined to go there.

The cemetery was the final depressing note of the day. I was already experiencing a feeling of hopelessness, a sense that the whole world must be decaying. The feeling almost choked me as I looked at the cemetery. It lay in the center of a cornfield. The wall which surrounded it was about two feet thick. It had evidently been built with great pains by laying stones, using no mortar; and now it was tumbling in places. Inside there were eight neglected and sunken graves with elaborate inscriptions on the stones. Outside there were three equally neglected graves bearing no inscriptions on the simple markers. The most recent of the graves was that of a soldier of the Confederacy. I reasoned that the three outside the wall must be those of slaves.

The broken wall with its rusty iron gate made me think of the houses of tenant farmers, which we had passed. Some of them had looked as if they might be blown away by a capricious wind. The land itself looked worn out in places. It occurred to me that in the last

ninety years life had not improved much for some people.

While I was brooding over this thought and the others were making conjectures about the three outside graves, an old colored man passed the cemetery, driving a cow. He told us everything he knew about the cemetery and the history of the family buried there.

In my mood, I was surprised that anyone who lived in those surroundings could seem so happy as the old man.

"Are you a tenant here?" I asked him.

"No ma'am. That's *my* farm down the road a piece."

He smiled broadly and spoke with unconscious pride. Perhaps it was the tone he used, or perhaps it was the smile. For some reason, this announcement seemed to call for some special acknowledgement.

"You have a fine farm there," I said.

"Yes ma'am, it's gonna be, come spring."

He touched the cow's flank with a switch and resumed his way. I ran to catch up with my friends. Some time later, I realized that my depression had disappeared.

(Continued from Page 22)

"Mrs. Cranford, George is back with the carpenter. Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, thank you . . . Florence. . . . Would you send . . . the man in?"

"You may go in, Mr. Gregory."

"That will be all, Florence. . . . Mr. Gregory . . . my old heart . . . doesn't give me breath . . . to speak. . . . I'll be brief. . . . I intend to spend . . . my last days in comfort. . . . I want you . . . to come early . . . tomorrow . . . and begin taking out . . . these drafty old windows . . . and closing in . . . this wall. . . . They'll move me . . . in another room . . . until you've finished. . . . Be quick about it. . . . I like my own bed. . . . Another day . . . of

this draft and glare . . . is not to be borne. . . ."

"Yes m'am. It does seem a shame though; the view. . . ."

"Can you . . . or not?"

"Yes m'am."

"That will be all."

"Good day, Mrs. Cranford." And he quietly closed the door behind him.

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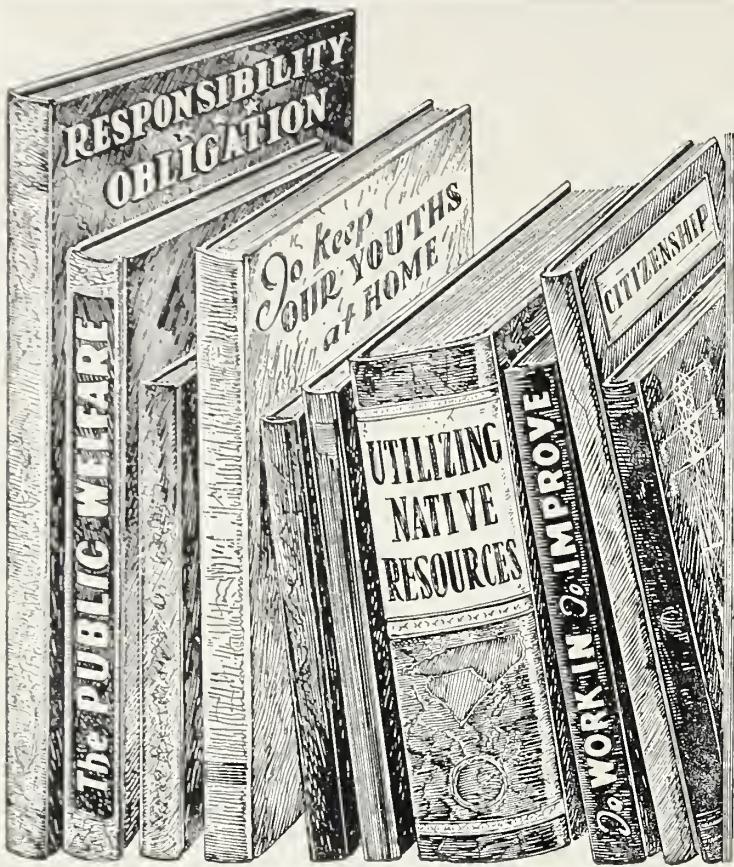
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THE ARCHIVE

*A Literary Periodical Published By The Students Of
Duke University, Durham, North Carolina*

Vol. 67

DECEMBER, 1954

No. 2

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CAST A WARM EYE

IN A STATEMENT to the Publications Board of the University at the time of my election to this editorship, I said that it would be my hope and aim to obtain and publish from time to time in THE ARCHIVE articles from outside the University community, articles of so high a quality as to raise the tone of the magazine to a point at which, perhaps, it might have a degree of leavening influence in the life of the students. This issue contains the first of such articles for the year, and it would be difficult to find a more distinguished contributor than THE ARCHIVE is privileged to offer here in the person of Howard Mumford Jones. His article, *Remarks on Concluding a Course in Recent and Contemporary American Literature*, was, in its original form, delivered as the final lecture in a course which he offered at the Harvard University Summer School. It seemed to me at the time a splendid thing to have said—beautifully learned and sensitive, vast in scope, and marked by a certain “health” and positive vigor all too rare in the literary history and criticism of the day. At my bold request, Dr. Jones graciously offered the piece to THE ARCHIVE where it now has its first publication.

The article has something of a thesis, and—agree with it or not—those of you who think about such matters might find it rewarding to consider the stories and verse in the magazine in light of that thesis which Dr. Jones states thus: “I do not think it is necessarily unintelligent in the democratic state to conceive that literature exists for democratic ends, which are not necessarily vulgar ends . . . Publication is a public act, and to the meaning of this publicity literary men must return in the end, or the people perish. Otherwise we may be permanently sailing to Byzantium . . . how shall we have a

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healthy culture if leading literary men concentrate upon a private emotionalism and take little care for the intellectual welfare of the people?"

One might well ask if any piece in this magazine "exists for democratic ends." Assuming that the democratic ends are ultimately life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, I should be willing to say that almost every piece here exists in a sense to deplore the loss of at least one of these ideals or to implore its presence. Admittedly, they do not loudly affirm in any Whitmanian voice the democratic virtues; but in their own quiet, moving, and, I think, communicative way they assert that this world would be an infinitely finer place if there were more respect for the rights of man to seek his own life, his own liberty, his own happiness without the constricting barriers of loneliness, brutality, and innocent callousness which separate one human life from the next. There is here no denunciation of Communist threats, of McCarthyism, no Jeremiad on the horrific creations of modern science. The concern here is for the human heart in search of itself, its happiness, and its rightful comrades with whom it can share that well-being. No writer here represented has reached that stage of introverted isolation which, as Dr. Jones points out, has done so much to sever literature from life; and I suspect that none of them ever will. There is a great quantity of humanity here; and, with the exception of the startingly detached story by Miss Anne Nicholson, who has learned well W. B. Yeats' injunction to "*Cast a cold eye, On life, on death,*" there is a profound concern for Everyman. It is no new concern; but, thank God, so long as there are even a handful of young writers inclined to keep compassion alive, one has little need for despair. — E.R.P.

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THE ARCHIVE

A LITERARY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF DUKE UNIVERSITY

VOL. 67

No. 2

Howard Mumford Jones *professor of English at Harvard University and one-time dean of that graduate school, is known to the greater number of Duke freshmen as author of the essay on Emerson, THE IRON STRING, contained in THE COLLEGE OMNIBUS. To more extensive readers he is known as a distinguished scholar and literary historian in the fields of American and British letters. Author of such works as IDEAS IN AMERICA, THE BRIGHT MEDUSA, and THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS, Dr. Jones has permitted THE ARCHIVE to give first publication to this addition to the body of his work lately devoted to a sane but impassioned defense of the Rights of Man as embodied in the American tradition.*

REMARKS ON CONCLUDING A COURSE IN RECENT AND CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN LITERATURE

WHAT IS THE present state of American literature? What is its tendency, its general worth? How shall we make sense of chaos? On the one hand there is the Dionysiac energy of Thomas Wolfe in his search for a father, with his frequent outbursts of admirable lyricism and wonderful prose, and his equally frequent passages of adolescent Weltschmerz. On the other hand there is the demand of Archibald MacLeish for what I may call civic order among literary men. If you are to believe Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body*, the Civil War was a crucial conflict out of which the nation emerged united and triumphant; if you are to believe Robinson Jeffers, neither this nation nor any other, neither his heroines nor his heroes have any perdurable hope of anything else than extreme suffering, so that it is better to be that nothingness the sleeping rocks dream of. I do not know the present direction of American literature, for there is too much of it, it is too contradictory in its tendencies. All one can see is that these writers are, or were, living in the United States, and that this is what they found life to be, realistically or imaginatively considered. I do not see how realism can be pushed beyond *The Naked and the Dead*. I do not see how idealism can be pushed much beyond e.e. cummings, and remain intelligible.

Our difficulty is one of plenty. It would be quite possible to scrap the present reading list and to pre-

pare another, equally various, which might not contain many titles now on our list. This is one difficulty—one cannot read in proportion to the demand a survey of fifty years of astonishing achievement requires. But there is a second difficulty. American literary development during the last half century cannot be understood without constant reference to the facts of American national development and of world history, particularly in the realms of science, philosophy, and politics; and yet that literary development during the same period has tended to destroy the very standards by which alone its progress and its value can be gauged.

One cannot understand what has happened in American letters since 1890 without a far more expert knowledge of national development and of world change than most of us possess. We have of course made reference to such obvious historical facts as the closing of the frontier, the panic of 1893, the Spanish-American War, World War I and the great depression. But even in these obvious instances, it has not been possible entirely or clearly to show the constant inter-relation between the life of the nation and the life of literature. Let us examine, as a characteristic case, the panic of 1893, for it is far enough away to give us historical perspective. That the panic altered the policies of magazine editors and changed the policy of publishing houses is a truth so obvious as not to require explication. Literary history, however,

is innocent of any notable attempt to adjudge the effect of this simple economic fact upon authors. I do not imply merely that some manuscripts were rejected that might otherwise have been published, or that some kinds of articles were acceptable to readers that might, in other circumstances, never have been printed, or that the social radicalism of Hamlin Garland received a filip from the apparent breakdown of the capitalist system, or that Henry James, remote from the scene, was unaffected by it whereas William Dean Howells responded to it. I have in mind other interesting and sometimes far-reaching effects.

THERE WAS, for example, in the early and middle nineties a group of young poets in the Harvard Yard. They included Trumbull Stickney, George Cabot Lodge, George Santayana, and William Vaughn Moody. Almost every one of them wrote a poem, or a poetic drama, about Prometheus. Modern critics dismiss these productions as simple-minded poems of the late Victorian order. Prometheus is to us no longer a lively symbol. We have replaced him partly by the figure of Captain Ahab and partly by a doctrine of myth-making as a poetic necessity which has, so far, produced no mythology. But why did Stickney, Lodge, Moody and the rest, turn to Prometheism? Was it simply as a literary exercise in an outworn nineteenth-century convention? Was it not rather because, like our own poets, they were seeking faith in a troubled time of strikes, violence, loss of religious belief, failure of the republic to insure justice, failure of civilization to produce happiness? They turned to Prometheus, that veiled and enigmatic personality who is at once Thought and Invention, the symbol of man's hope and an instance of man's tragedy, so that, working with and through this myth, which they tried to make both personal and national, they could state the trouble of a doubtful time.

Let us examine another literary effect of the panic of 1893. Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* powerfully impressed the imagination of the country a few years ago—that sympathetic story of a migratory family. Steinbeck has also given us in *Of Mice and Men* the story of Lonnie, the poor half-wit whose desire to play with a woman's hair leads to tragedy. In Dos Passos's *U.S.A.* you find another treatment of the migratory worker, and in fact the figure of the tramp is not uncommon in the proletarian fiction of the 1930's, though he was seldom called so. Well, where did the tramp come from? He is not in Cooper or Hawthorne or Mrs. Stowe or any of the traditional American fiction of the nineteenth century until late. You will, however, find him humorously conceived in

some of the stories of Frank R. Stockton, and in a gentle light you can find him in local color fiction of the eighties. But the panic of 1893 dramatized the tramp. Suddenly he was at every one's backdoor. And immediately, as it were in obedience to deep and powerful impulses, Josiah Willard Flynt published a book called *Tramping with Tramps*, and Walter Wykoff published two interesting volumes, *The Workers: East* and *The Workers: West*, both of which are what today we would call documentaries about the hobo. The migratory laborer furnishes one of the most graphic chapters in Riis's famous *How the Other Half Lives*. The pages of the comic magazines of the nineties are rich in cartoons of the tramp. In the figure of the tramp, menacing and, as the country recovered its poise, mocking, a piece of American mythology was truly created. The tramp gave us a kind of release. He was a figure beyond good and evil, with a homely philosophy of his own, a unique American figure whom no other literature, perhaps, could produce, until today we have *The Hobo News* as a conscious literary remnant of this august being. But literary histories do not see how these creations of the communal imaginations arise in modern times, because our literary histories are ignorant of the simple truth that events in time influence imagination, that creative work does not spring from libraries alone, but from pressures from without. Indeed, I have never known a practising writer who was also a systematic reader; and some I have known were scarcely readers at all. They gathered the irritations that led to their writing books from event and personality rather than from the literary influences we study in our graduate schools.

HERE, THEN, are two unexpected ways in which a matter so remote from imaginative work as the panic of 1893 creates or influences literary development. We might, of course, go further: we might note how the stresses of that time, the class struggle being in some ways more brutal than it has been since, influences biography and autobiography. But if from this simple instance we can profitably draw inferences so far-reaching, what shall we say of the nexus of historic events from the Spanish-American War to our present cold war with Russia? A climate of opinion develops which our literary histories are not sensitive enough to record; a complicated system of action and inter-action arises; our literary men, our critics, almost in spite of themselves, come to judge books, faiths, styles, achievements, reputations, in the light of the success or failure of democracy, of fascism, of communism, of the political right or the political left which is frequently the literary left as well. Consider the

critical tempest over the removal of the frescoes from Rockefeller Center and then over the valuation of Archibald Macleish's poem on the theme. Allen Tate publishes a book called *Reactionary Essays*—the very title would have been anathema to Emerson, to Thoreau, to Whitman. Race relationships get tangled with esthetic theory; the rising cost of printing affects what is printed; and what is printed (or refused) in turn affects the happiness or despair of those who write.

Such, then, are some of the more patent connections between American life and American literary expression. We probe further; we go beyond the spectacular events like the sinking of the Lusitania or the assault on Pearl Harbor; we look at the implications of technological advance, and notice their profound effects upon literary life. The progressive movement in education alters our whole way of teaching reading—it ends the Friday afternoon declamation, it throws out those books which, in succession to McGuffey's Readers, taught the young to respect Bryant's "To a Waterfowl," Anthony's oration, and Byron's address to the ocean, but it substitutes nothing fixed in their stead, so that younger readers, as they grow older, no longer have these touchstones of the memory by which to gauge new books. The habit of reading aloud in the home disappears as children demand the radio, television, or comic books, just now under attack; and if the family subscribes to a magazine, it is no longer to *St. Nicholas*, *The Youth's Companion*, or *The American Boy* with their leisurely narratives, but to quickies like *Time* and the *Reader's Digest*, or to picture magazines like *Life*. The architects lavish immense technical skill upon the apartment house and the Cape Cod cottage—its kitchen is a model of efficiency, its beds roll in and out of closets, mechanical devices regulate its heat, its light, its humidity, the delivery of goods, the sanitary disposal of its waste. In fact, everything is taken care of, except that it has no room called the library, no place for books except a small shelf between the two "modern" beds.

TO COMPENSATE, as it were, for this loss the public schools supply free textbooks and acquire libraries and the public libraries set up their branches, but the free textbooks are geared to political pressures, not to intellectual merit, and the public library, to supply demand, buys twenty-four copies of *Anthony Adverse* but only one or two copies of Eliot's *Four Quartets*. The degradation of the reading habit therefore receives no check from this supine habit. Bookstores dwindle in proportion to the population until huge states lack a single good one and have to be con-

tent with shops that sell sporting goods, or drugs, or stationery as well as books. To fill this gap the book-of-the-month club is invented. But this invention upsets the ecology of publishing, standardizes taste and slowly sinks to a safe commercial level, which does not differ notably from the level of the better slick magazines—*The Saturday Evening Post*, say, or *Collier's*. As reading declines to such an extent that public school teachers are alarmed, college English departments proliferate, largely in an effort to check or subdue virtual illiteracy at upper levels in a technological culture. But they look backward, they proclaim the virtues of the dead and not the adventures of the living. Meanwhile, the cost of manufacturing books doubles or triples in twenty-five or thirty years—how shall the honest publisher, who still thinks his is a profession and not a mere trade, how shall he support young authors who cannot appeal to the book clubs, *The Saturday Evening Post*, or Hollywood? Ours is a literate culture, but it is not a literary culture—hence, in no small part, the sense of frustration in our authors. The engineer, the garage man, the automobile mechanic, such men are not frustrated. It is only the poet who complains of a world he never made.

IN ALL WESTERN civilizations, in China, to a vaguer extent, in other cultures there has always been a marked distinction between the literary class and the vulgar many. In China at one period, only the literary class could become public officials. In Athens, in Rome, in Renaissance Florence, in the courts of Europe in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, power and prestige were principally confined to a small culture group, one of whose stigmata was a so-called "appreciation" of literature. The gap between each of these small groups and the vast sea of the unliterary and usually illiterate many by which each such group was surrounded, was great; and this sense of being other than the majority gave both cohesion and self-consciousness to the literary few. Only at the end of the eighteenth century in Europe did a movement of humanitarianism and of political reform lead the literary man to try to identify himself with that larger, vaguer group called the people.

But with the commercialization of printing, a simple process of identification was no longer possible, and a distinction arose between Grub Street and culture, between the commercial writer and the genius. The same split continues into the twentieth century; and there is some evidence that may lead us to believe that the small literary group—that is, those writers who consciously practice the art of literature, in contrast to those who work at the trade of writing, are slowly

being again confined, as it were, to that small area of self-conscious and non-popular culture which was originally the only area literature in this sense could dominate.

I suggest in this connection that the use of words for scientific communication, and in advertising, newspapers, and commercial work, in short-hand, speed-writing, court-reporting, and so forth, in contrast with the use of words for poetry, artistic fiction, critical essays, scholarship, and college lectures, represents as much of a split in culture as does the older distinction between the illiterate and the literate, which reappears among us as a distinction between the merely literate and the consciously literary. But because this arises out of the fact that in a power civilization printed-language-as-tool is an essential which does not necessarily denote, or even connote, printed-language-as-art, we are confused as to the boundaries of what is literateness, what is literary, what are the responsibilities of literature, and what are the responsibilities of teaching English. Furthermore, in discussing the problem without distinguishing its premises, we use the instrumentality that is under analysis; namely, the language itself.

THE BUSINESS man's scorn of the illiterate is genuine, and equates with his equally scornful or envious attitude towards the literary. The literary are still "impractical" men who never met a payroll, or else they mysteriously produce something he wishes he had time to read, but something so intrinsically unimportant he never takes time to read it. In sum, the literary group in American society, like the literary groups of the Renaissance or of the ancient world, is once again a highly restricted group. Its present condition denies the generous hope of the nineteenth century that everybody would be literary by and by. Unlike the earlier groups, however, it has not sought restriction, it has had restriction thrust upon it. But it has not simultaneously acquired status. Thus the American literary man is now usually ineligible for official appointment, and the mere fact that he writes poetry bars him from all public occupations save that of teaching in our mandarin universities.

This curious development in the sociology of our literary men is ignored, so far as I am informed, in our literary histories. It is, however, the most crucial alteration literature has undergone in modern times. In classical China as in classical Rome or Greece, as again, in Renaissance Europe, the poet had status. That is, he had a patron and he had a function, whether it was to be officially useful like Chaucer or to be entertaining like Ben Jonson when he wrote court masques.

When at the opening of the nineteenth century, patronage—that is, the support of the poet by government or aristocrat—disappeared, the poet could comfort himself by saying he was a genius as the romantics understood that word. The genius was heaven-inspired. The genius had both wisdom and prophecy, as in the case of Goethe or Carlyle. But the concept of genius as a notable property of literature has also disappeared from writing and has been captured by the scientist, who is the genius of our time, so that whatever is scientific must *per se* be true. Our prophets are Einstein, Niels Bohr, Oppenheimer, Ury, and the American Medical Association, not the National Academy of Letters, Edmund Wilson, or John Dos Passos. The writ of Wilson or of Dos Passos runs only within the relatively closed circle of the literary, whereas the writ of the scientist, even in spite of, or rather because of, his incomprehensibility, runs as widely as the nation or the world. We do not, for example, customarily elect literary men to public office or appoint them to government posts, and if we do, the nation is uneasy. But the nation tends to feel that all is well whenever a reputable scientist is in control; and when the scientist is attacked, as Dr. Condon was attacked as the head of the Bureau of Standards, people rally to his support as they would not rally to the support of a poet in a similar predicament. I waive, of course, the whole problem of the literary temperament, though it does not appear that scientists are less temperamental than other varieties of intellectuals. I merely call attention to the fact that, in giving up claim to genius in the romantic sense, the literary man in America gave up the last claim to status he could urge. That this is no shallow truth can be shown by a visit to other countries—Norway or Sweden will do—where the literary man still retains some of the public respect formerly given the minister in colonial New England.

AGAINST THIS curious and unprecedented situation the literary man has reacted with great violence, simultaneously, in two opposed directions. Formerly—as in the generation of Shelley—he was moved imaginatively by the promise of science, notably in such fields as chemistry, physics, geology, and astronomy. Each of these fields has in modern times achieved a technological complexity beyond the compass of the amateur; nor are such related areas as biology and mathematics less esoteric. Yet, even though governing ideas in these crucial areas are of a complexity and verbal subtlety beyond the capacity of any but the most expert scientists and metaphysicians, the practical results accruing from discovery in

these areas are indisputable. We cannot shrug off synthetic chemistry, the atom bomb, non-Euclidean geometry, or the concept of an expanding or contracting universe, even though we cannot comprehend any of the postulates which lead to these extraordinary conclusions.

The literary mind has therefore abandoned that attempt of comprehension which gives us the last act of *Prometheus Unbound*; yet, finding the language of science objectionably professionalized, it has, as it were, innocently and without full knowledge of the implications, created a rival and equally difficult professional terminology of its own. This appears particularly in the inscrutable texts of much modern poetry, in the language of writers like Joyce, in the highly technical vocabulary of modern criticism, and even in that esoteric style which excludes the vulgar reader from the perusal of advanced fiction as printed in little magazines or anthologies. The technical difficulties of this language immensely resemble the technical difficulties of much modern scientific writing.

This technical vocabulary is in part a function of two sciences that have latterly fascinated literary men. These are psychology and epistemology—if that be a science. The problem of semantics, partly psychological, partly metaphysical, has arisen from, and in part conditions, much modern writing, so that a new doctrine of the secret reigns in advanced circles. He who writes to be comprehended by the many—Stephen Vincent Benét is an example—is, from this point of view, a traitor to his class. With every capacity to be complex and esoteric, he obstinately wrote clearly! But he who writes at a pitch beyond the comprehension, not merely of the unliterary, but of the relatively educated intelligence that “likes to read” “good books” secures in so doing a kind of professional prestige. One is reminded of Thorstein Veblen. The conspicuous waste of time and energy needed to understand much contemporary writing is, from this point of view, a surrogate for social meaning. If the scientist in part secures prestige by reason of his incomprehensibility, the poet, the essayist, the novelist, and the critic are prepared to rival science in the acuity, the technical referents, and the professional arcana of their trade.

ALL ADVANCED literary expression was, of course, incomprehensible in its day, and one should not forget young Longfellow, writing home from Bowdoin College to say he was struggling to understand the sublime odes of Thomas Gray. Certainly it is no argument against literary improvement that it offends the orthodox and is meaningless to the conservative. But one must distinguish between in-

comprehensibility arising out of a search for improvement, and incomprehensibility arising out of confusion between expression and communication. Wordsworth was once incomprehensible, and so was the Spaniard Góngora, but the one broadly advanced the art of poetry, and the other principally invented a style for specialists. The incomprehensibility of *Sartor Resartus* is not the same thing as the incomprehensibility of the true literary decadence—that is, of those eras which made style an object in itself, incomprehensibility to the vulgar an asset, and a self-conscious concern for novelty a virtue. The mark of the decadence is usually that the audience for it remains or becomes limited; and it is at least arguable that the literary audience today for advanced writing is more limited in proportion to the total population than ever before. Doubtless European art gained something from Góngorism which I am far from despising, but I incline to think that the enlightenment of mankind gained far more from Voltaire, from Goethe, from Chancer, from John Mill than it gained from the *précieuses*.

This is perhaps debatable. More important because more profound is the sense of bewilderment and frustration, the cry for faith and belief that characterize much modern work. Is this not characteristic of sick souls rather than of healthy ones? The embarrassment of modern literary criticism confronted by writers like Horace, Voltaire, Goethe, Longfellow, or Turgénieff is in marked contrast to the absorption of modern literary criticism in the exploration of such problematical natures as Donne, Kierkegaard, Melville and Kafka. My point as a literary historian is not to deny the subtlety of the analysis, my point is to observe that this special kind of probing again sets the literary character apart from the majority of his fellow countrymen. The movement toward mysticism, toward irrationality, toward a queer kind of frustration—we have studied such matters in this course—is perhaps the projection of uncertainty. The fact that the literary temperament is characteristically embarrassed in the presence of such words as “spiritual” is clear enough, but is it not possible that this kind of uncertainty is experienced only by a particular temperament enjoying (or suffering) a special kind of education? At this point, therefore, the issue is joined.

Does the literary temperament see deeper and see farther than ordinary men, even extraordinary men like scientists and statesmen, or does it simply project a kind of solipsistic universe upon the screen of interpretation? Our cultural history yields no assured answer. We tend to read Augustan Rome in terms of Horace, Virgil, and Ovid, forgetting that the literary

temperament is peculiar and even solitary, just as we tend to see Elizabethan London in terms of literary genius and so put into it values and interests an Elizabethan Londoner probably never experienced. I read with astonishment descriptions of the nineties or of the twenties in this country, descriptions based upon a faithful analysis of the literature produced in these decades but descriptions setting forth a culture I never knew and values I never experienced. Is our civilization the sick thing of *The Wasteland*, *The Bridge*, and the contemporary novel of despair? Is the vogue of Henry James among the literary truly characteristic of anything except the vogue of Henry James? Is the rediscovery of Melville a true index of our times?

ONE CAN ARGUE endlessly. Even if one puts aside the merely literate and concerns oneself with the literary, and even with the intelligently literary, it is far from clear that the majority of Americans, whether they read books or no, suffer from the frustrations, the despair, the spiritual rot of the poetical few. For example, the writings of political scientists are often cynical, but they do not voice the desperation of the literary movement. One does not find in medical intelligence the sense that we are doomed and defeated as a culture. Were our literary temperaments the true reporters of our spiritual state, we should presently see a movement of philosophers in the direction of nihilism, passivity, and a kind of cosmic despair. We had such a movement, if movement it was, in the late eighties and the nineties, but I, for one, do not detect any revival of this tendency in that sensitive and intelligent profession.

There is, moreover, a kind of wisdom of the people that the literary temperament, cut off from that wisdom, does not now express. I, for one, deplore the passing, first of Mr. Dooley, and second, of Will Rogers. No one can feel more deeply than I do the dilemma of our age, inventor of its own potential destruction; yet I am aware that the American people, not insensitive to want and suffering, continue to live, to marry, to beget children, to plan for the future, to believe by the millions in God, to sustain public works, health centers, the combat against disease, public education, charity, and much else. The people are not unaware of fatality—there is a popular cynicism as there is a popular idealism—yet he would be a bold man who would say that recent and contemporary American fiction, poetry, criticism and drama truly mirror either the affirmations or the doubts of the nation as a whole. In sum, what I am urging is that precisely as the plays of Shakespeare, the prose of Hakluyt, and the fiction of Sidney are not necessarily

the true reflection of Elizabethan values, so it is likewise conceivable that the poetry of Eliot, the novels of Faulkner, the criticism of Kenneth Burke, and the plays of O'Neill, though they are products of the time, are not necessarily the mirrors of the time.

Against the argument weighty matters can be urged. It is not true that an age is inevitably conscious of its own values, its own ideals, or its own failures. The French Revolution is better reflected in Wordsworth, Shelley, Hazlitt, and Tom Paine than it is reflected in Scott, Jeffrey, Campbell, Rogers, and Moore, the popular writers of the time. It is at least dubious that the Paris of Louis Philippe recognized itself in the *Comédie Humaine* of Balzac, which today seems to us a wonderful album of an age. Nobody in the Grant administration read *The Education of Henry Adams*, but we now know that we must read *The Education of Henry Adams* to understand the age of Grant. The fact that the reader of *Collier's Magazine* is not, so to say, the reader of *Ash Wednesday* does not destroy the importance of that poem as a work of art or as a sensitive barometer of values hidden from most readers of the magazine in question.

THE POINT SEEMS to be to accept literary evidence only for what it is worth. The literary man claims too much for it, the conventional historian or sociologist scorns it because he cannot estimate it well. If it is idle to assume that the small literary group I have tried to sketch, merely because it is both literary and small, is therefore the true index of our times, it is improper to dismiss their evidence as merely private, eccentric, and wrong. In short, the evidence of American literature as to the success or failure of modern culture can, by an evident but nonetheless useful circularity of reasoning, still be useful to us, but it can be useful only as we understand it in terms of the culture out of which it comes. That culture has today a rather special relation to literature. Literature is at any time only a partial glimpse of the truth, a fact that literary criticism perpetually misunderstands, but it is a glimpse, it has truth—only, its truth needs to be measured in terms of circumstance. We are not nationally what is pictured in the advertising of *Vogue*, but neither is the country of the Metropolitan Museum, the Institute of Advanced Studies, the Ford Foundation, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Golden Gate Bridge, Zion National Park, and—quaint though it sounds,—the Jimmy Fund, quite the desert of *The Wasteland* or the terrene hell of Mr. Robinson Jeffers' narratives.

The issue is, then, partly one of evidence. But it is also, I insist, partly one of responsibility. I accuse no writer of lack of civism. I think the novels of Jean

Stafford would instantly deteriorate if she tried to imitate Harriet Beecher Stowe, and I do not want from Wallace Stevens a paean in favor of the Republican party. Nevertheless I am compelled ruefully to point out that the direction of much modern writing is toward both a civic and an intellectual nihilism. If the public that reads advanced writing reads too often and too long that men are chiefly irrational, chiefly dissatisfied, and chiefly irresponsible, that public (and by imitation a larger public in time) must also conclude that the state cannot be maintained by citizens who are chiefly irrational, chiefly dissatisfied, and chiefly irresponsible. Poets and critics demand a return to "tradition"—but to what tradition do they wish to return? Mysticism is comforting to many, but no state can be maintained by a mystic withdrawal from the world. There is a tradition of Catholicism which is remote, private, and esoteric; there is also a tradition of Catholicism which is active, civic, and extroverted. One respects the Anglo-Catholicism into which Mr. T. S. Eliot retreated, but does it therefore follow that the social gospel is antiquated? Mr. Paul Tillich has put an intellectual edge on Protestantism, but in so doing he did not mean to undercut Protestant responsibility. Emerson was acutely dissatisfied with the commonwealth, but he did not therefore withdraw from the lyceum platform, and the difference between Thoreau's rebellion against the state and Hart Crane's rebellion against the state may be gauged from Thoreau's oration in favor of John Brown rather than from Thoreau's momentary incarceration in the Concord jail.

I DO NOT ASK the literary temperament to support reform movements; I merely remind poets and prose men that publication is, by definition, a public act—an act that gears whatever they write, whether they will or not, with the total health of the nation. If literary men demand support either directly or indirectly from some part of the population, the population has in turn the right to inquire what it is they are supporting: is it the integrity of a total vision of life to which intelligent men can rally across the years, or is it merely a private, if cosmic, emotion?

We who are, willingly or not, enlisted in one of the great cultural struggles of mankind—the struggle to maintain the liberal state—may, I am persuaded, demand that literature, when it strays too far from the central problem, shall in Turgénieff's phrase, learn to simplify itself. If none but hack writers are to write for the people, and if the literary few are to write only for their small and special audience, the intelligence of the people, despite our gallant public school system, remains about where it was. I think the

musicians and painters are here wiser than the literary men. The painters have sought to make painting popular in the literal sense; that is, they have sought to implant it among the people. The musicians, long the slaves of a romantic theory of genius comparable to the literary theory of genius, have now begun to work back towards that *Gebrauchsmusik* which was central to the health and breadth of the classical era in music. If we understand by poetry the whole wealth of imaginative writing, is it too much to hope that a *Gebruachsdichtung* is likewise possible?

The Mexican revolution should have taught us at least as much; so, in some sense, should have various literary movements in Europe, aborted, it is true, by the Nazi triumph. If Henry James accomplishes something by remaining aloof, Dickens and Mark Twain also accomplish something by knowing the popular taste and the popular will. It is oddly true that the tradition of American letters until almost the twentieth century was oral and even oratorical; as Emerson's essays, which were once lectures, Lowell's great odes, Holmes's conversational pieces, Webster's oratory, Whitman's declamation and Melville's rhetoric exist to testify. But the oral or oratorical thing implies the public and responsive audience; and it is this public and responsive audience which the literary temperament is now distant from. I think a new orientation is needed, or, if you prefer, the return to an older one. I do not think it is necessarily unintelligent in the democratic state to conceive that literature exists for democratic ends, which are not necessarily vulgar ends. The prose of certain famous passages in the Declaration has vision, mysticism, insight, and beauty, not the less cogent because they are embedded in a public document. Publication *is* a public act, and to the meaning of this publicity literary men must return in the end, or the people perish. Otherwise we may be permanently sailing to Byzantium.

THE VARIETY and wealth of American literary activity is presently marvelous to behold, but this variety, this wealth does not conceal our central dilemma: how shall we have a healthy culture if leading literary men concentrate upon a private emotionalism and take little care for the intellectual welfare of the people? Is it sufficient to wait for the great audience to assemble; or is it better, like Emerson and Whitman, to try to assemble the audience? I do not know what answer time may bring, but I suggest that a purely technical literary theory, a purely technical literary criticism do little to help us, and that to lessen the gap between the consciously literary and the merely literate is one of the great needs of the liberal state if our culture is to survive.

LOVE SONG

We who cried for the death of magic
Refuted superstition and burnt incense
To intellect are now snared by dark and darker hints
Of that mad abstract world
Round which short love's serpent lies curled.
We might now agree that it is time:
For the burning of towers and old laws—slime
Will be resurrected if slime this is
And "dust to dust to dust" relies
Upon mere lovers to retain its truth
For an adage though sacred dies if too couth.

And so I speak—I, soul, by your existence here am sacked
Of thought and God. My love supplies what all my living lacked.

Fred Chappell

LEDA AND THE SWAN

(after da Vinci)

From out the egg, the foot: the breathing pink toes,
curling and uncurling, frightened by the air. The blue
in the back sighs, the great swan laughs. He knows
the glory of the comes, the beauty of the gos.

Leda, laughing, losing self, sees her swan's-down crew
and grows a-flight. She shall never shun
her love, but envy mushrooms within. Perhaps she flew,
her lake-lover did, engendering green. This she knew.

The trees grow athwart the sky, and the sun
is not about. The babes are free; egg-break
and live, they will. Not man and female, but one
with the sky. Gods, yes, but those gods are gone.

All sweet with frosting, all sickening is the earth-cake.
but Leda knows not; the sombre word,
the gay word, of one who has eaten sky and lake
and been her lover is sacred. Without wings: she: Leda: bird.

Fred Chappell

Diuguid Parrish *brings to these brief sketches the immediate memory of his own military sojourn in Korea. The two pieces, originally conceived as exercises in point of view of narration and in the use of stream of consciousness, are marked by a certain surface tranquillity which masks with superb irony the core of horror beneath.*

TWO KOREAN SKETCHES

1.

THE BOY AWAKENED suddenly, his eyes opening with no surprise on the total darkness which surrounded him. He lay quiet for a moment, savoring the lovely warmth, the womb-like wrapped in luxury warmth. And then he poked his nose resignedly, tentatively through the blanket folds into the stark cold above. Kee-rist it was cold out there. As it had been for the past week and as it would be for the next and O Hell here goes. He sat up pushing aside the blankets reluctantly, with the tired decisiveness of habit and his head slid up the icy side of the pup tent as it always did and he reached into his fatigue jacket for the now dry and wonderfully warm socks. He took off the night socks and put on the day socks, putting the night ones into the pocket to dry and warm for another time. Then he took his boots from where they had lain warming in his arm-pits through the night and put them on, jostling his tentmate and bumping the tent wall with equal indifference. He laced the boots with fingers already numbing in the awful cold, reached forward bending far over the thickness of the clothing across his stomach and pulled up the peg holding down the tent flap at the front of the tent and tossed it back exposing a patch of speckled sky peering through the bare branches of the trees further down the hill. He turned around somehow in the close confinement of crumpled blankets and tiny tent and his tent mate's snoring bulk and crawled out into the night like a clumsy bear lumbering forth from his cave. He stood up and stretched and suddenly cold reached back into the blackness for his field jacket and put it on over the fatigue jacket in which he had spent the night and the past seven days and nights. He wondered for a moment disinterestedly about his undoubted stink, then dismissing the thought he reached into the field jacket and drew out the gloves, pulled them on and tightened the straps across the back and yawned hugely, looking about all the time in the dimly white darkness of starlight on snow at the little circle of tents huddled darkly around him. He grinned sud-

denly into the night, enjoying the thought of the coming moments. Today I howl, today I wake the troops, today I and then he hurried revenge for past memories of early morning injustice and shouted out, "All right you bastards hit it come outta them sacks off your sorry asses and on your feet come outta them tents or I'll pull 'em down on your ornery ears." He tried to bass blare in his best imitation of the sergeant manner but couldn't quite bring it off with his not quite adult voice and listened a moment for the first rustlings and grumbling mutters from the dark burrows in which they slept and then yelled it again, only more obscenely yet. He started strumming on the tent ropes like big bass viols, knowing the incentive value of the fear of the awful inky cold of dew wet canvas descending in stiff folds across a mutely protesting face. "All right goddamn it cut it out we're awake leave the damn tent alone," and he stopped and went over and leaned against a tree and enjoyed their discomfort thinking of his own.

From the surrounding darkness came the shouts as other squads other platoons other companies bivouacked here and there in the woods beyond went through the same morning motions in the same way with the same words same curses same stiff unrested unresisting tired anguish.

In a few moments the first crumpled figures lurched up from their black tent-maws and stood rubbing dirty lists into sleepily watering eyes and pulling on the great bulky field jackets against the edge of cold from the biting morning wind which was beginning to stir the trees. The few who were up began to try to find live coals in the ashes of last night's fire, kneeling clumsily and blowing and blowing and stopping with momentary dizziness. As the first faint flames began to stir and curl against the dewy residue of last night's wood, dark figures stumbled away into the decreasing blackness of the coming dawn for more wood. The boy's blackness emerged from the deeper dark of the tree against which he had been leaning huddling into himself away from the cold. He went

around the circle of tents again, shaking the tents more violently now, cursing the same tired curses at the laggards, leaving only his own tent unshaken, giving his buddy that last shred of precious oblivion. Then he joined the silent group around the fire as they stood, backs to the wind, palms turned toward the warmth, the firelight flashing across their mouths and chins and casting their eyes into gaunt shadowed black from which an occasional fleck of fire sparked. The soldiers stood so for some time, unmoving except when occasionally one man would bend and reach and carefully place another stick on the fire. The wood-seekers straggled back and tossed twisted branches, bark, scraps of logs into a ragged pile and joined the group standing about the fire. No one spoke. The darkness lightened steadily showing five pup tents in a ragged circle about a bare trampled place in the snow. Sludgy paths radiating out through the spotty remains of two day old snow. A path to the latrine. A path to the mess area. A path to the company assembly area. A few straggly splotches of foot-steps going nowhere. Now the day was light enough to destroy the oneness of the group around the fire. The men did not stand so closely now. They talked a little. In the distance they heard the grinding roar of the mess trucks approaching. "Those lucky bastard mess cooks sleeping in a nice warm sack and eating fried eggs and drinking beer at night . . . and women, God, the women" the little mutters arose disinterestedly from the group. It had all been said before, but it must each time be said again. The unjealous spiteless envy of the infantry for the fortunate many.

THE MEN DRIFTED back to their own tents and made their beds—neatly folded the blankets over the bare earth and arranged their other gear in neat stacks, as in the regulations and in the unfeeling heart of the First Sergeant. Then they took their rifles from where they had spent the night lumpily against each man's body in tribute to the Sergeant's words again which proclaimed that a man's rifle is his only friend and from it he shall never part even in the privacy of sleep and they slung them over their shoul-

ders and donned their steel helmets and trudged up the path toward breakfast. Their breakfast waited in the muddy field, arranged in a row of seven olive drab chipped and silver-flecked mermite cans. The men drifted into a ragged line, standing hunched beneath the weight of the helmet and the rifle and the heavy clothing and swinging the mess kits loosely from the gloved and dirty hands. Always the left, for the right rested permanently on the sling of the rifle, the rifle a soldier's best friend take care of it and it will take care of you the boy was thinking as he waited indifferently for what came each morning now, disdainfully dropped into the dully gleaming chill cavity of the mess kit by the dirty cook, who blows his nose on his fingers and wipes them on his trousers and delicately picks another piece of limber brown toast from the can and drops another piece into another mess kit. And on to the next can to receive a jagged lump of yellow white butter or oleo or whatever flecked with oily water and to the next can for the scrambled eggs in a rubbery sputum colored lump and then ignore the cereal who could eat Wheaties to be a Champion just now. At the end of the line was the coffee, a green tinted black soup steaming raggedly slopping out as the boy walked ten steps and turned away from the wind and took one hot acid metal tasting gulp and put on the ground while he stood braced indifferently chewing the stomach filler morosely, thoughtfully, like a cow on her third chewing of the cud. Finished, he picked up the now cold cup, downed the rest of the coffee, refilled the cup and choked down the scalding stuff as he waited in line to douse the kit into the stinking hot greasy water of the wash cans. Then the still wet still greasy mess kit was closed on the jangling steel tableware and it was tucked into the fatigue jacket around to the back where it would spend the day, jangling with each miserable step.

In ten minutes the men were in a column of twos going off to the day's training. They double timed down the rutted road and soon were but a moss-colored line climbing the next hill. The day was beginning at last.

2.

SOMEHOW THIS moment at the end of the day makes all the rest of it the double timing and the lousy food and the Sergeant and the sheer ugly boredom of 4am to 10pm every night but now sitting here before the fire with the cold of the

ground beneath my butt melting and beginning to though not as long as the roar of the fire keeps my face blush red and hot and in a little bit I can get up and turn my back to the fire and squat a little the short moment of discomfort now will be more

than made up for then as the pants dry suddenly and then scorch a little with that dry odor of scorch and then my skin will burn a little and then I can sit down again and do it again I wonder how long before Mac cons that Sergeant from Baker Company out of that whiskey I'm starting to look forward to my four shots every night before bed they cloud the moments over between the time I slide down over the lumps in the ground beneath my blankets over the cold that goes down and down and which comes right up to grab you as you lie there praying for sleep to come but it never does until you are hurt bone cold but not this way not with the lovely hot whiskey to soothe it all way and then too it makes the moments good while we sit there and pass the bottle back and forth and make easy talk Mac always has a story to tell about life in niggerland in Pittsburgh about Fast Black his buddy that runs the dope ring and his little jelly roll who is waiting for him true back there and I always talk a little of the ugly fate that always seems to happen between me and women why does it always happen so maybe its because I look so young and they are all looking for that permanent lifetime guarantee yes sure you are a great rationalizer young man well if he doesn't get the whiskey from the B Company guy we can always buy it from the First Sarnt hell I'm starting to think and even talk like James Jones who wrote the book with all the dirty words the flat sounding ugly words that are the army no matter how much the mammas write their congressmen about the corruption which is overtaking their little man I don't really think so if you are corrupt before you will maybe get more corrupt but if not then you won't well hell maybe I should pay the ridiculous price tonight two bucks for two bottles those little ones like you get on the trains when you are going first class who ever does not me in these times two bucks is one day's pay more or less shot to hell at the end of it to take away some of the pain of it the Sergeant is making a killing he is one sadistic little bastard he stands in front of you at inspection and reaches for the rifle hard and you drop it desperately jesus christ

let it be clean today I gotta get away for a day please just one day to lay in bed and sleep and sleep and sleep without no one of the sorry sons of bitches who cadre this outfit to call me out on any make work detail just so I won't get lazy over the weekend and the Sergeant doesn't even look at the rifle but just at me with the little mean glint in his eye and the twist in the corner of his mouth he wants me to look at him move my eyes away from the unseeing infinity prescribed by regulations I will not look at him I know how he looks he looks like a soldier I'd like to be a soldier a good one but do you have to be a bastard to be one like the little hard eyed Sarnt they say he fought his way back from the Yalu with the 7th Regiment back in the winter of '50 and won a medal for bravery and using the bayonet so well I can sure believe that he'd stick it in your guts and twist it and never change expression at all from that I hate 'em all look he wears around all the time he's almost through looking at it now he's opening the butt plate and taking out the oil case did I clean that no he didn't say anything he's giving it back now take it smartly hold it there at port arms don't bring it down right away like last week when you screwed up and spent the week end in this hole why doesn't he go away and stop looking me up and down he's gone now Mac Babe, you got the liquor—a whole pint? Well hell I could almost be a Christian again for a whole pint of that rotgut. Three bucks and a half? Hell we're golden. You take the first drink not all of it you black bastard and then I've got the bottle and wipe the top for formalities sake if my dear daddy could see me now sharing a bottle with an ace of spades black nigger but he is the salt the real salt ahhhhh and wait just one second until it slides all the way down and splashes up and through me ahhhhh again funny i hate this stuff just to drink but cold like this and with the fire and all it is better than milk after waffles and sirup. Mac tell me again you mean to say you really made Ruth Brown the one that sings?





Father and Son

Robert Broderson

Edward Reynolds Price *has drawn his Michael from the experience of summers as camper and counselor. With eleven-year-old boys as protagonists, he has built this spare story on the everlasting theme of loneliness and the inevitable failure, at critical moments, of human communication and sympathy. Despite their youth, Michael Egerton and his friend attain an estimable, though painful, dignity. They are already human.*

MICHAEL EGERTON

HE WAS THE first boy I met at camp. He had got there before me, and he and a man were taking things out of a suitcase when I walked into the cabin. He came over and started talking right away without even knowing me. He even shook hands. I don't think I had ever shaken hands with anyone my own age before. Not that I minded. I was just surprised and had to find a place to put my duffle bag before I could give him my hand. His name was Michael, Michael Egerton. He was taller than I was, and although it was only June he already had the sort of suntan that would leave his hair white all summer. I knew he couldn't be more than twelve. I wouldn't be twelve until February. If you were twelve you usually had to go to one of the senior cabins across the hill. But his face was old because of the bones under his eyes that showed through the skin.

He introduced me to the man. It was his father, but they didn't look alike. His father was a newspaperman, and the suitcase they were unpacking had stickers on it that said Rome and Paris, London and Bombay. His father said he would be going back to Europe soon to report about the Army and that Michael would be settled here in camp for a while. I was to keep an eye on Mike, he said, and if he got to France in time he would try to send us something. He said that he could tell that Mike and I were going to be great friends and that I might want to go with Mike to his aunt's when camp was over. I might like to see where Old Mike would be living from now on. It was a beautiful place, he said. I could tell that he was getting ready to leave. He had seen Michael make up his bed and fill the locker with clothes, and he was beginning to talk like everybody does when they are leaving somewhere—sort of loud and with a lot of laughing.

He took Michael over to a corner, and I started unpacking my bag. I could see them though, and he gave Michael some money and they talked about how much Michael was going to enjoy the summer and how much bigger he would be when his father got back and how he was to think of his aunt just like

a mother. Then Michael reached up and kissed his father. He didn't seem at all embarrassed to do it. They walked back towards me, and in a voice louder than before Mr. Egerton told me again to keep an eye on Old Mike—not that he would need it but it wouldn't hurt. That was kind of funny since Michael was so much bigger than I was, but anyway I said I would because that was what I was supposed to say. And then he left. He said there wouldn't be any need for Mike to walk with him to the car, but Michael wanted to so I watched them walk down the hill together. They stood by the car for a minute; and then Michael kissed him again, right in front of all those boys and parents and counselors. Michael stood there until his father's car had passed through the camp gate. He waved once. Then he came on back up the hill.

ALL EIGHT OF the boys in our cabin went to the dining hall together that night, but afterward at campfire Michael and I sat a little way off from the others and talked softly while they sang. He talked some about his father and how he was one of the best war correspondents in the business. It wasn't like he was bragging because he asked me about my father and what my mother was like. I started to ask him about his mother, but I remembered that he hadn't said anything about her and I thought she might be dead. But in a little while he said very matter-of-factly that his mother didn't live with him and his father, hadn't lived with them for almost a year. That was all. He hadn't seen his mother for a year. He didn't say whether she was sick or what and I wasn't going to ask.

For a long-time after that we didn't say anything. We were sitting on a mound at the foot of a tree just high enough to look down on all the boys around the fire. They were all red in the light, and those furthest from the blaze huddled together and drew their heads down because the nights in the mountains were cold, even in June. They had started singing a song that I didn't know. It was called "Green Grow the Rushes." But Michael knew it and sang it and I listened to

him. It was almost like in church with one person singing against a large, soft chair. At the end the camp director stood up and made a speech about this was going to be the best season in the history of Redwood which was the finest camp in the land—as it was bound to be with as fine a group of boys and counselors as he had sitting right here in front of him.

He said that it would be a perfect summer if everybody would practice the Golden Rule twenty four hours a day and treat everybody like we wanted to be treated—like real men.

When we got back to the cabin the other boys were already running around in the lantern light naked and slapping each others behinds with wet towels. But soon the counselor blew the light out, and we got in bed in the dark. Michael was in the bunk over me. We had sentence prayers. Michael asked God to bless his father when he got to France. One boy named Robin Mickle who was a Catholic said a Hail Mary. It surprised most of the others. Some of them even laughed like he was telling a joke. Everything quieted down though, and we were half asleep when somebody started blowing taps on a bugle. It woke us all up, and we waited in the dark for it to stop so we could sleep.

MICHAEL TURNED out to be my best friend. Every morning after breakfast everybody was supposed to lie on their beds quietly for Thought Time and think about the Bible, but Michael and I would sit on my bed and talk. I told Michael a lot of things that I had never told anyone else. I don't know why I told him. I just wanted him to know everything there was to know about me. It was a long time before I realized that I really didn't know much about Michael except what I could see—that he didn't live with his mother and his father was a great war correspondent who was probably back in France now. He just wasn't the kind to tell you a lot. He would listen to everything you had to say like he wanted to hear it and was glad that you wanted to tell him. But then he would change the subject and start talking about baseball or something. He was a very good baseball player, the best on the junior cabin team. Every boy in our cabin was on the team, and it looked like with Michael pitching that we might take the junior title for the Colossians. That was the name of our team. All the athletic teams in camp were named for one of the letters that St. Paul wrote. We practiced every afternoon after rest period, but first we went to the main lodge for mail. I go a letter almost every day, and Michael had got two or three from his aunt, but it wasn't until almost three weeks passed that he got

the airmail letter from France. There weren't any pictures or souvenirs in it, but I don't suppose Mr. Egerton had too much time for that. He did mention me although I could tell by the way he wrote that he didn't remember my name. Still it was very nice to be thought of by a famous war correspondent. Michael said that we could write him a letter together and that he would ask his father for a picture. I had a picture of my parents inside my locker but Michael didn't.

THE WEEKS WENT faster than I had expected. At first I had been afraid of being homesick, but with Michael and all the things to do I wasn't. There was only about a week of camp left, and then we would go home. That was why we were playing the semi-finals that day—so the winners could be recognized at the Farewell Banquet on the last night of camp. The Colossians were going to play the Ephesians after rest period. We were all in the cabin trying to rest, but everybody was too excited, everybody except Michael who was almost asleep when the camp director walked in and said that Michael Egerton was to go down to the Lodge porch right away as he had visitors. Michael got up and combed his hair, and just before he left he told everybody that he would see them at the game and that we were going to win.

The Lodge wasn't too far from our cabin, and I could see him walking down there. A car was parked by the porch. Michael got pretty close to it. Then he stopped. I thought he had forgotten something and was coming back to the cabin, but the car doors opened and a man and a woman got out. I knew that it was his mother. He couldn't have looked any more like her. She bent over and kissed him. Then she must have introduced him to the man. She said something, and the man stepped up and shook Michael's hand. They started talking. I couldn't hear them, and since they weren't doing anything I lay back down and read for a while. Rest period was almost over when I looked again. The car was gone, and there was no one in front of the Lodge. It was time for the semi-finals, and Michael hadn't showed up. Robin, who was sort of in charge of the Colossians, told me to get Michael wherever he was; and I looked all over camp. He just wasn't there. I didn't have time to go up in the woods behind the cabins, but I yelled and there was no answer. So I had to give up because the game was waiting. Michael never came. A little fat boy named Billy Joe Moffitt took his place and we lost. Everybody wondered what had happened to Michael. I was sure that he hadn't left camp with his mother because he would have told somebody first

so after the game I ran back ahead of the others. Michael wasn't on his bed. I walked through the hall and opened the bathroom door. He was standing at the window with his back to me.

"Mike, why in the world didn't you play?"

He didn't even turn around.

"We lost, Mike."

He just stood there tying little knots in the shade cord. When the others came in from the game I met them at the door. I told them Michael was sick.

HE DIDN'T GO to the campfire with me that night. He didn't say much, and I didn't know what to ask him.

"Was that your mother this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"What was she doing up here?"

"On a vacation or something."

I don't guess I should have asked him but I did.

"Who was that with her?"

"Some man. I don't know. Just some man."

It was like every night. We were sitting in our place by the tree. The others were singing, and we were listening. Then he started talking very fast.

"My mother said, 'Michael, this is your new father. How do you like having two fathers?'"

Then before I could think what to say he said he was cold and got up and walked back to the cabin. I didn't follow him. I didn't even ask him if he was feeling all right. When I got to the cabin he was in bed, pretending to be asleep; but long after taps I could hear him turning. I tried to stay awake until he went to sleep. Once I sat up and started to reach out and touch him but I didn't. I was very tired.

ALL THAT WAS a week before the end of camp. The boys in our cabin started talking about him. He had stopped playing ball. He wouldn't swim in the

camp meet. He didn't even go on the Sunday hike up to Johnson's Knob. He sat on his bed with his clothes on most of the time. They never did anything nice for him. They were always doing things like tying his shoe laces together. It was no use trying to stop them. All they knew was that Michael Egerton had screwed their chance to be camp baseball champions. They didn't want to know why, not even the counselor. And I wasn't going to tell them. They even poured water on his mattress one night and laughed the whole next day about Michael wetting the bed.

The day before we left camp the counselors voted on a Camp Spirit Cabin. They had kept some sort of record of our activities and athletic events. The cabin with the most good-camper points usually won. We didn't win. Robin and the others told Michael that he made us lose because he never did anything. They told everybody that Michael Egerton made our cabin lose.

That night we were bathing and getting dressed for the Farewell Banquet. Nobody had expected Michael to go, but without saying anything he started getting dressed. Someone noticed him and said something about Mr. Michael honoring us with his presence at dinner. He had finished dressing when four of the boys took him and tied him between two bunks with his arms stretched out. He didn't fight. He let them treat him like some animal, and he looked just like he was crucified. Then they went to the banquet and left him tied there. I went with them, but while they were laughing about hamstringing that damned Michael I slipped away and went back to untie him. But when I got there he had already got loose. I knew that he was in the bathroom. I could hear him. I walked to the door and whispered, "Mike, it's me." I walked back out and down the hill to the dining hall. They even had the porch lights on, and they had already started singing.



Anne Rhodes Nicholson *makes her first ARCHIVE appearance with a story remarkable among the products of young writers for its almost total emotional detachment. A richness of style, bordering at times on the lush, modulates the compassionless frame of this piece. Miss NICHOLSON, a sophomore Angier Duke Scholar, is a student in William Blackburn's English 103.*

UP AT MISS MYRTIE'S

MISS MYRTIE'S three story yellow house rambled around the top of the hill to command the best view in town. From the gabled windows of the top floor you could look down and see morning clouds swimming around below, making holes of light and darkness on the hillsides. The house faced west and south, away from the smoky town and toward the black bulk of the mountains. In the valley by the swiftly flowing river, orchards hung low and pregnant with fruitage. The little town sprawled in sloven haphazardness between the valley and the house.

The heavy front door swished shut on the last of the night's guests and the house was creakily settling down for sleep. Dully awake, she turned over on her side in the warm bed to look out at the blushing sky. With a smile, she watched the light fall on her pillowed arm and caress the curve of her slender thigh.

From below stairs she heard the powerful, flat-footed tread of Louise as she marched around the kitchen frying ham and eggs and making hominy and coffee for Miss Myrtie, who ate hugely and often. The pungency of sizzling country ham coming up on the washed mountain air tingled in her nostrils. She stretched in the increasing warmth of the virginal sunlight and smiled out on the world.

On the floor in one corner of the room lay her new pink wrapper. It made her think of the stranger with his big coppery arms and his serious face. "I like you. I like you a lot," he had said and he had tried to kiss her. She turned over on her back and smoothed the clean bleached crazy quilt tight around her body, waiting for Louise to come with her breakfast tray. The sheet still smelled lightly of men, their liquor and tobacco, but the odor was elusive. This was the best room in the house. What would they say down home if they could see this grand place here with her in it having breakfast in bed?

The thought reminded her of filial obligations and as the last street lamp blinked off she was reaching for paper and pen. She hunched the pillow up and drew her young legs up to support the letterbox. She drew out a thin, crinkly pink sheet and wrote:

Dear folks,

I'm getting along just fine. I was glad to get your letter and hear about Aunt Gladys' trip. I still like my job alot and I think that Mr. Palowsky is going to give me a raise. I hope I can get off work for a week after Christmas and come home —

And she looked out to the ground below where blossoms had been falling all night and she almost believed it.

She finished the letter, then threw the quilt back cleanly and swung to a sitting position on the side of the bed, gingerly brushing her toe across the chilly floorboards before rising. She pulled her gown over her head and glanced at herself in the mirror. Her grey eyes widened and her white body evoked memories. She pieced together a jumbled gallery of pictures and saw her home, higher up in the mountains where the river below was a yellow snake and the trees beside it mushrooms of greenness. There was the smell of hot daisy fields and of Saturday licorice ropes, of spermy earth after spring rain and the wintry smell of roasting pecans. She remembered the nose-tickling tanginess of hot dusty tomatoes and the lushness of watermelons hanging ripely on the banks of a red creek. There were swift-sloping hills and yellow-green pyramids of new corn. She heard the faint gurgle of mountain streams and the thin crescendoing echo of Sunday church bells.

This was the hill-bound world from which she had fled at the age of sixteen to seek work at the Purity Cafe in the town below.

THE BLACK blades of the overhead fan were cutting futilely in to the burnt smoky air of the restaurant as she had walked in with the newspaper want-ad clutched in her hand. She hitched her round young buttocks onto the torn plastic of a counter stool and asked for the proprietor. The big Pole came out of the kitchen wiping his unclean yellow hands on a gluey dishtowel. He eyed her appraisingly

from the depths of his meaty face and stuck a white nylon uniform into her hands.

By nine o'clock that same night she was homesick and heartsick. She had chunked thick fried meat onto thick tan plates into thick calloused hands a hundred times. Sighing, she made her way down a dingy corridor beside the kitchen and pushed open a maroon colored door marked "EVE". There was a crushed litter of brown paper towels upon the floor and a stale odor from the toilets. She leaned her pale head back against the lipstick-smudged stucco wall and tiredly unbuttoned her uniform.

The days began to pass more rapidly as she gradually drowned herself in the monotony of her work. Her diversions were lavish daydreams about the future and speculations about the more agreeable customers. She was good to a little dark man who dropped into the Purity occasionally. She looked at his clothes and knew that he was above the usual patronage. Perhaps this was why she heaped attentions on him, with his goggle-eyes, slick goatee, and comical squint. He called her "Princess." It was he who introduced her to Jack Barton on a solitary afternoon about three months after she had been at the Purity. Jack was a college man, home for the holidays, and she already had innuendoes of his charm from a giggly, violet-eyed waitress. His uncle—the goggle-eyed man was his uncle—winked at Jack and said, "This is the Princess of the Purity that I was telling you about." He made a date with her for the next night while his uncle was paying for their coffee.

SHE ROSE EARLY that morning and brushed her hair around her pearl-pale face. She had a new dress that was blue. She wrapped it up in a paper bag and carried it to work with her. At the end of the day she changed her clothes in the restroom and met him outside. They walked through the cool streets that still rustled with a few tired leaves to where his yellow car was parked. They drove through the jewel-lighted town to a roadhouse and sat at a scarred brown table while he drank beer from foaming tankards. Then they danced and she yielded to him, pressing her slender fingers into his hot nape. They left the roadhouse, passed through the town, and stopped at a motel.

They awoke to a murky film of light in the east. He held her in the crook of his arm and the subtle odor of him stole through her and his hot palm sweated beneath her fingers. This then was love. She was filled with tenderness and a bubble of laughter and tears hung in her throat.

She had asked him about college life.

"What are the people like? Are they rich?"

"Just like people here. I guess most of them do have a good bit of money."

"I bet all the boys have cars. What do you do at nights?"

"Oh, we just sit around and drink beer or play cards and talk."

"Are the girls real pretty?"

"Not as pretty as you are, honey, or as sweet either," he grinned and slammed the bathroom door behind him.

HE LEFT THAT same afternoon and within two days she had his letter. He was engaged and going to be married but everything else he had said was true. He hadn't wanted to spoil their happiness together, he wrote. "Forgive me," she read, "but don't forget me."

She was filled with a morbid despair at her failure but she drove herself on and never missed her work. Alone, now more than ever, she clutched almost desperately at this as her one hope of escape. And escape she felt she must, from Palowsky with his hard Polish face and heavy putty-colored nose, from the customers with their messy breaths and thick chapped hands, from the lewd gap-toothed smile of the cook.

Her thoughts were focused on this pageant of disgust, as she stepped out of the Purity, shrugging her way into the shapeless warmth of a gray tweed jacket. The cool air was charged with blue starlight and she breathed it in, letting it shock her into thought. The trees smelled dry and she listened to the wind fanning the sapless leaves. She sat down on the cold marble steps of the First Methodist Church, waiting for the Vine Street bus. It came and went. She sat watching the couples riding home together after the first show.

SHE HAD HEARD about Miss Myrtie's at the Purity. She had seen the girls in town. They were happy and pretty. She crossed the street and caught Hillway up to the yellow clapboard house. That was two months ago.

Now soon Miss Myrtie would come in to smile with gold-laced teeth on this her favorite. Her clean, wrap-around dress would be lightly starched and she would have her dark red hair up in papers for the day. She was a deep-breasted woman with a low, fat voice and thin freckled skin. They would talk about the other girls, the night before, the night ahead, new clothes, new customers. She meant to ask Miss Myrtie to do something about the leaky water pipe that caused a long brown stain to queue its way down through the dainty yellow flowers of the wallpaper.



Age

Robert Broderson

Harry Jackson *is perhaps the most prolific of campus writers. With a novel and numerous stories already completed, he plans to continue in the attempt to make his life as a writer. His first contribution to THE ARCHIVE is this story—polished and compressed and bearing a great weight of sympathy. A transfer student from American University in Washington, JACKSON is a member of the sophomore class.*

GOD MADE THIS MAN

IT WAS A COMEDY. Rather, there would be a comedy presented at the high school next week. That was the reason why Mike was at his girl's house on a school night. He was helping her memorize her lines; she had almost three hundred of them. It was a very important part. The comedy was one which most high schools produce at one time or another, one which said nothing, one which showed nothing. All the actors were very excited and nervous. It was supposed to be a very funny comedy.

His watch showed that it was later than he had expected as he drove from his girl's house to his own. He had made the same drive many times before. There would be just about enough time to do his homework before going to bed. His mother was very particular about his homework. After all, it was a very important thing.

Mike parked the car in front of his house, opened the door on his side, and stepped out. The house was small, built of red brick; and each of the windows was flanked by white shutters. There were shrubs and flower beds around the house, but the flowers were not blooming now for it was winter. It was a house not so different from the other houses in the neighborhood, a neighborhood that prided itself on its neatness. Only a block away the shabby houses began, but these were overlooked by most of the people in Mike's section. When they were mentioned it was only to say that they should be torn down, for the houses were no good and the people were no better than the houses.

He locked the car door, then walked around to the other side. On the corner the streetlight swung in the wind, the false light making the shadows dart and jump on the black asphalt of the street. Back and forth it swung, back and forth.

"Hey, boy!"

Mike jerked around. There was a man standing on the sidewalk in the direction of the shabby houses.

"What?" He was too far away to see the man's face; there was only a short, heavy form in the shape of a human body.

"Come here." The words were followed by a deep cough, a racking cough, as if there was phlegm in

his throat.

"Whatt'a you want?"

"Come here a minute."

"Whatt'a you want?"

He stood before the figure. The streetlight cast a faint glow upon the man's face, and Mike could see the features which had been hidden in the darkness. His hair was black, and thick strands of it were matted together by greasy hair tonic. The lined face seemed heavy under the stubble of beard. The eyes. The eyes were filled with a film of water which reflected the glow of the streetlight. It could have been the rawness in the winter wind. His nose was running.

A child stepped from behind the man. Mike frowned; the man's body had hidden him. Now he stood beside the larger figure, clutching at its pant leg with the small hand on the end of an upraised arm. The head of the child reached the middle of the man's thigh. He could not have been more than four years old.

MY NAME'S BYRD." He stuck out his hand. His eyes widened, and they were almost like the eyes of a small child who asks for a new toy, yet there was a trapped wildness about them which was not remindful of a child. The hand felt flabby and the dirt was sticky. In the other hand, he carried a large, manila envelope. He did not relax his grip. The water that had filmed his eyes, that had reflected the glow of the streetlight, trickled over his cheeks. It was not the wind.

"I'm sick." As his grip tightened Mike could feel the flabbiness ooze about his fingers, and the dirt was stickier for the middle of their palms became warm and began to sweat.

"What's wrong?" A faint smile played about the corners of his mouth. The fellow must be drunk.

"I'm gonn'a die."

Mike pulled his hand away and rubbed it along the side of his pants.

"It's my lungs. I prayed. I prayed for help. This is my boy here. God knows I love him. This is my boy." His face twisted into a smile as he looked at the

child. "I prayed to God. But now I'm gonn'a die. The boy can't understand."

Mike stepped closer; he frowned. The man cried, then coughed. When he spat, there was no saliva, only the blood; and the blood was thick and dark. He coughed again. Some of it trickled down his chin.

"Happened today. Went to the hospital here in town, and they said my lungs are gone. They took a X-ray, and I heard 'em say it. Here. Right here it is. Here's what they took."

He pulled the X-ray from the envelope, held it up to a sky which showed no stars, then looked at Mike.

"See?"

"Yes." He could see nothing; but the man was not drunk, not like he had thought at first. He had tried to smell the liquor; but there was none to be smelled, only the dirt and the blood and the raw wind. The truth. The man was telling the truth. He was dying.

MIKE'S FINGERS played with the coins in his pocket. Only twenty cents. He would have to buy a pack of cigarettes tomorrow. The fist tightened around the coins, and he did not feel the metal biting into his skin. He was sickened at his own self.

"Down at my job everybody likes me. They can't get along without me. I'm just sick. I don't know what to do. Sometimes I just want to fall down in the grass and pray all night. Don't you feel that way sometimes?" Again the eyes in the sagging face softened and became the pleading eyes of a child. "When you're worried don't it just help to get down and pray? I've asked God to help me. Now I'm gonn'a die. I don't want to leave my boy."

The child's hand clutched, then tugged at the pants leg of the man. "Take me home. I want'a go home. Let's go home."

"I've got a state job. I work for the state. I've gott'a go to the hospital tonight."

"Which hospital?"

"The veteran's hospital in Durham. I been to France. I fought for this country. I been to France I tell you. I got shot in the back, and that's what started it. They been after me to go for two years now. I went to the one here in town today, and now I'm gonn'a die."

"You won't die. They can fix you up. Try not to worry."

"I can't help it."

He shook his head and looked at the ground. He coughed and the blood came out and it was dark red.

"You won't die. You hear me? You won't die."

"I just want'a get to the bus station. I can get there if I get to the bus station."

"Have you got enough money to ride the bus?"

"No. But I can get it. I know people down there. They trust me. Somebody'll give me the money. I gott'a go tonight."

"I'll take you down there. You're sure you want to go?"

"Yes, I gott'a go."

"You're sure you want to?"

"I'm gonn'a die."

"Take me home. Let's go home."

"This here is my boy. I love him. I don't want'a leave him."

"Come on. We'll take the kid home."

Mike placed his hand on the man's shoulder. He turned and walked down the street, walked with hunched shoulders towards the shabby houses. The child followed, then Mike.

WHEN THEY REACHED the houses in the next block, they climbed up rotted steps which led to the door of a frame house. Mike could see the kitchen from the living room. There were three rooms, and in each of them the wallpaper was stained and peeling from the walls. In the living room there was a tall lamp with a crooked shade. The man turned and grabbed Mike by the arm.

"See that picture? That was before I went to France."

"That's my wife. I love her."

They walked through the second room. There were two double beds with dirty, unmade sheets; and there was a crib. These were pushed close against the walls. A child with blonde hair slept in the crib. In the middle of the room there was a rug that had been worn thin by many feet.

The woman in the kitchen looked at Mike, the woman holding a knife and a slice of bread, using the knife to spread dark jelly on the white bread. There were two children at the table eating sandwiches. The child that was with the man left him and took his place beside the others. He put his arm around the shoulders of his wife.

"I'm leaving."

"You shouldd'a left a long time ago."

"Is he supposed to go?"

"He better. He won't listen to me. He's sick."

Three buttons were missing from the front of her dress; beneath the small bulge made by one of her breasts there was a yellow mustard stain. A strand of hair hung over her eyes. She picked a red wash cloth from the sink and threw it to her husband.

"Wipe your mouth."

The blood had dried around the man's lips. His nose was still running. The kids ate their sandwiches.

"I love you. I love all the kids. Everyone of them."

"Wipe your mouth."

He pulled the cloth over his lips, and the blood stayed there.

"I've gott'a go now."

"Good-bye." She turned back to her job, spreading the dark jelly on the white bread.

They went into the living room. The woman stayed in the kitchen. The kids kept on eating. In the living room the man stopped, and his eyes turned to a yellow sofa. There was a Bible with a black cover lying in one corner. The man turned and smiled.

"I bought that. Paid six dollars for it. I read it. I read it all the time."

"You better take it with you."

"No." The man stared at the wall. "I don't want to leave my boy."

They walked out, walked down the rotting steps until they reached the sidewalk, then the man pointed to a tricycle.

"That's my boy's. I bought it for him. Paid thirty-six dollars. I've tried to be good to 'em."

"Have you got any money at all?"

"No."

Mike took the twenty cents from his pocket.

"Here."

"No, somebody'll lend it to me."

"Go ahead and take it."

"Well, I appreciate it."

"I know."

They walked back up the street to the car.

"I love them. I'm gonn'a die."

"You're not gonn'a die. You're not."

The man bent double as he coughed, one of his hands clutching his stomach. Again there was the blood. He beat his chest.

"Sometimes you think you can just beat it out."

"Yeah."

They got in the car. The man started coughing again.

"You can roll down the window so if you have to spit."

DURING THE RIDE to the bus station, neither of them spoke; there was only the coughing and the red spit. Mike parked the car, then looked at the man.

"You're sure you can get the money?"

"I'll see somebody. They know me. You've been kind. I don't know how to thank you."

A newsboy sold papers in front of the bus station.

They shook hands. He held to Mike's hand, and the hands sweated and were sticky.

"I've taken good care of my family. They'll be all right when I'm gone. They'll have my insurance. I love my wife. I love 'em all."

In the car the monotone of the loudspeaker in the station seemed faint and faraway as it droned out the schedules, the names of towns, of cities.

"I've gott'a go now."

"You're sure you can make it? Mike leaned across the seat and held the man's arm.

"Yes. They know me."

"Good luck." His hand fell away.

Mike turned in the seat and watched the man walk towards the glass doors of the bus station. The newsboy sold his papers, two sailors stopped two girls on the street and began talking and smiling with them, men and women hurried by with heavy suitcases, a pregnant woman pushed open the glass doors. And the man was gone.

MIKE STARED AT the doors that had closed behind him, then at the people. The voice droned over the loudspeaker. The people walked and the newsboy called. The newsboy called and the people walked and the sailors talked and the voice droned. The people walked. Get home. His hands were white as they gripped the steering wheel. Tell them. The people walked and the sailors talked. Home. Tell them. Faster.

He ran inside the living room of the red brick house with the white shutters.

"How's the comedy coming along?" His father lowered the newspaper.

And Mike wanted to scream, to grab the paper, to pull him from the chair.

"It's about time you got in." His mother looked up from the socks she was darning. "You haven't got time to do your homework now. Get to bed and get up early in the morning. You can do it then." She looked back at the socks."

Mike stared at each of them, from one to the other. Scream. But his mouth hung open and his eyes widened. There were no words. Scream. Scream it. You stupid fools. All of you. Scream it. But there was nothing.

He walked to the window. Outside the streetlight swung back and forth, back and forth. There was no traffic; the street was empty. The streetlight swung back and forth. His shoulders slumped. After a moment he turned and walked across the room.

"I'm going to bed," he mumbled.

Connie Mueller *discards her role as editor of the light-hearted PEER long enough to write this complex story of a widow. She has added her own originality to the theme with the introduction of a child, innocent of the fact of death. The pathos of this widow's predicament is that she cannot and must not share the true and terrible knowledge of death with her child. She must translate that unknown and bitter thing into the comfortable sort of cliché that one imposes upon one's children.*

THE BAT

WHEN THE morning paper hit the screen door, Mrs. Joyner stirred in the wide double bed and flung her arm across the other pillow, pulling it close to her. A damp wind sifted through the window and rain hung in delicate droplets on the screen. She blinked sleepily, relinquished the pillow, and raised herself on her elbows. Outside she heard the steady rustle of autumn rain. She heard the sound of the bare branches of the plum tree, glazed with cold rain, blowing stiffly toward the house. It was seven o'clock, on the morning of the last day. She would let May sleep a little longer. Shuffling across the frozen room, she pulled the window down, reaching for her robe as she did so for the curtains had already been packed. For a moment she leaned on the sill, moodily looking at the rain. Then she went into the kitchen.

Coffee boiled on the stove and its odor forked through the cold kitchenette. Mrs. Joyner, now dressed, brought the paper from the porch and laid it on the table next to the stove. Then she took the cover off the cage which stood in the corner.

"Pretty bird! Pretty bird!" she chirped to the parakeet. "Give Mother a kiss," and she put a finger through the cage. "Pretty bird now." The parakeet glared nervously and spread its brilliant feathers, finally hopping across the cage to peck the proffered finger. Satisfied, Mrs. Joyner took the cup which she had left out off the shelf and rinsed it out for the moving men had got dust on everything. Drying it, she noticed a small crack near the handle and pursed her lips. She would not drink from it, she decided and immediately dropped it into the trash basket. She lifted the lid from a packing barrel and felt through the straw and excelsior until she felt the rim of a cup, emerging with it exultantly. She washed and dried it cautiously for it was a favorite piece. It had flowers on it, bright and alive, that one could almost touch. Then she snapped on the radio. Her eyes brightened as a fast tune was heard above the static and she tapped her foot to the rhythm. That was good music, all right, for a lonely morning. She poured the coffee and unfolded the paper, turning

to the obituaries as she did every morning. She raised her head and called into the next room, "May, May! Time to jump up now," and she saw the child turn over and reach for the radiator knob.

Mrs. Joyner could have let May stay home from school, since it was the last day but she would have been restless, with everything packed. She got restless so easy, just like Harry, before he had got sick. Memories, unbidden, blurred her eyes and she bit her lip to will them away, as she had done on many other mornings. Abruptly she went to the icebox and took May's orange juice from the shelf. The cereal was in the pantry and she brought it to the table. She passed the cage and the parakeet fluffed its plumage and emitted a shrill squawk.

"Pretty bird. You are Mother's own pretty bird," and Mrs. Joyner smiled tremulously.

"Mother, play the game," May demanded, slipping into her chair and handing Mrs. Joyner the cereal box. The game on the back of the box had become more than a morning diversion; it was now a ritual. It was the time when Mrs. Joyner felt an almost unbearable tenderness for her daughter. She recited her part as if from memory, watching the child's dark eyes widen with delight. She looked at May's bluish lips and pale skin, thinking that the hot dryness of New Mexico would be good for them both. A person needed to move around, all right, have a change of scenery. She had hated the Dayton house for years with its old-square rooms and high ceilings. Somehow it had seemed like too much trouble to pack up again after May's birth and, too, Harry had been satisfied up until the time he had got sick.

AFTER BREAKFAST, Mrs. Joyner sent the child to get her bookbag. She slipped on her coat and felt through the pockets for a moment before realizing that she had left the car keys on the dresser. "Go get in the car, May. I'll be out in a minute. Here's your lunchbox."

May stepped out on the porch, feeling the wind bitter and wet on her bare legs, as it brought the rain down the road in slanting icy sheets. Turning to the

steps, she stopped suddenly, her attention caught by the sight of the dark furry thing, huddled in small tightness against the wall. She bent down and saw that it was a bird and touched it tentatively with her forefinger. It did not move and she rolled it over to stretch out its tightly folded wing. The wings had claws on them. Absorbed in this examination, she did not notice that her mother had come up behind her.

"May, don't touch that thing!" Mrs. Joyner cried swiftly. "It's dirty, probably crawling with lice. Go in and wash your hands now in a hurry or we'll be late."

The woman backed the car out of the driveway and May slid into the seat beside her. She turned on the radio and hummed in harmony with the music. "... find the sunny side of life," she sang waveringly and the child looked up without comprehension for she had not been listening to the radio.

As she returned from the school, Mrs. Joyner thought about what was left to do. After the movers left, she must pack the car in order to get an early start the following morning. They could go out for supper before spending the night with Mother Joyner. Vitality surged through her suddenly. There it was, she thought, a new beginning waiting for her, a new job, new people, a new house. It would be a good house, bright and modern with red and yellow like sand and dry, warm sun. She would fix it up herself, the way she wanted it. She would make friends as she always had, but comfortable people whose children would come over to the house to play with May. Mrs. Joyner drove into the driveway and turned off the ignition. She had hated the square old house. There was always the echo of Harry's cough and his apologetic whisper, "Just a breath, Angie; oh give me just a breath." The child had not known. Mrs. Joyner had said that Daddy was gone to the Good Place, and had taken her away to stay with an aunt that week. There would be time for her to find out, but not now, not yet.

MRS. JOYNER SAT in the car and watched the rain gush down from the rainspout. It spread in a shallow, muddy pool at the side of the house instead of draining off. Black, sodden leaves brought down by October rains overlaid the sparse patches of untended grass, half rotten, and the spattering rain sounded softly on them. Carefully avoiding the mud, Mrs. Joyner made her way to the house. On the porch she saw the bat, curled and frozen, lying where May's curious hands had rolled it, and she shuddered. She moved it along to the center of the porch, gently, gently, with the side of her shoe. For a long moment she stood looking at the dead animal, watching the

wind ruffle its fur, emphasizing its stillness, its deadness. Even in death it clung to life and yet the dead are indeed dead she knew for she had known death and was afraid. Without knowing why, she pushed the bat, stiff with death, to the edge of the porch and then over. It dropped with a soft sound behind a bush. It imbedded itself partially in mud. The fur was quickly soaked with icy rain and clung to the fragile bones.

Mrs. Joyner was tired when she walked into the house. Mechanically she gave the screaming parakeet fresh water and food, unfastened the cage from its stand and dismantled the stand prior to storing it in the car. She stripped the beds, folding the bedclothes neatly. Some books, the radio, and Grandmother Harrell's silver, her beaver coat, Harry's picture, and May's dolls. Moving slowly, she assembled the incongruous articles and piled them beside the front door.

The moving van came shortly after noon, and the stillness was broken by heavy voices and grunts of the men as they carried out the barrels and crates and finally the double bed, leaving only the studio couch and a few chairs in the living room. Everything was gone now, Mrs. Joyner thought wearily and she leaned back on the couch and now she hated the house no longer for it was no longer hers. She stared into the dim room, a stranger in an uninhabited house. She was very tired and her eyes dropped.

His lips were frothed with blood and he turned to me to give him life and I couldn't and I let him die who asked for breath and I gave him none. Oh Jesus, who are the living? For I knew the hot thrust of desire which was death and life. They filled him with liquid and we watched him for two days and we sat down to weep beside him. And oh, the mornings. His hair was soft and tousled. And they put flowers around him and it was a hollow and unthinking thing that they did. They rouged his face and they pushed his frozen lips into a smile. His face was white under the powder, and his body young and soft. His hands were on his chest like an ivory carving. God is a salesman. "No thank you God, we have plenty of death, but leave us some life." Everyone is gone. Beneath the obsequious smile they fled, for they were afraid. They flee me who beforetime did me seek for I am now with death and I am illimitable. Time passes and and I lie alone. She is like him, the young soft body like a flower and she is life and we are inextricable, she and I, but she can not know.

Or doth the Lord know the righteous and shall
 my way perish The thrust and the spasm are
 here, with darkness all beyond where we must
 lie alone. He wanted breath and I could give him
 none, but only wiped the blood from his mouth.
 Where does it hurt my dear, tell me where the
 pain is. I know for I am your flesh. The dead
 are dead and there is no life within. They flee
 me for I am not of life, oh leave us some life
 before we must lie alone. For life is very long
 and times passes. There is life without. Jesus,
 shall I find it? We are very alike, the bat and I,
 but she is a flower and must not know. Death
 and death, life and death inextricable, they must
 not know with the soft and tousled hair for they
 will flee which beforetime did seek me, unknow-
 ing that we are one, congenitally one, one now,
 one inextricable in our oneness.

THE TICKING of the wrist watch under her ear

awoke Mrs. Joyner, who strained sleep-blurred eyes
 to read the time. It was too late to pick up May from
 school. With slow surprise she saw that the rain had
 stopped and that a late afternoon sun glinted palely
 through the trees. She sat for a moment on the edge
 of the couch, her head in her hands. Then she got up
 and began to move her belongings out to the car.
 She moved heavily, feeling a dull ache in her head
 as she descended the porch steps to the garage. On the
 last trip she saw May coming up the walk and she
 stood on the porch waiting for the child. May kissed
 her mother who asked her, "Who do you love?"

"You," she replied. She looked about the porch.
 "Where is the bird?"

Mrs. Joyner hesitated. "Oh my dear, that was only
 a bat who decided to spend the night on the porch.
 When the rain stopped, he got up and flew away."
 She stood tall and silent for a moment; then without
 a word, she led her child into the empty house and
 closed the door.

BIRDS

a bird burst forth with wings
 stoking the dawn into flame
 that morning:
 all others are the same

and autumn birds with glued-on
 leaves
 for motion sang the fruitful summer
 asleep.
 bird-songs are free by the bootful

winter lighted on a nude limb and
 screamed the madness of the season.
 snow was
 and the snow-owl had reason.

the hawk with the diamond eyes
 climbed above the beyond of the
 earth and looked
 below, its horny beak restraining
 mirth

birds prance and pinwheel against
 the top
 in never-ending flight.
 flinging
 flock-locked against the sun, causing
 night.

Fred Chappell

FAR MORE JOYFUL

Far more joyful than I
 The hand upon the land will clasp
 I did not love Cleopatra
 But I lived the asp
 And yet wished not to see her die

And now I see the clock
 And I can feel and see its breath
 Upon the street the ballet
 Passes the clock and death
 Takes inventory counts the stock
 Fred Chappell

BOOKS

IN THE NAME OF SANITY,
by Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace
and Company, New York, 1954.
244 pp.

FEW MODERN American prophets have that critical insight and ability of expression which Lewis Mumford has demonstrated in his life and his writing. Mumford is probably one of the greatest humanitarians and philosophers of our age. His major work in four volumes, *The Renewal of Life*, has actually grown out of what Reinhold Niebuhr has called the "spiritual and historical reorientation of modern man."

Lewis Mumford's latest book, *In the Name of Sanity*, was written "to give fresh insight—and with that insight hope and courage—to those who are disquieted by the violence and irrationality of our times." This major theme is presented in nine chapters which were originally lectures and articles Mumford has written over the past six years. In spite of its broken continuity, the underlying thesis of *In the Name of Sanity* is that we are living in an age when finite human beings of plainly limited intellectual capacities, open to erratic promptings, have assumed control of cosmic forces which irrational man cannot control. Thus, through the misuse of the very forces which man's intellect created, his apocalyptic end is certain unless he recovers the capacity of becoming human again.

Mumford is no mere prophet of doom—all around him he sees the destructive forces of irrationality, meaninglessness, and insanity represented in art and politics. In art it has been the symbolic portrayal of nothingness "with its code of unrestricted violence and its scientifically contrived technics of demoral-

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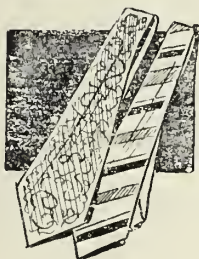
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ization, disintegration, and extermination." Although one may reject aesthetically the images of modern art as art, one must accept the fact that they are all too faithful reflections of the world in which we exist. The artist is an irresponsible man misunderstanding his mission and duty "to overcome or transform the demonic and to release the more human and divine elements in his own soul." As in art, so in politics: in piling up weapons of destruction and mass extermination, through measures adopted for national security, through stultification of the scientific tradition of intercommunication, "we have succumbed, not to creeping socialism but to galloping Fascism" in which scandal, fabrication, and distortions have destroyed overnight the political effectiveness of honorable and patriotic men. While our moral judgments have become completely paralyzed we have lost all rational basis and human purpose in our society. Not until we again become human by the ultimate goals of justice, peace, and the capacity to feel Christian love in our hearts, will we have any choice of renewing our integrity, sanity, and humanity.

Mumford's portrayal of our society is often an overstatement of this age of anxiety, but like all prophets he must by necessity overstate his case to awaken men to action and back to reality. Too often, modern thinkers neglect to consider man as anything but a helpless automaton caught in a vortex of senseless experience. A most comfortable point of view this is, too, for we are all enabled to watch the approaching cataclysm with a feeling of pleasant inertia. Struggle is never pleasant, for the possibility of defeat grips us with despair; yet the individual struggle to attain, in some small measure, Augustine's *Civitas Dei* is certainly his *raison d'être*. It is for this redefinition of the individual's task in society, rather than

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any analysis of the present day scene and means of changing it, that Mumford's book is to be valued. *In the Time of Sanity* is not a solution but a provocative interpretation of the dilemma in which modern man sees himself in contemporary society. Many such books have been written in the past few years; but seldom is one of them so readable, rational, and realistic as Mumford's. His sheer literary ability, applied though it is to a tale of warning and woe, makes the reading of this book a real delight.

—John Anderson



NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS, by Mac Hyman. Random House, New York, 1954. 214 pp.

THERE IS AN old Bill Mauldin cartoon for which the caption is "Don't worry about it Willie, I wuz gonna write a book exposin' the Army myself, once." The Second World War did indeed bring on a glut of such literature; it seemed as if every moderately literate young man saw the makings of The Great American Novel in his service experiences. A great many books were written, a few were published, and a very few were good. They were bitter books, for the most part, books showing how the rigors of a disciplined existence affect us superbly undisciplined Americans. They often showed a challenge and response, the individual clashing with his military environment and, generally, beaten by it.

I recall three of the better novels, two of them showing how one type of individual reacted to service life, and the outcome of his struggle. There was Prewitt, hard guy of *From Here to Eternity*, who loved the Army way, but who fought it on principle. His struggle ended in an impasse, with Prewitt dead and the Army indifferent to his trials. There was the intellectual of *The Young Lions*, who wanted to fight

for the "American way," but who found that his contribution was lost in the vast bureaucratic machine that is the Army. In the Odyssean struggles of the characters in *The Naked and the Dead* against nature and themselves and the incidental enemy, we saw the final futility of it all, in which the whole massive epic of human suffering comes to a total naught in the final result of the battle, a true tale of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Mr. Mac Hyman, Duke '47, has written another in this chain of exposés, but his is an exposé with a difference. He has substituted the guffaw for the gibe, the snicker for the sneer. *No Time for Sergeants* is page after page of chuckles, punctuated liberally with rousing belly laughs. Of bitterness there is none; it is simply the story of a fellow who beat them at their own game, which is, in this case, being stupid. So much

of military life is stupid, and though it is necessarily so, being a mechanical, yet enormous and human thing, it is frustrating experience for the individual who tries to butt heads with the system. But the stupidity of Will Stockdale, Georgia Cracker extraordinary, is not a common grade of stupidity. It is more like a sort of exalted ignorance, an ignorance of the mores of our time at their worst. He knows nothing of "take care of old number one," or "screw 'em all but six, and save them for pallbearers," or any of the other tritenesses of the petty which are the credo of too many people when they are thrown into a "may the best man win" situation. Will is a practitioner of the "Do unto others" and the "Walk the seventh mile" school, a group of people who are, it seems, declining in numbers at about the same rate as taxes are rising and nice guys going broke. Such a man is

SHELLEY



on Life Savers:

"So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!"

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



Still only 5¢

an obvious sucker. He can be fleeced and the fleecer may go unscathed. Such is the thought of the succession of characters who meet him in the pages of this novel. He meets all comers with the indifference of the unknowing. With his ignorance he confounds them all, from the cunning First Sergeant who makes the mistake of trying to get a veteran moonshiner drunk, to the psychiatrist who tries to investigate his libido. The only worry that ever actually crosses Will's mind is the fact that he knows he is among Yankees, and he fears that it will embarrass them if they know that he knows. But read it yourself. Really, it's the most hilarious book that I've ever read.

—Diuguid Parrish



GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE,
by Frances Gray Patton. Dodd, Mead
and Company, New York, 1954.
218 pp.

IT WOULD BE easy enough to smile at *Good Morning, Miss Dove* as lacking in strength, clouding the abundance of evil in modern society with sentimental sniffles, neglecting to preach that conformity is threatening the fine literary tradition of "I am an individual, I am, I am," and for being a housewives' diversion rather than an epic for our time. These criticisms, however, neglect the less bold but just as important literary fact, that there *are* small towns and people in them, and that on the event of the illness of its school-teacher-pillar-of-strength, a town such as Liberty Hill "looked beneath the surface of its life and fastened its hand upon its heart,"—sentimental and unheroic though the action might be. The story of the book unwinds in a dreamy April manner through the thoughts and recollections of Miss Dove and her fellow citizens of Liberty Hill, their reveries occasioned with the sudden

interruption of their patterned existence by Miss Dove's illness. The result is a pleasant potpourri of humor, truth, and loneliness colored by a gentle, inoffensive sentimentality.

It is impossible to discuss this book without some kind of an introduction to Miss Dove, herself. Probably the best description of her, and also the one of which she herself approves, is found on her hospital medical record: "The patient is a slender, fully developed female aged fifty-five, showing few of the usual senile changes, lying quietly in bed in no apparent distress, alert and collected." The important element missing from this description is that Miss Dove is a geography teacher. Behind her clear, forceful grey eyes, impossible to deceive lies another world carefully controlled in public, but the vast and inward scene of all her travels into the mystic geography of fantasy. Her beliefs about life are simple and evident from her actions: "... though life was not easy, neither was it puzzling. You learned its unalterable laws. You respected them. You became equal to your task. Thus you controlled your destiny."

As each is introduced by a sketchy phrase or two, many of the people in the novel could be considered initially as small-town types. But as the book progresses, these sketches develop into real people. Dr. Thomas Baker is first introduced as "the only man in Liberty Hill who's ever seen Miss Dove with her hair down, but his character is developed to such an extent that he achieves the distinction of being the last person in the book to say, "Good Morning Miss Dove." This progressive revelation of character is one of the excellent qualities of *Good Morning, Miss Dove*, comparable to the delightful and wondering process everyone has experienced of slowly growing to understand someone else. It is with feelings of disappointment and deprivation that the reader dis-

covers that some of Mrs. Patto characters never grow past the introductory epithet, like the literature teacher who, after reading *Hiawata* to her class, writes to her lover, 'I am sinking in an intellectual quagmire.' "

This type of delineation of character typifies the author's method of writing throughout the book. Almost unnoticed shred of conversation or a side comment, which may be mused on lightly, but is quickly passed over, develops later into a full-blown incident which because of its previous mention has a slight and welcome familiarity even though the reader may not be conscious of the reason for it. Those same introductory words of Dr. Baker foresee Miss Dove's reverie the time when eight-year-old Tommy Baker had stealthily removed the hair pins from tightly knotted hair as she was stooping to pick up some pieces of chalk which she had dropped—"such an awkward thing." The pace of these incidents speeded up and their synthesis reached near the end of the book when Miss Dove dreams under the stars. Strangely enough, it is in this dream world that Miss Dove becomes more real.

With all its people, *Good Morning, Miss Dove* has an idea, too, not an "axe to grind" nor a "chip on the shoulder." It is, in effect, the idea of the person who says, "If there were such a person as Miss Dove, one who adhered to the philosophy of life already mentioned, what would be her effect on the people around her? Miss Dove is a pillar of strength, she represents personal responsibility and conformity to life as it is. Her effect on the lives of the people around her is the story of *Good Morning, Miss Dove*. This novel exists for the thought and pleasure of its reader, not for the analysis of a reviewer.

—Marian McSurel

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The ARCHIVE

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FEBRUARY, 1955

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THE ARCHIVE

*A Literary Periodical Published By The Students of
Duke University, Durham, North Carolina*

Vol. 67

FEBRUARY, 1955

No. 3

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AN OBEDIENT SERVANT, BUT ...

WITH THE ABSENCE of grace peculiar to legislative bodies, the Men's Student Government Association, representing—for better or worse, as its name indicates—only the male students of the University, has "forcefully suggested" that this magazine limit its contents to productions of the Duke student.

One is never sure that people, being human, act purely on principle; but let us applaud the vigilance of the men's legislature in its hope and firm resolve that THE ARCHIVE will not become again the sort of professional quarterly which it was some years ago. But, applauding the watchfulness of the legislature, let us point out to them that the *chance* of THE ARCHIVE'S again becoming a "professional" publication is non-existent. The magazine operates on a shaky budget, at best; and until some generous alumnus decides to endow publications, it will be of necessity and of *desire* a magazine devoted to publication of the finest which is made available on this campus in fiction, poetry, criticism, and graphic art. But to state flatly that THE ARCHIVE may never entertain the idea of publishing some distinguished piece by a generous writer from outside this community, to restrict the imagination and potential of the magazine as the gentlemen of the legislature suggest, is badly provincial and, in a harsh word, unintelligent.

The editor of this magazine was authorized by the Publications Board of the University, the only body elected by students to oversee the fortunes of their publications, to seek an occasional article of high quality by a guest writer. THE ARCHIVE published one such article this year, and there are possibilities for the future.

The men's legislature apparently acted on the assumption that the

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publication of "professional" articles crowded out great quantities of student writing. That is not so. THE ARCHIVE staff is *never* faced with any large amount of material from which to choose the best. Often, indeed, it is embarrassed at the paucity of good material; but it can usually be sure that Providence will send along, each quarter, a handful of pieces whose achievement and promise is of a quality to lift the hearts of the staff and to make another issue worth the printing and the reading. It is the nature of a university environment that a great deal of "literature" will not be written. People are too busy with their daily readings, their set papers, their social lives, to give the time to creative effort which would furnish THE ARCHIVE with a steady stream of first rate material. Yet there always seem to be a few sensitive and articulate souls who make it their business to pause in the midst of the ferocious ennui and to record with feeling and skill their impressions of life and their hopes for it. These are the people who keep THE ARCHIVE alive, and it is largely for their sake that it exists.

The men's legislature has committed the serious but hardly unique error of looking upon THE ARCHIVE as a sort of obedient servant whose only duty is to print up everything that rolls off the pen of a Duke student. THE ARCHIVE was not established for that purpose. It was and is, in ideal, conceived as an instrument of leadership, at least of enlightenment, a thing striving always to keep its head just-far-enough above the plains of mediocrity. THE ARCHIVE does serve, but its service is of a different sort from that expected by the legislature. In its desire to encourage writing and writers, THE ARCHIVE is a servant to this university; but a servant—even an obedient servant—will labor best when accorded a modicum of sympathy and intelligent understanding.

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- **The Oak Room**
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- **Graduate Center Cafeteria and Coffee Lounge**



Shapes in a Pool

Leonard Kamsler

THE ARCHIVE

A LITERARY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF DUKE UNIVERSITY

VOL. 67

No. 3

Fred Chappell *is a freshman. As a native of Canton, North Carolina, he is interested in the cultivation of regional writing. The following story, the first of his prose to appear in THE ARCHIVE, contrasts the daily high school routine familiar to many with That Other Landscape known only to a few—the beautiful sphere of fantasy.*

AND WITH AH! BRIGHT WINGS

THE BOAT WAS chained to a willow growing on the bank, but often they would pull and push it out to feel the drifting, denizen motion of it. The lady, whose husband owned the boat, lived across the river, and she continually watched them through parted blinds; she expected them to steal it. They sat smoking king size Chesterfields; occasionally one produced a pipe, would finger and mouth it, but not light it.

They were speaking of floating a raft down the Mississippi River. One of them, whose name was Kurt, wore a blue shirt with a streak of white threads across the shoulders of it. His eyes were brown, his face wide. Sometimes he looked at the other, sometimes eyefollowed snakefeeders, butterflies, soaring things, sometimes watched the slow water move over the rocks beneath its surface. The other, named James, watched Kurt most of the time, but often stared at sky, opposite bank, and the water.

Kurt talked slowly. His wideset teeth met deliberately at the end of each word, and the thin lips were connected over the open space by strains of saliva; the spiderthread of it collected in one place and another, never parting, never immobile. James watched this, not with the vague disgust he usually associated with spit, but with a wonder somehow connected with nurses and their lipstick.

Kerry said, "I have a liferaft. It is one that Dick or Joe got from an old Army Surplus Store. I have it fixed up with waterproofing now. I'd like to take it to Wisconsin or Minnesota—where does the River start?—"

"Minnesota, I believe," answered James.

"Down, all the way down, to New Orleans at the mouth. To the Gulf of Mexico."

"Atch, himmel—you will drive me nuts if you mention New Orleans. Or, for that matter, any place at all besides here."

And James moved his pipehand around his left, slashing across the face of the roaring town to his back. The pipe returned to his teeth again. Then he disengaged it, and slapped his palms with its stem. Observing the stem, he noticed teethmarks on the edge of it, where he had bitten into it with greater force. He wore a redwine corduroy coat with large pockets on each side. There was a large hole in the left pocket, and occasionally he stuck his fingers through this hole, and watched them flex and bend. His hair was long, in contrast to Kurt's sanitarily closecropped head, and a long slice of hair was carried along the side of his head like a sparrowwing. His almost closeset eyes rippled wavelike under the chasms of his black brows. A scar slanted along the plane of his right cheek, raindropping apart in a small fold of flesh an inch and a half above his scarlet mouth. His chin was cleft in a semidimple, not receding, but definitely weak.

"I don't know how much you could load in this liferaft, but I guess you could get enough in to last two or three weeks anyway," said Kurt.

"If you could put a case of cigarets on, it would be much better than loading up all the valuable space with useless stuff like food and water, for instance," said James.

"You could always tie up at a town if you needed anything. There are all kinds of towns along the river."

"Give me enough money and I'm off. I guess. I might have to work in the store this summer. . . Come to think of it, I know damn well I will. In fact, I probably won't even go to Mexico with Surrett."

"Ah, why not? I thought you boys were already gone."

"They told me I'd have to quit smoking—so I quit."

"Yeah: it looks like you've quit: a cigaret in your hand and a pipe in your pocket."

"Oh, this aint really smoking. It's just inhaling nicotine."

Then James rocked, shifting his weight from side to side, so that the water sucked loudly at the air streaming around the side of the boat. He thought of nothing. A bird cut across his vision, momentarily blotting out some of the sky and the tops of many trees. Kurt was talking also, but nothing registered in James' ear.

"We have an Arabian horse up at Gene's now. . ." Kurt began.

The pendulum weight of James arced the boat more into the edge of the water, and he noticed a thin pane of it trickling in over the top. He put his hand on the rails of the ship, saltwater spraying up into his eyes. He noted the seasalt odor and the sun odor, and felt the regular pull of weight on his left side where his sword was belted. Shipmast was holding out sails of silk to the furnacing wind. He was not surprised to find a great black beard on his chin, and for a moment he rested his hand on his handsome facefabric. He knew there were fleas in the beard and he took it for granted. A man upon a higher deck was holloing across the sunlit space to him. This man was clad in many bright colors: red and green and yellowgold. What words were forced through those far fangs did not interest him, for he had to climb the rigging. And so he sprang upward, caught this rope and the next one and the next, hand over hand, arms snakewinding over and over, wrists constantly in friction. After a while he was tired, but he had climbed far enough that he looked over the blinding sea. Here and there were other gaudy silk-sails, pressed flat like smudges of color on sheening sheets of gold. A rimming shoreline ran against the horizon, and often the pencil structuring of temples broke the golden sky with their casual daggertips. He looked far beneath him at the deck. Many men, with windingtoy automatism, were going about sailing, here winding ropes, and there holding mops to the deck, and looking at their white swords. He thought of his own sword strapped to his thigh, and

slipped it from its scabbard. He touched the blunt edge of it with a quick tongue, tasting the metality; then he swerved it above his head severing all the supporting rigging except a single rope, which he cut also, almost as an afterthought. And then he fell, one foot entangled in the billowing rigging, hands flung grotesquely at angles with his body, his beard separated into two flapping streams, parting round his face, leaving his eyes clear to watch the mast shoot away and upward.

James murmured.

Kurt was silent; he looked up the river at a bridge over which a black car was passing. It was a Chevrolet, and he remembered that Gene almost wrecked one like it once. His eyes continued upward, and he observed the sky, clouded over by dark, immobile and apparently unmovable, clouds. Slices of sun shone around the dirty edges of them. His inner ears dictated the sound of a distant cowbell to his brain. He remembered churchbells, and then schoolbells, and glanced at his watch.

"We'd better go," Kurt said. "It's almost time for second period to start."

"I don't want to leave, but I guess I have to. What class did you lay out of, anyhow,"

"Hoot Ward's. He don't even check the roll. What do you have first?"

"I got study hall under Miss Millikan," replied James. "I always tell her I had to thumb up or something and she don't care. I don't stay in there half the time anyway. Always go to the library at the first of the period, and don't come back till it's over."

"It's a little bit early, but let's go up now. Might find Stafford and get him to run us over to the Donut Shop. I could use a cup of coffee right about now."

"O.K. I could use some myself."

They stood up and the woman across the river was certain that they were going to steal her husband's row boat, and she peered even more closely at them. But they did not. They were stepping carefully onto the damp bank, grasping bushlimbs and treeroots with their thin paperwhite fingers so that they would not fall into the river.

JAMES NOTED THE limp coolness of the small stretch of undergrowth about them. Ribs of green-leaves swished across his face, and grass sometimes reached his knees, and then he was lying in greater woods by a small pool. His attire was his rowboat attire, but there was a girl with him. She was beautiful, but her nose had some irregularity. Honeybrown hair slid down her back, along the Greekcolumn

curve of her neck, flipped itself into the female of her cheek. She was lying on her back listening to the poolinsects, feeling cloudsky press heavily upon her sight. James was playing with his pipe, not nervously, but because he liked the feel of it in his fingers. He had with him a volume of Hopkins and the knowledge that beyond this place was his home, where there were two more copies of this same book. He tore out each page and put it in a small pile beside him to burn as an offering to the Unknown God. Occasionally he read aloud to the girl. Then he stopped tearing and read a sonnet:

"The world is charged with the grandeur of
God.

It will flame out like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to greatness like the ooze of oil
Crushed."

The shape beside the pool stirred slowly. James glanced reverently. He could not ascertain whether she was bored or puzzled or sleepy or pleased or tired or restless. He asked, somewhat fearfully, "Do You like that?" She did not answer; she smiled at the sky, and he thought that she was dreaming of a lover with a harp or trumpet. And a taste of citrus came in his mouth because she answered that she thought it very pretty. He tore another page, reading from it:

"Glory be to God for dappled things,

For skies of couplecolour as a brindled cow;"

Slowly he closed the crippled book. He put a cigaret in his mouth and lit it, lit also the pages beside him, watched the sheets curl in agony like dawn-struck roseleaves, watched the smoke speed up the air. He looked at Athenavenus beside him and wanted. He threw the cigaretbutt into the pool, but it immediately offended his eye, and he had to net it out, darkening hand and sleeve with wet.

"I DON'T SEE Stafford's Mercury. He usually parks it over there," said Kurt.

"Maybe he didn't come to school today," said James.

"He might already be gone."

They were walking in shortshorn grass that belonged to the town's recreation park. A concrete swimming pool, surrounded by a fence, was on their right. It contained no water at that time, for it didn't open until May 28: this was April. Directly in front of them was an Armory made of brick, silent boxsquare, standing at attention like all military buildings. A small highway was on their left; northwest was the schoolhouse. Crossing the highway, they moved toward it.

They came to the side entrance of the school, where boys clustered at lazy moments to smoke cigarets and spit. Some were there now, but James and Kurt knew none of them.

"Has the second period bell rung yet?" asked Kerry.

"Na, activity aint even started yet," replied a boy.

"Your watch is wrong. It said 10:25 over there," said James.

"It aint even 10:00 yet," commented another boy.

So there was nothing to do, but smoke another cigaret, and wait for the bell to ring. At that time, it was allowed that those who wished to might smoke at this entrance. Some of their friends would be out then. The boys gathered there were underclassmen, and they did not recognise them. They stood about, idly blowing grey peacock plumes of tobacco smoke into the morning. James tried to blow a smokering, but the breeze was too great.

Another boy came out. He was small and wore darkrimmed glasses. He had red hair which was differently shaded in the different seasons of the year. Now spring made his hair carrotorange. He had thick lips, large round nose, nearsighted eyes which peered through glasses like observers.

"Well well, if it isn't littul red Buddy Brickhouse. You little red ass, I just Ddoubledare you to ask me for a cigaret," said James.

"Give me a cigaret, Taylor," said Buddy, matter-ofactly.

"Bwah, do you know what I do to people that always scrouge cigarets off of me? Say. Do you know? Say."

"Yeah, I know what you always do to people that always bum cigarets off of you. You give them a cigaret. So give me."

"Now you little, Buddy Grant. I might have given you a weed, but you got smart. You got too damn smart. So now you don't get none off of me."

"So . . . I get one off of Cassell."

"Grant, you snivelling idiot. . ." And Kurt began.

All the time, they were shaking Buddy, pummeling, beating him with their fists, but he was not hurt by it. He pulled his lips over and away from his teeth and pushed his brows together. This was their ritual.

"Where's Anderson?" asked James.

"He'll be down in a minute," replied Buddy.

They waited on Anderson. Buddy had a cigaret finally, and he was trying very hard to light it with a lighter. Finally he produced a match, and scraped it across his shoelsole. Kurt was standing near a rusty barrel, gazing and spitting into it occasionally. James

leaned into the schoolhouse brickwall, and watched Buddy trying to light. The flame sprang up from the sulphur, and Mikrokosman ran along the green avenues in pursuit of the spider. Mikrokosman was strong as an ant, and now he was armed with the sharp point of a nettle. Green grass enclosed all sides, sharp blades overtopping him, jabbing at the sky. Eight legs hammered into the ground; the weight of Arachnid hurtled along the green avenues, flailing out the grassblades. He accelerated more and soon was directly behind the spider, but this was not enough. Fast and faster; sweat boiled from his pores. He turned off the path of the monster, and ran into the miniature forest around it. Now on the path again, ahead of the spider, he launched himself onto the leafstem of a lowgrowing weed. He pulled himself along the stem on his stomach, lying flat on the leaf. The spider came. He lay very still so that the many eyes would not glimpse him; grasped the nettle-point more tightly. Now closer—he could discern certain small hairs on the speeding body. Knotting his muscles, he prepared to leap.

ANDERSON ENTERED ON the outside with the sound of the bell. The four boys went out against the fence to talk, for a crowd always gathered around the barrel. Anderson was extraordinarily ordinary looking. His mind was brilliant and whimsical, but undisciplined.

"Buddy Grant, according to the upstate reports, is a littul red brick outhouse," said Anderson.

"Anderson is sahn, according to Buddy Grant," said Buddy Grant.

Kurt asked, "What did you have in English this morning, Anderson?"

"Same old crap," answered Anderson. "She got mad at me again."

Grant laughed.

"Y, what for?" asked Kurt.

"Well, I asked her if I could go to the library and she said no, but I went anyhow."

"Ah," Kurt breathed.

"I was standing right by the door when I asked and I left before I heard her."

"She hollered as loud as she could at you to come back," reported Grant.

"Well, I was already out the door. I didn't hear her," Anderson rationalised.

"O yeah, yeah, O yeah," murmured Grant, sarcastically.

"Not that I'd have come back anyway, you understand. It's just the principle of the thing."

"It's just an excuse," said Kurt.

"If I could get out like that it would be allright," said James. "I can get out allright, but it's four points off my grade and go see the principal, to boot."

"She never does tell me I can leave," Anderson complained. "She just makes me sit in there and take it. If she told me I could shut up or get out as many times as she tells you, I'd leave; but no, I've always got to stay in there."

"If she would just teach us something. I feel like I'm wasting my time," said James. "You remember at the beginning of *Macbeth*? She spent at least half the period explaining that 'Foul is fair and fair is foul' business to us."

"That's stupid. You should be in our class. She only gave us about fifty pages to read for tomorrow. You must be in an awful dumb class."

"No," explained James. "She just likes to bore us."

"Somebody ought to bore her," declared Chapman.

CHAPMAN HAD COME up and was standing with them. He was of average height, with freckles on his back, and he walked with a slight limp. His eyebrows were far down over eyes which stared out like lamps in a dark cave. They reflected no light and showed no sign of intelligence. His adamsapple was monstrous large, and his face was peppered with pimples like forkmarks on an unbaked piecrust. His mind was not an observer, but it coveted that status. He liked only too much to make impressions upon people.

"Whose has got a cigaret?" asked Chapman.

James gave him one without comment, for he did not like to listen to him talk. Chapman's speech was disconcerting because he used unusual words, textbook words, in sentences that had no connection with grammar. Sometimes his sentences broke into a vague, shifting rhythm. Often he gave long speeches of one minute, babbling without break, and these speeches seemed to contain no meaning. Occasionally a coherent thought forced its way off his tongue and stood alone, but usually the wordflow was a muddy stream: noise being caused by unseen, subsurface objects.

"Ah, a Breasterfeel. Glad to have be seeing it. Are you there, Calypso Bill?" This was Chapman.

"Mmm," Anderson mmmmed.

"I wonder if we have anything new to play in band today," James wondered. He was not concerned with that, but he wished to change the subject, if there had been one.

"We'll find out in just a minute, because the bell is going to ring in just a minute," prophesied Grant.

"Brickhouse, you ought to be cured of being so smart," said Anderson.

The bell stung the air; the adherents deserted the rusty barrel and went into the building. The quartet left its post, flipping cigaret butts in four directions. Kurt had to go to biology, a class which he had failed long ago. The rest were going to music, to bandclass, to blow upon golden or ebony horns; James to play tympani.

THE BANDROOM WAS an uproar, composed of pretty cleareyed girls and dulleyed boys. Mr. Mannle, the director, had, and would, not come for a time. Grant took his black clarinet from its rainwarped case and blew it once, very softly. He had never learned to play it well; his interest in bandclass was confined to visions of card games in hotelrooms and bandbus. Anderson brought the spaghetti structure of his baritone from its bulky case and blew his breath through it, making no noise. He then went to his seat and flipped out scales, his fingers pressing the valves with the regularity of a watch secondhand. Up and down the C scale, F scale, B flat scale, the notes as beautiful as snowsilence. Chapman was in the corner, loudly blowing snatches of everything that flashed through his unwieldy mind: introduction to "Basin Street Blues," now the "promenade" from *Pictures at an Exhibition*, then the "Sultan" from *Scheherazade*, "Santa Claus is Coming to Town." James took his place in the corner parallel to the trombones, and lifted the cardboard protectors from the animal tympaniheads. He opened the drawer of a waist high cabinet, and searched through it for the cottontufted tympanisticks. Finding them, he bestowed a few idle whacks to the drums, then began trying a rhythm: the beat of *The Rites of Spring*, which he had tried vainly to get for a long time. He thought of trying to tune that singing thunder, but there was too much noise. He had to wait until class was started and all was quiet. He stood and listened to the soundstream flooding the air with its gregarious syrup. Reedhorns were shrieking like swine; higher brass, trumpets and cornets, laughing like tenor madmen; traps and snares began a staccatostutter; bass and tuba brought bursts of subterranean bellow from their depths. Under and about it all was the chatter, the unimportant important conversation, some of it as purely musical as the winding phrases of the saxaphones. Chapman switched to the fatetheme from *Carmen*, blatting like an auto horn.

Mr. Mannle entered, and the students sat; the noise did not lessen. He pointed to a title scrawled on the blackboard, a march, and many struggled to find it in their folders. James was disappointed. Field marches do not have tympaniparts; he leaned against a shelf watching. The director tapped his stand with the orange pencil he used for a baton, and the cornets and trombones set out in fortissimo triplets for eight bars, flinging finally into the wooden melody of the first strain. James found that it was five miles to the ground from his knee; twenty from his eyebrow. He was wearing nothing; cloudnude he stood, feeling the earth suffuse into his toes, feeling the light, darkblue sky wrap his neck, feeling the moist air weave into the curl of his thigh, his leghair. The sun shone into his planets of eyes, filling every crevice and chasm of his oncedark brain. Sunstream flooded his mind and spilled out upon his face, feminising the red lip, illuminating the scar. The folds of each ear gleamed into great curtains. There was not dark, not even in nostril or mouthroof, both now sun sodden. He felt the transfusion of light's blood: a slow first flush of it in the neck, a piercing and stabbing in the chest. His legs began to glow, and his chest became incandescent. No warmth, taste, no emotion, sensation accompanied. It was a blind light. A noumenal, unphenomenal, a knowable, but unsensible light. Watching the rays spear out from every pore of his skin, he ventured to step. His body corruscated with the movement. He stepped again, and again. He lifted his arm; he laughed, sunshine rivering out of his mouth. Behind him, the sky, now deprived of the support of his shoulder, sagged dangerously.

The music continued for an hour. Marches and suites, excerpts, scales bounded energetically against the narrow walls of the room. Finally the bell rang, and time became 11:30 third period.

CHAPMAN AND JAMES gathered their books from the shelf by the door, and went upstairs to English. They sat in close desks and talked.

"What are you reporting on today?" asked James.

"*Tom Jones*," replied Chapman. "What are you?"

"*Madame Bovary*, I guess. How did you like the Jones boy?"

"Well, he really wasn't the Jones boy."

"That's right," James laughed.

The teacher entered the room: a woman with a sharp nose and thick glasses. She announced briefly that the reports would be oral, and called names to stand before the class. James sat and listened to a

beautiful blondehaired girl tell of a hero who lived long ago; and a boy told of something else; and then his name was named.

He went to the front of his row, standing before two girls and two boys, and began his novel.

"The title is *Madame Bovary*, by Goostov Flobare."

There was laughter from one boy. He was amused by the name.

"This is a French novel. . ."

There was more laughter from the class.

" . . . about a woman who is a romantic, and her husband who is positively not. In fact, he is a very dead deadhead. . ."

He glanced over the faces to see if this was amusing, but saw only the sea stretching out for miles and leagues unending, blue and white, green, sea colored. The sun was very hot; it covered most of the sky. His father was behind him, uttering words of caution. He looked at his feet. They were wearing sandals. He looked for his arms, but he had none: there were,

instead, great white wings, white as music, feathered as music. He lifted their lightness and rose from the earth a few inches. To fly, to fly. He jumped toward the sea, vaning out his wings to catch the bright air; was pulled softly up by the gods, like a paper on a string. Seasmell reached him, tracing gently through his nostrils like mosquitos. Flipping, dipping, flying, drifting, like a snowstorm over the face of the sea, he gazed into the sun. And pushed lightly toward it. Toward it, diagonaling up into the hot face of it, bowels twining and curling within him for the agonyectasy.

He did not know, but there was laughter splashing on his ears. Chapman, however, was not laughing, but wondering. He looked at James, standing beneath the pale yellow light, both arms outstretched, head hung to one side, eyes closed. The girls in front of James looked as if they were kneeling—huddled as they were in their desks.

James opened his eyes to tell of *Madame Bovary*, but could not speak for drowning.

LES FLEURS DU MAL: TABLEAUX PARISIENS CII

BY CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

I have never forgotten, quite close to the town,
Our small, calm house, in a pure white gown;
The Pomona of plaster and Venus so old,
Make a secret of nudeness in a miserable grove,
And the sunlight, the evening superbly stream,
Which, back of the pane where it splinters the beam,
Seems, great open eye in the curious sky,
On our dinners to long and silently spy,
Broadly spilling the glorious glints of the taper
On our sparse covered cloth and curtains of paper.

translated by Virginia Hillman

Virginia Hillman wrote ONE MARCH DAY as a student of the Irish short story writer, FRANK O'CONNOR. The careful attention to craft and structure in the piece belies at least two things: MISS HILLMAN'S skill and the origin of the story in the O'CONNOR class, a group admirably devoted to the study of writing-as-craft. MISS HILLMAN is a senior with plans for graduate work in history.

ONE MARCH DAY

IT WAS JANUARY and the night air felt cold and prickly as it crept in through the little slot in the window. It got dark early and I could see light after light snap on in the black outside. A bright yellow glow flickered for a minute, died, and came on again in full blaze. That would be Mrs. Malloy going out back to check the doors of her dilapidated garage. They were forever banging in a high wind and disturbing her sleep. Mother, sister Lisby and I were sitting around the kitchen table; we hadn't done the dishes yet, and we were just resting a bit with our elbows on the checkered oil cloth, talking over the day. The room was bright and warm and the light from the big bulb overhead shone in Lisby's eyes as she was telling about some speech she had given in her history class that day. She talked faster, and faster, and when her words tumbled on top of each other, Mother begged her to stop and start over again. Then Lisby tossed her head and looked cross, but she told us again because she would rather die than have us miss a single word. Her voice always reminded me of dark molasses. Everytime I looked at her I was amazed. I had to tell myself over and over again that she was really fifteen before I could believe it. I certainly didn't have to watch out for her anymore. We both used to have a girl to look after us, but when Daddy died Mother had a lot to do, so I took over Emma's old job. But it was nothing compared to the work Mother did. She always said a body's got to keep moving. And she did a fine job. With me working in Mr. Pickett's apothecary shop a couple of days a week, it wasn't long before everything seemed right again. Of course when I first started working Mr. Pickett used to talk about Daddy and say wasn't it a shame the way he went, walked right into his grave, as they say, and him looking so well all the time. But then Mr. Pickett would go on to something else.

"You know, Roberta," Lisby said to me as I was picking up Mother's dishes, "After I'd finished the teacher smiled and the whole class clapped."

"Well, isn't that fine, Mrs. Einstein," I said, grinning.

"I'll get you for that one," she yelped. Before I could jump she had grabbed hold of my hair and was pulling it hard. I dodged behind Mother, jerking my hair away. But she caught me again and pulled me to the floor, gripping me with her knees.

"Get off my back, you," I hissed through clenched teeth, "or I'll give it to you so hard you'll never see light again."

Lisby got up quickly. Folding her arms in front of her she looked at Mother at the other end of the table.

"Did you see, that, Mother, I beat her."

Mother wasn't smiling and her eyes seemed way off somewhere. She was holding tightly onto her fork. I looked at Lisby and she raised her eyebrows a little.

"Mother," I said. She didn't even turn her head. She must not have heard, so I called again. But she didn't answer. That was unusual because everything about us was generally important to her. She'd hang onto our every word as though it was the last one she'd hear. And if anything ever bothered her we knew about it. Mother always said that was the secret to our happiness. So when I saw her looking away like that, just as though we weren't even talking, I knew something was wrong. She wasn't even angry at the way we'd been fighting on the floor. That made her awfully mad, especially now that we both knew better, since Lisby had grown up.

"What's the matter, Mama?" I asked. But she kept on twisting the fork over and over in her fingers and shaking her head slightly. When she noticed we were staring at her she put the fork back on the table as if wondering how in the world it got into her hand.

"That's fine, Lisby," she said smiling absently. "What a smart girl you are darling." She got up and kissed the top of Lisby's head. Then she began clearing the table, and I could tell she kept her eyes from seeing mine. In the kitchen the only sound was the clink of the dishes and the whirr of the water in the basin. We dried the dishes and finished up in silence. Lisby went upstairs, but I stayed behind. I could tell things weren't as they should be. It made

me nervous and I had to find out what it was.

"Roberta," she said.

"Please tell me Mama." I touched her shoulder and we sat down at the table.

"Does Mr. Pickett expect you tomorrow?" she said unexpectedly.

"I don't think so," I replied.

"Well can you tell him you definitely won't be there tomorrow?"

"Yes," I said, "but why?"

"Because," she said, looking straight at me, "you and Lisby and I are going out to Nisky Hill. Yes, dear," she went on before I had a chance to answer, "it's been a long time and I just feel like going. You don't mind visiting your father's grave do you, dear?"

"Tomorrow?" I asked. "Must it be tomorrow?"

"We can start out early and be back by noon," she continued.

"But why not go sometime next week when we have nothing to do?" I frowned slightly.

"Tomorrow is just as good as any other day, Roberta."

"Oh, now Mother," I said, trying to sound calm and intelligent, "it would only bring back sad memories. Please let's not go." The whole idea of going to graveyards bored me. "Besides, Daddy wouldn't want you to." At this she only gave a little smile. I thought I saw a whole new set of lines in her face as if they'd just come upon her while we were sitting there.

"Let's not call Mr. Pickett tomorrow, Mother."

"All right, Roberta," she said, getting up from the table. "I won't say any more."

But she did. The next morning she asked me again. So I went and asked Lisby if she wouldn't mind giving up her morning so we could take Mother for a drive. She said she'd give it up another time, but when I insisted, she wanted to know what was so very important.

"It's not important," I said. "Mother has simply taken it into her head to go out to Nisky Hill, to see Daddy's grave."

"What does she want to do that for?" Lisby asked without looking at me.

"I don't know, Lisby, but she wants to. She can't explain why. Come on, it won't kill us." I could tell she didn't like the way I gave up a free morning so easily, but she gave a bored sigh and agreed to go.

WE DIDN'T HAVE much trouble getting there. The road leading up to the place was kind of steep and for a moment there I didn't think the old car

would make it. I could see Mother holding her breath and pushing with her feet against the floor boards. We got over the top and spotted the iron spike fence and the grey dome of Mr. MacGerty's tomb. Even I remembered that. Nobody who had ever gone to Nisky Hill could forget its carved door and the little chinks in the walls filled with angels and little stone clouds. We all got out and filed down the path and through the gate.

"Now let's see," Mother murmured to herself, "it was down here, not far from this fence." Then she leaned over so she could catch the writing on one of the stones. It was hard to find Father's, a new path had been cut across the middle of the section, and we didn't find out until later. Lisby and I tried to help Mother look, but our eyes grew tired and I wasn't even sure we were in the right place. It had been so long since we'd been there that nobody really knew where to look. When I saw Mother walking so confused I wanted to rush her back into the car. The new path had thrown us all off. All of a sudden we saw Mother fall down on her knees in front of one of the graves, wiping away some of the dirt which had fallen over the stone. She began shaking her head just the way she had done at the table the night before. I felt she needed me and I started toward her. Then she stopped and stayed kneeling quietly for a little while. When she looked up at me I thought she was mad, or maybe frightened, as though Lisby and I had been fighting.

"Roberta," she called. I could tell from the tone of her voice that she was mad about something. "You too, Lisby, come here." I looked at Lisby. She was standing there with the same expression on her face that she had the time Benjie bit her, while she was standing beside him, not even touching him. And I was scared.

"Here, look at this, will you," Mother demanded. "Stand right here, both of you and look at this." She pointed to the grave. "It's where it always was. Aren't you ashamed not to know where your father's grave is? He gave us everything and we don't even know where his grave is." She gave me a hard look.

"You, Roberta, I never expected this from you. Why haven't you seen to it that this was kept where we could find it and in good condition? Just look at this dirt." She kicked at the dirt with the toe of her shoe. Her hand stood out and for a minute I thought she was going to hit Lisby. But she started yelling again about how we hadn't found the right stone and why hadn't we known immediately where it was. She wanted to know didn't we have any respect for Daddy. Then Lisby did a terrible thing. She stepped

right up to Mother and said in a loud voice.

"But you couldn't find it either, Mother." I nearly died when she said that. I half expected Mother to flip Lisby over her knee and really give it to her, but she didn't, in fact she didn't do anything. She sat down by the grave and stared at her hands. While she sat there a kind of horror passed into her face. She seemed about to burst with something, but then it passed just like a grey storm-cloud and she began to speak in a little quiet voice. She spoke to no one in particular, though using our names. It was as if she were speaking to someone in a dream.

"Yes, Lisby's right," she whispered. "Lisby you're right. I haven't been out here. I haven't seen how different the graves look with that new path. That was my failing, and I did not know until now. Oh dear God, why didn't someone tell me what I was doing." Then she turned and noticed Lisby standing not far away looking at her with wide, blank eyes.

"Let me tell you," she said, "let me tell you now, so that you will not" . . . she looked again at Lisby's blank face, "Ah, it will do no good. You will forget me as we have forgotten him. Why did I have to see this now?" Then she put her hands up to her face and wept very, very quietly. I didn't care how much she yelled at us for no reason at all, but Lisby shouldn't have made her cry. Lisby didn't know what she was doing. I'd tell her a thing or two when we got home.

"Now don't take on," I said rushing up to Mother. "Don't listen to her. You didn't do anything wrong. It doesn't matter why you yelled at us. Please don't." I couldn't bear to see her that way. Nothing I said made any difference. She grabbed my hand and sobbed.

We slowly got back into the car. On the way home Mother held Lisby tight in her arms and gripped my arm while I drove. All the ways she kissed us both, the tears coming steadily and she kept saying, very softly, "My children, my sweet children."

TWO MONTHS LATER on a windy, sunny day, Mother died. The whole house was full of people and it smelled of flowers. Someone had rolled thick carpets all over the floors, so you couldn't hear the sound from the feet. Lisby and I wandered around like ghosts. Some of Mother's friends brought pots of vegetable soup for us to eat and we were told that an aunt was expected any minute. Mr. Pickett called to say how sorry he was. Lisby and I didn't say a single word to each other. Somehow I felt responsible for everything. I ought to bring the brightness back

into Lisby's eyes and explain what had happened. But the worse part of it was, I wasn't sure. Everytime I tried to look back to that day all I could see were Mother's eyes and all those tears. All I had done was hold her as tight as she held me. Something very important had happened to Mother and I didn't know what it was. And now she had died and I had only a dim notion what it was that made her grow angry and cry and say that we would fail her too. It wasn't right.

Then my aunt came and we knew everything. We had gone out on the porch to sit quietly on two wicker chairs. And while we sat ladies and men passed slowly by with grey faces and jabbering mouths. I looked at Lisby and knew that she was trying to straighten out certain things in her mind, and she pressed my hand.

Our aunt came up to us.

"Here you are," she said sternly. "I've been looking high and low for you." We said nothing. She rubbed her large red hands together and attempted to push her round spectacles back off the bridge of her nose. She gazed down at us, drew up a chair and put her face right in between ours. She didn't seem to know exactly what she was there for, but then she started in her squeaky voice to tell us what she said would probably come as a shock, but that she felt we should know that Mother didn't just die of nothing at all, but of a disease that Doctor Brigham said was eating her up, just the way a worm riddles a mulberry leaf.

I didn't look at Lisby. I had a sick feeling in my stomach which grew larger and larger until it seemed to rub against every living part of my body. I wanted to take my aunt and stop her mouth, but I knew that my fingers could not even lift the handkerchief she held over her lips. The fear that had taken hold of Mother now came upon me. I gave myself to it for a moment.

"The brave woman never let on," my aunt went on. "She knew back in November and she spent all those months dying in silence, and goodness knows what that can do to a body. But she smiled right through it. She told me, you know about your trip to Nisky Hill. She must have gone up to see for herself. And here I just let it pass in one ear and out the other."

She crushed a large yellow handkerchief to her nose, wiped her eyes and stepped back into the house to take her place with the others.



Ann Ehrgott

Frog

TO AN UNBORN CHILD

Once bitter in getting, twice bitter in being,
If you, unborn child, in growing disclaim
The *legend* of years, of cause-seeking-seeing
And knowing, to few, but to Adam the same.
In not yet your being, this insular searching
On seas, on seas, is our welcoming name;
Truth's tasteless waters—obedient churching,
But promise, love's beckon, and oh love, and shame.
But bitter in living, twice bitter in dying
If you, unborn child, in aging reframe
The structure so hurt for, so sweat on in buying
And lose, after knowing, with Adam the same.

John Mahoney

FESTAL FOR ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

I know the shudder of the passing days
Which counted or uncounted will require
But a trumpet's moment to recall;
And there the vassals of our ways
Pay corn and tender to the slight desire
That ripples in us all.

But God, the green of day so large of power
That I can but fail to reap it clean
Is like a pebble to the fall;
And I, short creature by the hour,
Must glean and wield in words the truth but seen
In time man thinks as tall.

A day's a vicious thing, or so it's known;
And on its heels comes quick the stilling shade—
And night's but shadow's sound.
But in this relic of an Adam's bone
Must I allow a relic's fault pervade?
Yet ah, it is not quite
The hour yet—in day's the size of night.

John Mahoney

Robert McCuddy *is a junior from Ft. Meyers Beach, Florida, with, as his P. SQUEE reveals, a prep-school career behind him. His sketch is that rare thing in college writing: a combination of fine humor with seriousness, indeed pathos, of theme. This is McCUDDY'S first ARCHIVE appearance.*

P. SQUEE

THOMAS McGRATH HAD stopped walking with books under his arms to watch a long black Cadillac come bumping down the unpaved road, lurch over the abrupt dip, which was calculated to slow up traffic, and glide to a stop near the lower yard. He was not overly interested in anything except the car because he knew that the people inside would only be some more spring visitors, probably parents and possibly the boy himself, coming to scrutinize the school and to find out whether or not they liked it.

He had stopped walking because he wanted to get a better look at a Cadillac, and he was irritated when he noticed the car was coming so close to him that he would not politely be able to get away without giving some directions to whomever these travelers were. He fingered his books as the unctuous sound of closing, heavy, expensive doors came to his ears; and he thought to himself that these people must be terribly aristocratic and that he was going to have to try hard to say the right things. There were three as usual, the man, the wife, and their son; but Thomas was sure that this group was more distinguished than any he had ever seen before.

The man addressed Thomas: "Say boy, I'm looking for the headmaster. Where can I find him?"

"That usually depends on what time it is. I don't have a watch; but I'm on my way to third period class, so it must be around ten o'clock." The man jerked his elbow up which pinched the sleeve of his jacket and uncovered an enormous gold wristwatch.

"It is exactly ten-o-two."

"Well he might be in the upper yard checking fire buckets, or he might be in his office. I'm not sure, but I'd be glad to look for him."

"O.K. sonny, suppose you do that; and we'll wait here till he comes."

Thomas started for Mr. Squibb's office and wondered whether the headmaster would enjoy being sent for. But Mr. Squibb was not in his office, nor was he in the upper yard checking fire buckets. Thomas searched the outhouse-looking plumber's

shack, the gasoline pump upon which depended the school's water supply, the broken windmill, the lower school shower, the gopher holes on the soccer field; but it was no use. Mr. Squibb was obviously not working on one of his pet projects. He was probably fixing fences up by Maple Creek, or nailing loose planks on the bridge. He did not know where Mr. Squibb was, but someone did know and as long as he was looking for the headmaster he could stay out of class. Then rounding a corner of the long house Thomas saw Ewing, the middle school prefect, walking towards the lower yard, probably going to class. Ewing would know. Ewing was a senior, and seniors always knew.

"Excuse me," said Thomas as he came up on Ewing, "but have you seen P. Squee around? Some guy in a Cadillac with his wife and a kid is looking for him."

Ewing spoke contemptfully, "For Christ's sake McGrath can't you smell? The old man's been cleaning out the cesspool in back of the post office for the last three days. If you didn't eat what he's shovelling you could probably tell the difference."

Thomas defensively: "Well I don't get food from home like you do so I can't help it. I got to eat school food."

Ewing let it pass. Repartee is always dangerous for a sophomore, but Ewing really liked McGrath and would not accuse him of being rude unless he were flagrantly so.

At any rate Thomas now knew where the headmaster was working and he retraced his steps toward the post office. He thought it strange to have passed the same building earlier without recognizing the usual cess pool stench, but he reflected that perhaps the job was nearly done and that the place was clean enough not to smell.

But sure enough now that he passed in back of the post office, he caught the odor distinctly, and could hear the squish of Mr. Squibb's spade striking through the slime.

THE HEADMASTER STOPPED shovelling as McGrath approached him. His face was moist with sweat; and the front part of his blue work shirt, on each side of his necktie, was damp and clinging to his body. He had discarded a shabby but proper linen jacket which was rare procedure for him even on the hottest days. Often asked why he wore a jacket at all on any hot spring day he would usually reply, "The coat and the tie are a white man's burden." He wore khaki pants rolled half way to the knee and ragged tennis shoes with no socks. The slush of the cesspool had temporarily stained his legs, and he looked as though he had been wading in some pig wallow. Still no feature of the headmaster's was quite as striking as were his eyes. They bulged slightly, not unnaturally, but just the way eyes bulge when their owner is infuriated. And they were like blue prisms that catch light and turn it any shade of blue at will. His eyes burned with this gaseous blue light; and he would never look directly into anyone else's eyes, as if to

do so would be to put the other person at a disadvantage, or perhaps to cast some spell over him from which he would never be released.

"Sir," said McGrath, "there are some visitors out by the lower yard who want to see you."

"More people to see the school I suppose. Thank you McGrath. Shouldn't you be in class?" Mr. Squibb knew when everyone should be in class. "Yes sir," said McGrath, "I'm on my way." Mr. Squibb had gone to Harvard; and his accent was even a little more English than the usual Harvard accent, like the rest of him his speech commanded respect.

But McGrath watched from behind the post office as the headmaster went to meet the new people. Mr. Squibb spoke with them for perhaps ten minutes then turned to come back. The people got into their Cadillac and drove off. McGrath concealed himself in the back of the post office, planning to go out the front way as soon as Mr. Squibb began digging. And as the headmaster rounded the corner McGrath heard him say out loud: "Nothing but money."

A SHANTY AND A TREE

Poised, eternal, stands alone
Beyond some fields of cotton
A tree with bark like bone,
Worn by winds forgotten.

A shanty leans upon a skyline,
With boards well-cracked and crimson
That toward a leaving sun recline,
And symbolize an age begun

By men with hands grown thick,
That paw-like wrenched the forest
From her roots, and stick by stick
To the sky had made her manifest.

Rutledge Parker



Family Group

Dorothy Dort

Odessa Southern *shifts from her usual controlled narrative to first person exposition in this story whose pathetic undercurrents run beneath a surface of colloquial placidity. Writing from the experiences of summer employment, MISS SOUTHERN draws with understanding characters who are neither great nor, perhaps, really memorable but who for the duration of her story assume real stature.*

PEOPLE ARE HARD TO GET TO KNOW

I REALLY THINK that people are hard to get to know sometimes. I mean, there are just some people you can't understand at all. And people that I really have known a long time too, people that I really know a lot *about*. Like Engle.

I used to work with her at Belle Mart's when I worked there during high school, going in every afternoon after classes and then working all day on Saturdays. I didn't make much money, of course; department stores never pay anything, but Jimmy and I knew we would need every cent we could get our hands on to get married on when we graduated in June, and every penny I could stick in the bank was just that much more.

About the only time we got to date was on Sunday nights and once-in-awhile on Saturday nights, when Jimmy's boss was feeling good and maybe let Jimmy off early so we could get the late show. Mostly we went to the Drive In in Jimmy's Ford because it was the cheapest thing we could do: only a dollar or a little over if we got popcorn or a Cherry Smash. Sometimes we would be sitting at the show watching some crummy Western or a movie about these people in Brooklyn, and Jimmy would rub the back of my neck and whisper, "Di, honey, let's don't ever go to a show again after we're married. Let's just stay at home all the time and sit on a nice studio couch and listen to the radio or something."

He really hated movies: we'd been to so many. But we couldn't stay at home. I mean, we did sometimes; but Mama and Daddy didn't—well, you know how older people are about—well, kissing and things like that, and Jimmy and I just felt sort of odd about it, so we generally went to the Drive In. I guess it was sort of wasting money; but Jimmy said, heck, we had to have a little fun, and we just couldn't save *every* cent. I got a raise down at Belle Mart's at Christmas; and that helped some, but the check was still awfully thin when I got it every Saturday night. And even the regular girls' paychecks weren't much thicker. I used to feel sorry for them because I really didn't see how they managed to live on what they got, which was only about twenty-five dollars per week, which isn't too much at all, really.

ENGLE HAD A rough time I knew, because we talked about it sometimes when we worked on the Notions counter. Engle had lived up North somewhere for a long time, but she had come South to stay with her married sister who worked at the Western Electric Plant in town. Engle had worked at the plant a little while too but she had quit because the work made her nervous. She was a sensitive person; you could tell by looking at her eyes which were very dark and large and had shadows beneath them. She had long dark hair which fell all over her shoulders and which she could never make fit into a pony's tail. It was really beautiful hair; if her face hadn't been so large, and her teeth so funny, the way they sort of stuck out in front and pushed her lips out so much, she would have been very pretty, because she always dressed neatly and with a lot of style.

Our counter was pretty quiet most of the time, especially on week-day afternoons, so we had plenty of time to talk. I thought Engle's relatives were not very nice, the way they treated her. I mean, it just wasn't fair. Her brother-in-law worked in an office; but he certainly never went out of his way to introduce her to any of his friends, which I thought was very selfish of him. I knew Engle didn't date much because she didn't know anyone, and there wasn't any way for her to get to meet any nice young men. All the nice young men I knew were still in high school, which meant they were maybe young for Engle.

So when Ross started stopping by the counter to talk to Engle, I got really excited for her. I guess when you're in love yourself, you want everybody else to have a man too and of course Engle didn't want to have to keep on working in places like Belle Mart all her life either. I mean, a dime store is okay when you're just working there on summer vacation; but there really are better things in life.

So Ross looked very good to both of us. He was good-looking even though I thought he was sort of old maybe for Engle. He wasn't gray-headed; but there were a lot of lines all around his eyes and at the edge of his face, and he looked sort of well, unsurprising, if you know what I mean. But then, he

had nice teeth, not stained, because he didn't smoke; and he smiled very slowly as if he wanted to take his time and enjoy it. That's what really got Engle because when he looked down at her and smiled, he looked as if he wanted to pick her up and run with her. I even felt it, and he wasn't looking at me.

Well, he'd been coming in for about a week before he started looking like that, and finally he asked her out one Saturday night. I knew Engle was dying to go, but she turned him down because she promised to baby-sit with her little nephew. Poor Ross just looked hurt and walked off when she told him; but he came back to talk with me after Engle had gone out for lunch, and he asked me if she thought he'd been trying to pick her up or something. And I told him, no, she really had to stay with her sister's little boy. So he looked happier and said well, he knew she must think he was some wolf or something; but couldn't think of anyway to get to know her besides just coming by the counter and that wasn't any good.

I TALKED TO him a long time then about how hard it was to get to know anybody these days, especially if you were new in town or if you didn't work with anybody especially interesting. And he asked me was I still in school and if I dated somebody steady. Of course, I told him all about Jimmy then; it was funny, we just talked on like we had known each other for millions of years. I told him about our wanting to get married in June, and about my family not being very happy about the whole thing, which was making things a lot harder for us, since it meant probably we would have to live with his folks after we got married. I really couldn't see doing that then because Jimmy's mother was an A-1 cook and I didn't see myself ever being able to learn how. Ross was very understanding about the whole problem; he said he had his own place, not a large apartment, but big enough to be comfortable and to have privacy when he wanted it.

Engle came back pretty soon, and I went out to lunch. When I got back, she was sort of rosy all over, although Engle is normally not quite the kind of girl to blush. So I found out she was going out with Ross the next Saturday night, which sounded really encouraging to me.

After that, they went out often. She used to tell me sometimes what they did: walks all over town, movies at the Broadpark which carried old-run shows, and supper at places "where we can sit and talk," she said.

I will say for Engle that she looked much prettier after she started dating Ross. I knew she was anemic.

She always carried little capsules around "for her blood;" but after Ross came, I didn't see her taking so many and she didn't look so pale all the time either. We went out for lunch one Saturday together; and after the waitress had gone off with our orders, Engle leaned back and sighed and looked so pretty that I couldn't help telling her so.

Her eyes got very big and dim, and she smiled and said she hoped *he* thought so. And then she was a little embarrassed, but she came out and asked me if I thought Ross minded her buck teeth. I told her, of course not, because I had never heard Ross mention them; and I couldn't see it would make any difference to him if she didn't have *any*. I mean when people are in love, they don't notice little, trivial things like that. But Engle didn't seem to believe me.

"I'm so ugly, Diana," she said, and maybe there might have been tears in her eyes, except you really could never tell about Engle. "And he's so darn nice. I don't really see why he bothers with me at all. There are a lot of better looking girls in this town than me."

Of course, I couldn't tell her he loved her. Well, really, I didn't *know*; but I knew the way he looked at her all the time, and it seemed pretty clear to me that if her teeth made any difference, he would look other places because I thought Engle did have a nice figure. But convincing her that he was sold on her was a hard job; she wanted to think he liked her, but I could tell she really didn't.

I THOUGHT ABOUT Engle and Ross quite a bit that week; and I decided there might be something I could do to help them get together on how they felt about each other. I knew Jimmy and I had been awfully shy before he finally broke down and told me he was crazy about me. I could remember the nights I had gone to bed, crying because he had kissed me so nice and then hadn't said a word afterwards.

So on Saturday morning when Ross came by the counter, I told him to come see me while Engle was out to lunch, if he wasn't to go with her. And he said, no, she had some shopping to do, so he would come around and see me.

As usual, we weren't so rushed during lunch hour, so after I got rid of one big lady who was trying to decide how much elastic to buy to re-inforce her husband's shorts, I got to talk to Ross. I will admit that I was sort of embarrassed as to where to begin; I mean, I just wasn't used to telling a man somebody was in love with him. So I pretended I wanted to talk to him about Jimmy, which I did; and after

awhile, we sort of worked around to the general topic of love and how great it was, and I sort of off-handedly told him I was so happy he and Engle had found each other. And he just smiled and looked at me as if he was glad too. Then I casually mentioned something about were they thinking about getting married anytime soon because, I told him, I thought I would like to give her a shower or something maybe since I would be leaving the store in June after Jimmy and I got married and went to work at the Plant. I guess I must have sounded very awkward or silly or something—I really did feel that way—because Ross looked at me oddly and didn't say anything for a minute. And then he asked me if Engle had been talking about getting married.

Of course I said no, she certainly hadn't, which was why I had asked him, because as anyone could plainly see, I told him, she was very much in love with him; and being a woman she couldn't hide it from us although she never said anything much out loud. And then he sort of half-turned away from the counter and looked around the store as if he thought Engle might be coming back.

"Di." He picked up a spool of thread and rolled it on the palm of his hand, not looking at me, but just at the spool. "Di, do you think she is really thinking about marrying me?"

He sounded sort of concerned as if he didn't believe it, down deep in his heart; and I felt sorry for him, because I thought maybe he was like her and couldn't really think she loved him any more than she believed he loved her. Which is one of the saddest things that can happen to two people, I think. So I told him, of course, she was thinking about marrying him; and as far as I could see, she was certainly crazy in love with him, too.

Then he looked at me squarely; and I couldn't tell what he was thinking, but I could see he was very serious, and he asked me if I was very sure of what I was saying. I looked right back at him squarely and nodded, and said that I was dead sure, *dead sure*. We stood there a minute, and then he left without saying anything much except "bye" under his breath. I could tell he was really thinking hard, and I hoped maybe he would ask her to marry him that night. In fact, the more I thought about it, the more I was pretty sure that's what he would do because I knew he realized now how crazy she was about him; and of course, there wouldn't be much to stand in their way, with him working and her too and his apartment. I really thought they were very lucky.

Of course, I didn't say anything to Engle about talking to Ross; that wouldn't have been fair to him,

I figured, for her to know he hadn't believed she loved him. It would be better, I thought if he just said quietly to her tonight: "Let's get married, Engle. I love you."

I watched her leave the store that night; and I almost wanted to run after her and hug her because she looked so pretty, and I was so happy for her.

BY MONDAY AFTERNOON when I came in to work I was so excited, wondering if Engle would have a ring; or if he had had time to get one, or if maybe they had eloped, that I almost went crazy before I finally got my timecard punched and got down to the counter.

She wasn't there. They must have eloped, I thought; which was great, really, only I would have liked to have seen them, or maybe Jimmy and I could have gone with them. That would have been terrific, I thought; and it would have seemed more like a wedding to her probably, if one of her friends had been there. I walked over to Shirley's counter and asked her in a low whisper where Engle was. She shook her head and pointed upstairs to the office.

"*They* want to know too; she didn't come in this morning."

This *was* a joke, I thought, because the bosses didn't like for the girls to lay out of work without calling in. I could just imagine Engle calling in from some place to say well, I'll be late for work today; I'm married. But it did worry me a little, because I was afraid Engle might get fired. I asked Shirley if she thought they would fire Engle.

"What for? Most of the girls lay out now and then; they can't fire us all. She'll just get cussed out, that's all. Only I can't figure where Engle is; she doesn't pull tricks like this often."

I didn't want to just up and tell Shirley that Engle was married, but on the other hand, I did want Shirley to know that Engle was probably pulling one of the cutest tricks in the book, so I looked at Shirley and winked and made a very casual remark about well, I guessed maybe Engle might have had a big week-end or something. But Shirley shook her head.

"As a matter-of-fact, I don't think she did. Pete and I were down at the Grill Saturday night; and she was down there alone, sitting in one of the booths with some potato chips and Schlitz. The guy who runs the Grill told me he thought she'd been stood up because she'd been there quite some time by herself. So I don't know; it must not have been too great a weekend, really."

FOUR ELEGIES TO THE MEMORY OF MY GRANDFATHER

I

Lying loose in summer days
 he sat, contemplating the flies.
The sun sphinxed down, blind of gaze.

In longer grass, a soft brown bird lays
 its egg; the apple swinging on its limb tries
to fall and fails, swinging loose in summer days.

His universe, his personal constructed maze
 was made of earth and sun which flies
from east to west and sphinxes down, blind of gaze.

He is dead now; those long, unmeaning rays
 cannot touch him; they illumine the skies
and fall to earth to lie loose in summer's days.

This is their sole purpose—I curse him who says
 not so, and mockingly pries
into earth and sun which sphinxes down, blind of gaze.

Who are they to pursue the straightly twisted ways
 of death? They are not touched, so can be wise.
He sat, lying loose in summer days;
the sun sphinxed down, blind of gaze.

II

This arm a crutch; this hand a cane.
 The cast iron stove, holding winter fires.
The bald fingers dream of Pegasus' mane.

Beneath the standing sun, Joshua lies slain.
 Enoch goes to heaven on his conquered desires,
but: this arm a crutch, this hand a cane.

Upon Esther's couch coils the immutable stain.
 The sun undertakes the east, beyond the west retires.
The bald fingers dream of Pegasus' mane.

Earth has four corners, each resting on his pain.
 The fact of beauty only mires
the arm and hand holding crutch and cane.

I tell you, God is not quite sane.
 Moses and Solomon both are liars,
for those bald fingers dreamed of Pegasus' mane.

He has worshipped God, and long has lain
 loose in summer days, answering what time inquires.
This arm a crutch; this hand a cane.
Fingers grip both, but dream of Pegasus' mane.

III

The bony moon bleached out the air;
 he undertook his bed, anticipating this:
the ancient lion, returning now home to his lair.

Day left earth; day and earth left care
 among the apple limbs, into which kiss
the bony moon bleached out the air.

Rising and setting sun, men strong, women fair—
 the *dramatis personae* of waning bliss:
the ancient lion, resigned now home to his lair.

Pegasus' mane and the sun-Sphinx strong stare
 had not made life's life amiss,
though bony moon ever bleach out the air.

I jeer, O time, for he has slipped your snare
 by seeking not to hide, retiring to his abyss:
the ancient lion resigned himself to his lair.

He left his kill on the bush for wolf and bear,
 and too proud to acknowledge death as nemesis,
watched the bony moon bleach out the air:
the ancient lion, resigned now home to his lair.

IV

The hay, with men, roared on the hill—
 the sun raced swift over the earth.
The grass grew green and still.

Swallows circled the barns with more skill
 than God, giving man his first-birth.
The hay, with men, roared on the hill.

His head lay in sky's-lap until
 time made way for men of lesser girth.
The grass grew green and still.

Mane-dreaming fingers lay loose upon the sill
 and hay covered all, but gave him berth,
for the hay with men still roared on the hill.

Bony moon stretched out talons, intent to swill
 his fleeting breath and laugh, but found no mirth—
and the grass yet green was, and still.

The lairing lion covered over the thoughts of kill,
 and death touched him and found no dearth
of life while yet the hay and men roared on the hill,
while yet the grass grew green and still.

Fred Chappell

51 YEARS OF PRINTING SERVICE



FRATERNITY AND
SORORITY STATIONERY

CHAPTER
NEWSPAPERS

PUBLICATIONS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

DANCE INVITATIONS

PROGRAMS

TICKETS

CARDS



124 W. PARRISH STREET

FRESHMAN WRITING

Fulfilling its stated desire to print as much as possible of the best writing done in the form of the freshman theme, THE ARCHIVE offers here the work of two freshman women, AMANDA McCONNELL of Greensboro and REBA WHITE of Lillington. Both studied composition last semester under DR. FRANCIS BOWMAN in English 2A. There seems to be little need to point out that they absorbed instruction well, assimilating it to their own distinct talents to the end result of highly polished sketches like these.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON

BY AMANDA McCONNELL

IT WAS FIVE o'clock, the end of a long, hot afternoon. The summer sun which had glared so mercilessly upon the asphalt of the parking lot all day long retreated in long fingers of red light up the cracked and smudged surface of the wall of the bus station. A little breeze sneaked under the screen door and caught a candy bar wrapper, giving it a rattling tour around the small room. It scuttled quickly over the cracked concrete floor in front of the ticket window, caught for a moment on a pile of packages stacked in front of the baggage room door, and finally rolled into a gritty, dark corner under the row of park benches which stood in the middle of the room.

There was a sudden movement in the cage-like ticket booth. The girl seated behind the counter stretched her long arm over her head and yawned, open-mouthed. Bringing her arms heavily down on the counter, she remarked to no one "It's too damn hot." She bent and rested her head on the chipped edge of the counter, lifting the lank,

perspiration-damp hair from the back of her neck. Her hands were large and her long, slightly grubby fingers writhed like purple-headed snakes through her reddened hair.

She sat straight again; and tossing her hair into place with one sideways thrust of her head, she began tucking in her blouse. She stretched her black elastic belt with one hand and pushed in the meagre tail of her white nylon blouse with the other. She twisted and turned; and when she had finished, she took a deep breath, obviously enjoying the accentuated curve of her bosom under the clingingly sheer material. She put her hands around her waist, inhaling deeply again as she measured herself. Smiling vaguely, she tightened her belt another hole. She ran one finger around the corner of her mouth, grimacing as she removed the crumbs of red lipstick caked there.

The screen door opened and slammed shut behind a stooped, old colored man. He hesitated just inside the door for a moment, and then stepped forward, pulling the tattered felt hat from his head. He looked up slowly as he approached. "Good e'en, ma'am," he said, in a quavering voice.

Unanswering, she stared blankly at him.

"Would you be so good to sell me a ticket to Macclesfield?" he required.

Her expression didn't change. She pulled a pink cardboard from the rainbow array filed in rows behind her. She slid it half way across the counter and let it slide to the edge by itself. She withdrew her hand quickly, her fingers curling as if in revulsion.

The old man fumbled first in one pocket and then in another of his sagging overalls. He finally uncovered a worn leather wallet in the front pocket. Pulling it open, he took out a crumpled dollar bill and laid it on the counter. He looked up earnestly at the girl's face; and

ot seeing the answer to his un-
spoken question, he gazed at the
ticket and the dollar bill lying side
y side. He put out his hand and
withdrew it. Then, moving quick-
ly, he picked up the ticket.

"I thank ye kindly, ma'am," he
said, with a bobbing bow of his
head. "I thank ye kindly." He turn-
ed and shuffled toward the door.

"You forgot your change." The
girl's voice clicked metallically. She
laid three silver coins onto the coun-
ter.

"Beggin' your pardon," the old
man answered, stumbling as he
walked back to the desk. "I didn'
mean to cause you no trouble. No
trouble at all."

She looked at him, her face still
expressionless. Her eyes caught a lit-
tle of the late afternoon light and
glittered with the blue pupils.

The old man pushed through the
double screen doors, muttering as
he shook his head from side to
side, "No trouble at all . . . I didn'
mean none . . ."

She watched the doors swing to
close. Then she wiped her upper
lip with the back of one hand. "It's
so damn hot," she said. "Too damn
hot for a field nigger."



STABLE AT NIGHT

BY AMANDA McCONNELL

BY THE TIME the sun went
down the riders had left the
stable. They had been "Sunday rid-
ers," most of them—small boys in
cheaply colorful cowboy outfits, who
reared and shot at the imaginary
Indians hiding in the shrubbery,
while the sad-eyed ponies patiently
loddled around the ring; teen-age
couples, the boy confidently show-
ing the nervously giggling girl how
to stick her loafered foot through
the stirrup and how to hold the reins
with rough fingers brightly manicured
with orange enamel; the stocky, bow-
legged man who wore a felt hat and

smoked a cigar while he jumped
the big white hunter again and
again; the lanky-legged little girl
who had lain against the roan
horse's neck for almost half an hour
before she gave it the last affection-
ate pat. All the long October after-
noon they had filled the barn with
activity and the sound of their high-
pitched voices. A choking fog of
fine, red dust had risen from the
worn earth of the riding ring and
had hung heavy in the golden fall
atmosphere.

But the last pair of red taillights
had just gone winking down the dirt
road, raising behind it the last
plume of red dust. Quiet suddenly
echoed from the far pastures; and
as I stood by the gate, hesitating a
moment before closing it, the blue of
the twilight suddenly became more
luminous against the dark shadows
of the hills which enclosed the val-
ley. A cold, white moon sketched
its ghostly crescent high above the
horizon. For a breathless time I
threw my head far back and looked
at it, but its aloofness penetrated
me and I shivered. I blew out a
long breath, and it trailed from my
mouth a stream of fog. I shivered
again, realizing I was really cold;
and, hugging my arms close against
me, I ran toward the streak of golden
light which stretched through the
wide crack beneath the door of the
stable.

I leaned against the door; and, as
it creakingly shuddered back, I slip-
ped into the warmth and light. A
wide corridor ran the length of the
barn, with large stalls on either
side. The wood was unpainted; and
time and weathering had mellowed
it to a smooth, deep brown. Above,
a naked light bulb threw giant
shadows around the walls of the
hayloft. Where I stood downstairs,
the light spread a golden haze in
the center corridor; but the stalls
were dark.

The horses moved restlessly in
their stalls, and here and there a
friendly nose poked over a stall gate.

DUKE UNIVERSITY STORES



Duke University
Men's Store



Woman's College
Store



Book Store



Hospital Store

Only eyes, and perhaps, a shining flank shone in the dim light. The horses heaved great shuddering sighs, and blew their nostrils as they began to ready themselves for sleep.

Steam rose from each horse's back; and with it was mixed the warm, good smell of well-cared-for horseflesh. The cedar chips which covered the earthen floor smelled richly resinous, and this odor gradually overcame the grittiness of the dust which had hung in the air all afternoon. The hay in the loft added an almost imperceptible sweetness, the perfume of sunlight on growing plants.

In a stall, the stableboy whistled as he curried one of the animals. His brush whispered as it swept over the long curve of the animal's flank, and the tune he whistled reflected the happiness he felt in doing this simple task. Neither of us spoke, although each recognized the presence of the other with a silent

welcome. I picked up a saddle which lay on a rack near the door. Its surface was smooth from much wear and the leather smelled slightly soapy. I ran my hand over the deep curve of the seat, a curve molded by the contact of many bodies, and it felt like a line in an ancient statue. I hung the saddle on its appointed hook in the tackroom. The saddles hung in rows, the stirrup straps dangling listlessly and uselessly beside the cumbersome-looking seat; and they looked gracelessly ridiculous in their disuse.

The gruff voice of the stableboy behind startled me. "Let's go home," he said, flicking the curry comb against his pants-leg.

"Okay," I answered.

And we left the silent barn glimmering a faint white shadow in the cold moonlight.



DEBUSSY IN THE PARKING LOT

BY AMANDA McCONNELL

THE DORM SUDDENLY seemed crowded to me: too many people were doing too many unimportant things. I left my books open on the desk and; without knowing where I was going or for what I was looking, I ran out into the loneliness of the night.

The Quad was quiet. Chill fog hung about the campus lights. The naked trees twisted misty scarves through their many fingers, and high in the sky a weakling moon cowered behind thick-layered clouds. The columns of the buildings were startlingly clear in the thin light, and they jutted like ribs of a giant's skeleton.

A gust of icy wind rubbed across my back and I shivered. But I walked on, hugging my arms close against myself. I left the Quad, where people were liable to appear suddenly, and I walked toward Asbury. There,

I thought, at least, I can be alone.

When I came to the parking lot, though, I stopped. The dorms seemed far away; but their windows stretched out long, jaundice-colored lights to urge me back. I resolute turned against their pleadings and gained, instead, the aloneness of the clearing. The trees here were spaced far apart, each trunk standing solitary. But when I lifted my face I saw that far above, the branches were inter-woven—a thousand twigs making black lace against the silvery sky. Below, solid trunks, knotted roots. Above, delicate traceries like Japanese etchings. I leaned against a scratchy tree-trunk and watched the moon as it tried to veil itself with a last waning wisp of cloud. Dead leaves made whispering noises hoarsely in the silence.

Then softly, quietly, someone began playing a piano. Debussy, I remembered, something about perfume in the air. Swirls of melody rushed up and melted away in delicious purls of sound. One window was lighted in the building, one window high against the eaves. One solid square of blue light blocked against the dark hulk of the building. From this came the music. It entered my stillness. The tension which knotted inside me eroded under the washing and waning of the waves of sound. It ended in a descending, softened sweep. I waited, almost holding my breath, until I saw the light click off. Quiet again.

The damp cold of the earth filtered through my shoe soles and the wind cut around the trees once again. My cheeks were cold and tears made burningly warm spots on them. I looked from the darkness of the building before me to the stretches of warm golden light coming from the dormitories. I stumbled and half-ran toward the warm window, away from the now silent anonymity. I left interred in the darkness.



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DRUGSTORE AFTER SCHOOL

BY REBA WHITE

BEFORE I GOT into high school, I used to go to the corner drugstore every day immediately after school and sit in back by the magazine rack and read horror comics. At the same time, I would peek shyly out at the elite group of young people who sat at the two front tables. Maybe I should explain that we have two drugstores at home, but the high-school crowd always goes to Kelly's. They let you read the magazines there, and they know how to make coke-floats. Other people patronize Kelly's, too, of course, but the older people and babies sit at the booths in back and watch television while they eat. Kids who are in junior high sit on the bench next to the magazines. That's the way it's always been.

Everybody seems to arrive at the same time—grammar, junior high, and high school. Then, too, all the folks who work in the nearby stores pour in for a coke about three, so you see, the place is really jammed. The people behind the counter just go haywire. I used to like to watch them running all around like bugs after you pick a rock up.

The adults would order their cokes and sit back with amused, slightly superior smiles, and gossip about how wild Beverly Madin is, just look at her smoking in public! And stuff like that. The little kids fought and fought over comics and the popsicles. Pretty soon they'd leave and go about their mysterious ways. My crowd—well, we were just here. The girls all eyed the "big boys," and the boys clowned around trying to get the girls' attention. At the high school bunch: like a flock of brightly colored birds they perched about—the girls in their sweaters and saddle shoes, with shiny-smooth hair, the boys big and fat in their slacks and sweaters, and

very aloof, at least as far as we were concerned. The girls sipped lemonades, a couple of the bolder ones smoking; and all the boys consumed milkshakes, sandwiches, and goodness knows what. They'd chat about school stuff, and dating, and each other. They'd read jokebooks and *Mechanics* and movie magazines and *Vogue*. Occasionally we'd catch little phrases or words that were the things of the moment—like "gung ho," "fruity," and "too much."

Naturally, like everybody else, I had people I especially watched. I had a crush on a senior—captain of the football team, editor of the annual, and later valedictorian. Of course, he had a girl—a junior. She was one of those who smoked, and she had long scarlet fingernails, and dozens of cashmere sweaters. I'd look at them and pretend it was I sitting beside him. He'd lean over and light her cigarettes, buy her drinks,

and look over her shoulder at the magazines she chose. They'd sit with their arms just touching, and she'd smile up at him with her long eyelashes slightly lowered. I tried to memorize the pretty gestures she had, swinging her long blonde bob lightly back, tapping one pointed nail against the table-top to get someone's attention.

Sometimes around four some of the factory people would come in—mostly girls in tight sweaters, with frizzy hair and brassy voices, and an occasional grimy boy in coveralls and sweat shirt. They'd go to the counter and the laughter and chatter at the front tables would change to a subdued giggle or two and a buzzing whisper. I'd strain my ears and catch a word—mostly cracks from the boys about the looks and morals of the girls. Then, in a few minutes, the poor things would leave, seemingly unaware of the

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rudeness behind them.

At four-thirty there would be a concerted rise and movement toward home. Dave, my hero, would load Ann, my rival, and his sidekicks, Joe and Steve with their girls, into his dilapidated convertible; and off they'd go, leaving me to cry silent tears into my cherry smash. After a while I'd pick up my books and walk sadly home; and I would dream of the day when Dave would recognize me as an adult, and I, too, would sit at a front table.



THE MOUND

Pass through the marsh; come to
the mound.

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around

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rhymes,

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sound,

An eerie drone, enchanting
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wake,

Or like a priest while chanting,
Thumbing rosary beads to break
The quiet of the dawn.

The chanters gone, the mound re-
tains

The chant when night winds echo
near.

The rhymes are lost, the song re-
mains

That even pagan gods must hear.

Rutledge Parker



THE ARCHIVE

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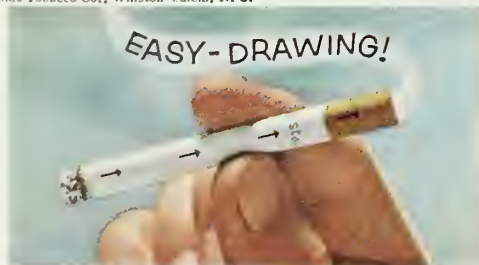
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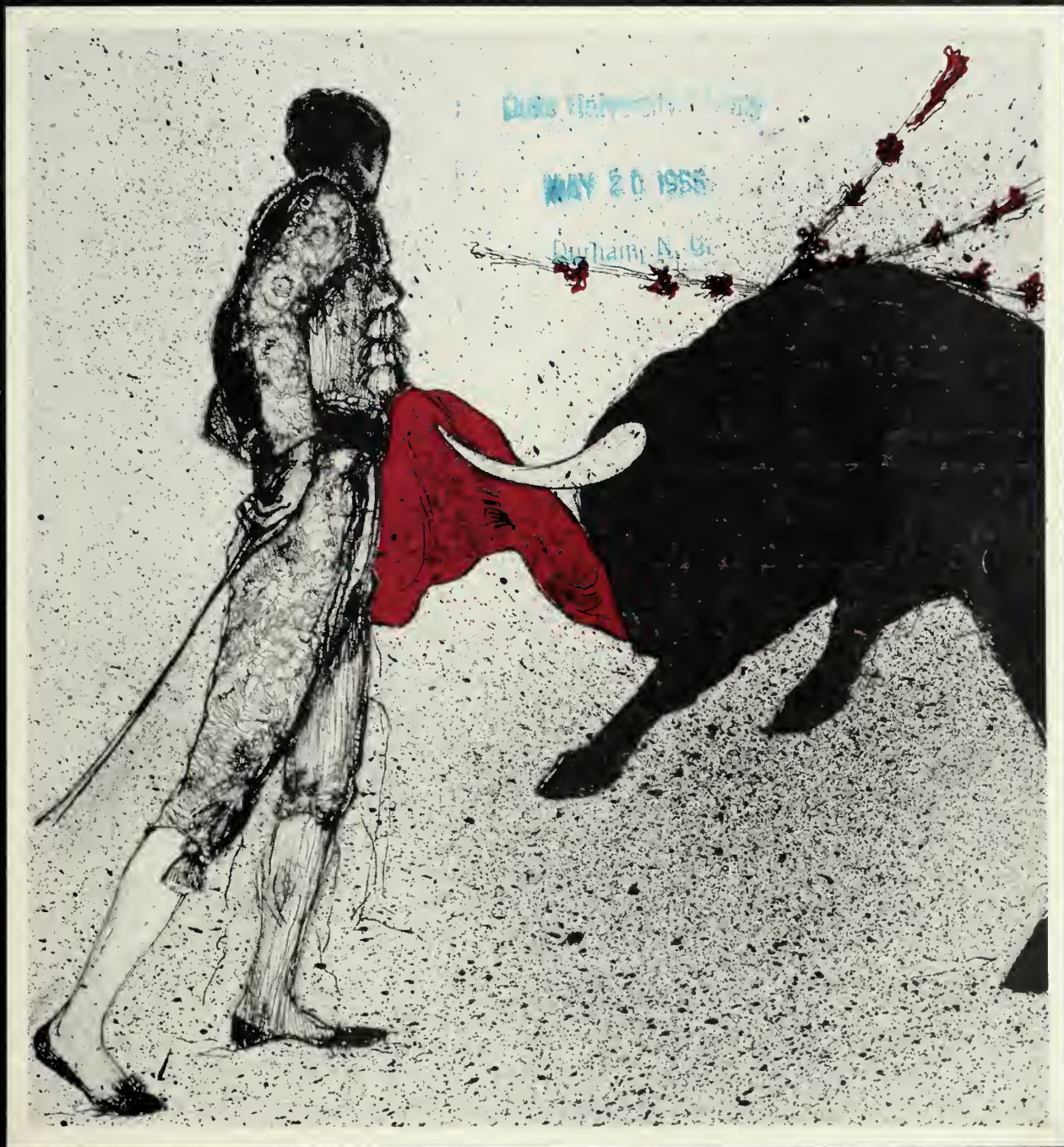
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THE ARCHIVE

*A Literary Periodical Published By The Students of
Duke University, Durham, North Carolina*

Vol. 67

APRIL, 1955

No. 4

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A KIND OF VALEDICTORY

PEOPLE, ALMOST ALL of them, seem to need — on leaving a loved or a hated place — to say some sort of meaningful and permanent valedictory. That was one temptation which I thought to avoid; but I have not, as you will see. For good or for ill, my colleagues and I have seen this magazine through five issues; and I think that I have learned things in the pain and the pleasure — not necessarily meaningful and hardly permanent things — which a few of you might listen to.

Any editor with a minimum of critical intelligence will come to know a little about the characteristics of the kinds of writers and writing which are available to him. What I have learned about the writing done by this generation of Duke students is contained, in essence, in this: When Eudora Welty visited this campus in February, someone asked her what she considered the great faults of student writing. Her reply was, I thought, keen in its simplicity. Paraphrasing a character in E. M. Forster's *Howards End*, (a character who is speaking about the fiancée of a friend of his), she said that the trouble with *bad* student writing is the trouble with *all* bad writing. It is not serious, and it does not tell the truth.

That, to a large degree, is just it. Those students who *do* take the time to write anything beyond term papers and letters home usually do not take *enough* time. Their stories, their sketches, their poems almost always suffer from the spectre of a deadline. The student has a story riding somewhere on the top of his mind for some time, not taking it too seriously; then with some chagrin he realizes that a deadline in his English class is fast approaching, and he sits at his typewriter and drains that story off the upper layer

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of his mind where it has rested—hardly nourished, hardly developed. He usually tells his conscience that now the deadline is met, after a fashion, he can return to the piece in leisure and develop it slowly and richly. But that seldom happens, and for two good reasons: the time is never found, and — most fatally — a story has a way of taking on a life of its own — however premature and malformed — once it has been set to paper. It simply defies the normal writer to change it in any organic way. That is how a promising story often gets itself killed a-borning, in haste and in a failure of devotion. That is the trouble, the apparently irremedial trouble, with most student writing. There is no lack of things to say, and most of them are things worth saying and hearing; but there is a woeful lack of those who *can* say what they only dimly know.

YET, SOMEWHERE AMIDST all these who "want to write" but somehow cannot bring themselves to the view of a Milton that writing is a priestly privilege with priestly demands and to the ice-water view that writing is a painful and doggedly difficult business, amidst these amateurs who will finally stop writing and go their ways to become husbands and wives, mothers and fathers, Kiwanis Club members and college trustees — the blessedly practical people who (as they will tell you truly enough) make the world go round — amidst all these, there will arise now and then a person who will see writing for what it is — a joy achieved in denial and labor — who will *make* the time to enrich his mind and his work. And because of that one person we may politely and gently forget all the rest. They are pleasant people, they are fine people, but as writers they will not matter. They will not matter because they do not have the

(Continued On Page 30)

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Eudora Welty

THE ARCHIVE

A LITERARY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF DUKE UNIVERSITY

VOL. 67

No. 4

Eudora Welty *has secured her place among the masters of the short story with volumes such as A CURTAIN OF GREEN, THE WIDE NET, THE GOLDEN APPLES, and THE BRIDE OF THE INNISFALLEN. Her two novels, DELTA WEDDING and THE PONDER HEART, are equally distinguished examples of her rich and sensitive and original art. For the latter novel she will receive on May 25 the Howells Medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, given for the most distinguished contribution to American fiction of the past five years. Miss WELTY and THE SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY have kindly permitted THE ARCHIVE to give first publication to the address which she delivered here during the February Arts Week, and she has contributed these examples of her work as a photographer in her native Mississippi.*

PLACE IN FICTION

PLACE IS ONE of the lesser angels that watch over the racing hand of Fiction, perhaps the one that gazes benignly enough from off to one side, while others, like Character, Plot, Symbolic Meaning, and so on, are doing a good deal of wing-beating about her chair, and Feeling, who in my eyes carries the crown, soars highest of them all and rightly relegates Place into the shade. Nevertheless, it is about this lowlier angel that I'd like to speak — mainly, perhaps, because I don't want her to leave us. There have been signs that she's been rather neglected of late; and maybe she could do with a little petitioning.

What place has Place in fiction? It might be thought so modest a one that it can be taken for granted: the location of a novel; to use a term of the day, it may make the novel "regional." The term, like most terms used to pin down a novel, means little; and Henry James said there isn't any difference even between "the English novel" and "the American novel," since there are only two kinds of novels at all, the good and the bad. Of course Henry James didn't stop there, and we all hate generalities, and so does Place. Yet as soon as we step down from the general view to the close and particular — as writers must and readers may, and teachers well know how to — and consider what good writing may be, Place can be seen, in her own way, to have a great deal to do with the goodness, if not to be responsible for it.

How so?

First, with the goodness — validity — in the raw material of writing. Second, with the goodness in the writing itself — the achieved world of appearance, through which the novelist has his whole say and puts his whole case. (There will still be the lady, always, who dismissed *The Ancient Mariner* on grounds of implausibility.) Third, with the goodness — the worth — in the writer himself: Place is where he has his roots, Place is where he stands; in his experience out of which he writes it provides the base of reference, in his work the point of view. Let us consider Place in fiction in these three wide aspects.

Wide, but of course connected — vitally so. And if in some present-day novels the connection has apparently slipped, that makes a fresh reason for us to ponder the subject of Place. For novels, besides being the pleasantest things imaginable, are powerful forces on the side. Mutual understanding in the world being nearly always, as now, at low ebb, it is comforting to remember that it's through art that one country can nearly always speak reliably to another, if the other can hear at all. Art, though, is never the voice of a country; it is an even more precious thing, the voice of the individual, doing its best to speak, not comfort of any sort, indeed, but truth. And the art that speaks it most unmistakably, most directly, most variously, most fully, is fiction; in particular, the novel.

Why? Because the novel from the start has been bound up in the local, the "real," the present, the ordinary day-to-day of human experience. Where the

imagination comes in is in directing the use of all this. That use is endless, and there are only four words, of all the millions we've hatched, that a novel rules out: "Once upon a time." They make a story a fairy tale by the simple sweep of the remove — by abolishing the present and the place where we are, instead of conveying them to us. (Of course we'll have some sort of fairy tale with us always — just now it's the historical novel.) Fiction is properly at work on the here and now, or the past *made* here and now; for in novels *we* have to be there. Fiction provides the ideal texture through which the feeling and meaning that permeate our own personal, present lives will best show through. For in his theme — the most vital and important part of the work at hand — the novelist has the blessing of the inexhaustible subject: you and me. You and me, here. Inside that scope and circumference — who could ask for anything more? — the novel can accommodate practically anything on earth; and has of course done so. The novel so long as it be *alive* gives pleasure, and must always give pleasure, enough to stave off the departure of the Wedding Guest forever, except for that one lady.

It is by the nature of itself that Fiction is all bound up in the local. The internal reason for that is surely that *feelings* are bound up in place. The human mind is a mass of association — association more poetic than actual. I say "the Yorkshire Moors" and you will say "*Wuthering Heights*," and I have only to murmur: "If Father were only alive—" for you to come back with "We could go to Moscow," which certainly is not even so. The truth is, fiction depends for its life on Place. Location is the cross-roads of circumstance, the proving ground of "What happened? Who's here? Who's coming?" — and that is the heart's field.

UNPREDICTABLE AS THE future of any art must be, one condition we may hazard about writing: of all the arts, it is the one least likely to cut the cord that binds it to its source. Music and dancing, while originating out of Place — groves! — and perhaps invoking it still to minds pure or childlike — are no longer bound to dwell there. Sculpture exists out in empty space: that is what it commands and replies to. Toward painting, Place, to be so highly visible, has had a curious and changing relationship. Indeed, wasn't it when landscape invaded painting, and painting was given, with the profane content, a narrative content, that this worked to bring on a revolution to the art? Impressionism brought not the likeness-to-life, but the mystery, of Place onto canvas; and it was the

method, not the subject, that told this. Painting and writing, always the closest two of the sister arts (and in ancient Chinese days only the blink of an eye seems to have separated them) have each a still closer connection with Place than they have with each other; but a difference lies in their respective requirements of it, and even further in the way they use it — the written word being ultimately as different from the pigment as the note of the scale is from the chisel.

One element, that's just been mentioned, is surely the underlying bond that connects all the arts with Place. All of them celebrate its mystery. Where does this mystery lie? Is it in the fact that Place has a more lasting identity than we have, and we unswervingly tend to attach ourselves to identity? Might the magic lie partly too in the *name* of the place — since that's what *we* gave it? Surely once we have it named, we've put a kind of poetic claim on its existence; the claim works even out of sight — may work forever sight unseen. The Seven Wonders of the World still give us this poetic kind of gratification. And notice we don't say simply "The Hanging Gardens" — that would leave them dangling out of reach and dubious in nature; we say "The Hanging Gardens of Babylon," and there they are, before our eyes, shimmering and garlanded and exactly elevated, to the Babylonian measurement.

Edward Lear tapped his unerring finger on the magic of Place in the Limerick. There's something unutterably convincing about that Old Person of Sparta who had 25 sons and one darta, and it's surely beyond question that he fed them on snails and weighed them in scales, because we know where that Old Person is from — Sparta! We certainly don't need further to be told his *name*. "Consider the source." Experience has ever advised us to base validity on point of origin.

BEING SHOWN HOW to locate, place, any account is what does most toward making us believe it, not merely allowing us to, may the account be the facts or a lie; and that's where Place in Fiction comes in. Fiction is a lie. Never in its inside thoughts, always in its outside dress.

Some of us grew up with the china night-light — the little lamp whose lighting showed its secret and with that spread enchantment. The outside is painted with a scene, which is one thing; then, when the lamp is lighted, through the porcelain sides a new picture comes out through the old and they're seen as one. A lamp I knew of was a view of London till it was lit; but then it was the Great Fire of London, and

you could go beautifully to sleep by it. The lamp alight is the combination of internal and external, glowing at the imagination as one; and so is the good novel. Seeing that these inner and outer surfaces do lie so close together and so implicit in each other, the wonder is that human life so often separates them, or appears to, and it takes a good novel to put them back together.

The good novel should be steadily alight, revealing. Before it can hope to be that, it must of course be steadily visible from its outside, presenting a continuous, shapely, pleasing, and finished surface to the eye.

The sense of a story when the visibility is only partial or intermittent is as endangered as Eliza crossing the ice. Forty hounds of confusion are after it, the black waters of disbelief open up between its steps, and no matter which way it jumps it's bound to slip. Even if it's got a little baby moral in its arms, it's more than likely a goner.

The novel must get Eliza across the ice; what it means — the way it proceeds, is always in jeopardy. It must be given a surface that's continuous and unbroken, never too thin to trust, always in touch with the scenes. Its world of experience must be at every step, through every moment, within reach as the world of appearance.

This makes it the business of writing, and the responsibility of the writer, to disentangle the significant — in character, incident, setting, mood, everything — from the random and meaningless and irrelevant that in real life surround and beset it. It is a matter of his selecting and, by all that implies, of changing "real" life as he goes. With each word he writes, he acts — as literally and methodically as if he hacked his way through a forest and blazed it for the word that follows. He makes choices at the explicit demand of this one present story; each choice implies, explains, limits the next, and illuminates the one before. No two stories ever go the same way, though in different hands one story might possibly go any one of a thousand ways; and though the woods may look the same from outside, it's a new and different labyrinth every time. What tells the author his way? Nothing at all but what he knows inside himself; the same thing that hints to him afterward how far he has missed it; how near he may have come to the heart of it. In a working sense, the novel and its place have become one: work has made them, for the time being, the same thing, like the explorer's tentative map of the known world.

The reason why every word you write in a good novel is a lie, then, is that it is written expressly to serve

the purpose; if it doesn't apply, it is fancy and frivolous, however specially dear to the writer's heart. Actuality, it's true, is an even bigger risk to the novel than fancy writing is, being frequently even more confusing, irrelevant, diluted, and generally far-fetched than ill-chosen words can make it. Yet somehow, the world of appearance in the novel has got to *seem* actuality. Is there a reliable solution to the problem? Place being brought to life in the round before the reader's eye is the readiest and gentlest and most honest and natural way this can be brought about, I think; every instinct advises it. The moment the place in which the novel happens is accepted as true, through it will begin to glow in a kind of recognizable glory the feeling and thought that inhabited the novel in the author's head and animated the whole of his work.

BESIDES FURNISHING A plausible abode for the novel's world of feeling, Place has a good deal to do with making the characters real, that is, themselves, and keeping them so. The reason is simply that, as Tristram Shandy observed, "We are not made of glass, as characters on Mercury might be." Place *can* be transparent, or translucent: not people. In real life, we have to express the things plainest and closest to our minds by the clumsy word and the half-finished gesture; the chances are our most usual behavior makes sense only in a kind of daily way, because it has become familiar to our nearest and dearest, and demands their constant indulgence and understanding. It's our describable outside that defines us, willy nilly, to others, that may save us, or destroy us, in the world; it may be our shield against chaos, our mask against exposure; but whatever it is, the move we make in the place we live has to signify our intent and meaning. Then think how unprotected the poor character in a novel is, into whose mind the author is inviting us to look — unprotected and hence surely unbelievable! But no, the author has expressly seen to believability. Though he must know all, again he works with illusion. Just as the world of a novel is more highly selective than that of real life, so character in a novel is much more definite, less shadowy than our own, in order that we may believe in it. This isn't to say that the character's scope must be limited; it is our vision of it that is guided. It is a kind of phenomenon of writing that the likeliest character has first to be enclosed inside the bounds of even greater likelihood, or he will fly to pieces. Paradoxically, the more narrowly we can examine a fictional character, the greater he's likely to loom up. We must see him



Waiting

Eudora Welty

to scale in his proper world to know his size. Place, then, has the most delicate control over character too: by confining character, it defines it.

Place in fiction is the named, identified, concrete, exact and exacting, and therefore credible, gathering-spot of all that's been felt, is about to be experienced, in the novel's progress. Location pertains to feeling, feeling profoundly pertains to Place; Place in history partakes of feeling, as feeling about history partakes of Place. Every story would be another story, and unrecognizable as art, if it took up its characters and plot and happened somewhere else. Imagine *Swann's Way* laid in London, or *The Magic Mountain* in Spain, or *Green Mansions* in the Black Forest. The very notion of moving a novel brings ruder havoc to the mind and affections than would a century's alteration in its time. It's only too easy to conceive that a bomb that could destroy all trace of places as we know them, in life and through books, could also destroy all feelings as we know them, so irretrievably and so happily are recognition, memory, history, valor, love, all the instincts of poetry and praise, worship and endeavor, bound up in Place. From the dawn of man's imagination, Place has enshrined the spirit; as soon as man stopped wandering and stood still and looked about him, he found a god in that place; and from then on that was where the god abided, and spoke from if ever he spoke.

Feelings are bound up in Place, and in art, from time to time, Place undoubtedly works upon genius. Can anyone well explain otherwise what makes a given dot on the map come passionately alive, for good and all, in a novel — like one of those Novae that suddenly blaze with inexplicable fire in the heavens? What brought a *Wuthering Heights* out of Yorkshire, or a *Sound and the Fury* out of Mississippi?

IF PLACE DOES work upon genius, how does it? It may be that Place can focus the gigantic, voracious eye of genius, and bring its gaze to point. Focus then means awareness, discernment, order, clarity, insight — they are like the attributes of love. The act of focusing itself has beauty and meaning; it is the act that, continued in, turns into meditation, into poetry. Indeed, as soon as the least of us stands still, that's the moment something extraordinary is seen to be going on in the world. The Drama, old beyond count as it is, is no older than the first stage. Without the amphitheatre around it, to persuade the ear and bend the eye upon a point, how could poetry ever have been spoken, how have been heard? Man is articulate, and intelligible, only when he begins to communicate in-

side the strict terms of poetry and reason. Symbols in the end, both are permanent forms of the act of focusing.

Surely Place induces poetry, and when the poet is extremely attentive to what is there, a meaning may even attach to his poem out of the spot on earth where it is spoken, and the poem signify the more because it does spring so wholly out of its place and the sap has run up into it as into a tree.

But we had better confine ourselves here to prose. And then, to take the most absolutely unblatant novelist of them all, it is to hear him saying, "*Madame Bovary—c'est moi.*" And we see focusing become so intent and aware and conscious, in this most "realistic" novel of them all, as to amount to fusion. Flaubert's work is indeed of the kind that is embedded immovably as rock in the country of its birth. If, with the slicers of any old (or new) criticism at all, you were to cut down through *Madame Bovary*, its cross-section would still be the same as the cross-section of that living earth, in texture, color, composition, all; which would be no surprise to Flaubert. For such fusion always means accomplishment no less conscious than it is gigantic — effort that must exist entirely as its own reward. We all know the letter Flaubert wrote when he had just found, in the morning paper, in an account of a minister's visit to Rouen, a phrase in the Mayor's speech of welcome "which I had written the day before, textually, in my *Bovary* . . . Not only were the idea and the words the same, but even the rhythm of the style. It's things like this that give me pleasure . . . Everything one invents is true, you may be perfectly sure of that! Poetry is as precise as geometry . . . And besides, after reaching a certain point, one no longer makes any mistakes about the things of the soul. My poor *Bovary*, without a doubt, is suffering and weeping this very instant in twenty villages of France."

AND NOW THAT we've come to the writer himself, the question of Place resolves itself into the point of view. In this change-over from the objective to the subjective, wonderful and unexpected variations may occur.

Place, to the writer at work, is seen in a frame. Not an empty frame, a brimming one. Point of view is a sort of burning glass, a product of personal experience and time; it is burnished with feelings and sensibilities, charged from moment to moment with the sun-points of imagination. It is an instrument — one of intensification; it acts, it behaves, it is temperamental. We've seen that the writer must accurately choose, combine,

superimpose upon, blot out, shake up, alter the outside world for one absolute purpose, the good of his story. To do this, he is always seeing double, two pictures at once in his frame, his and the world's, a fact that he constantly comprehends; and he works best in a state of constant and subtle and unfooled reference between the two. It is his clear intention — his passion, I should say — to make the reader see only one of the pictures — the author's — under the pleasing illusion that it is the world's; this enormity is the accomplishment of a good story. I think it likely that at the moment of the writer's highest awareness of, and responsiveness to, the "real" world, his imagination's choice (and miles away it may be from actuality) comes closest to being infallible for his purpose. For the spirit of things is what's sought. No blur of inexactness, no cloud of vagueness, is allowable in good writing; from the first seeing to the last putting down, there must be steady lucidity and uncompromise of purpose. (I speak, of course, of the ideal.)

One of the most important things the young writer comes to see for himself is that point of view is an instrument, not an end in itself, that it is useful as a glass, and not as a mirror to reflect a dear and pensive face. Conscientiously used, point of view will discover, explore, see through — it may sometimes divine and prophesy. Misused, it turns opaque almost at once and gets in the way of the book. And when the good novel is finished, its cooled outside shape, what Sean O'Faolain has called "the veil of reality," has all the burden of communicating that initial, spontaneous, overwhelming, driving charge of personal inner feeling that was the novel's reason for being. The measure of this representation of life corresponds most tellingly with the novel's life-expectancy: whenever its world of outside appearance grows dim or false to the eye, the novel has expired.

Establishing a chink-proof world of appearance is not only the first responsibility of the writer; it is the primary step in the technique of every sort of fiction: lyric and romantic, of course; the "realistic," it goes without saying; and other sorts as well. Fantasy itself must touch ground with at least one toe, and ghost stories must have one foot, so to speak, in the grave. The black, squat, hairy ghosts of M. R. James come right out of Cambridge. Only fantasy's stepchild, poor science-fiction, doesn't touch earth anywhere; and it's doubtful already if happenings entirely confined to outer space are ever going to move us, or even divert us for long. Satire, engaged in its most intellectual of exercises, must first of all establish an impeccable *locus operandi*; its premise is the kingdom where certain rules apply. The countries Gulliver

visits are the systems of thought and learning he satirizes made visible one after the other and set in operation. But while Place in satire is a purely artificial construction, set up to be knocked down, in humor Place becomes its most revealing and at the same time is itself the most revealed. This is because humor, it seems to me, of all forms of fiction, entirely accepts Place for what it is.

"SPOTTED HORSES," BY William Faulkner, is a good case in point. At the same time this is just about Mr. Faulkner's funniest story, it's the most thorough and faithful picture of a Mississippi crossroads hamlet that you could ever hope to see. True in spirit, it is also true to everyday fact. Faulkner's art, which often lets him shoot the moon, tells him when to be literal too. In all its specification of detail, both mundane and poetic, in its complete adherence to social fact (which nobody knows better than Faulkner, surely, in writing today), by its unerring aim of observation as true as the sights of a gun would give, but Faulkner has no malice, only compassion; and even and also in the joy of those elements of harlequinade-fantasy that the spotted horses of the title bring in — in all that shining fidelity to Place lies the heart and secret of this tale's comic glory.

Faulkner is, of course, the triumphant example in America today of the mastery of Place in fiction. Yoknapatawpha County, so supremely and exclusively and majestically and totally itself, is an everywhere, but only because Faulkner's first concern is for what comes first — Yoknapatawpha, his own created world. I'm not sure, as a Mississippian myself, how widely it's realized and appreciated that these works of such marvelous imaginative power can also stand as works of the carefulest and purest representation. Heightened, of course: their specialty is they're twice as true as life, and that's why it takes a genius to write them. "Spotted Horses" may not have happened yet; if it had, some others might have tried to make a story of it; but "Spotted Horses" could happen tomorrow — that's one of its glories. It could happen today or tomorrow at any little crossroads hamlet in Mississippi; the whole combination of irresistibility is there. We've got the Snopses ready, the Mrs. Littlejohns ready, nice Ratliff and the Judge ready and sighing, the clowns, sober and merry, settled for the evening retrospection of it in the cool dusk of the porch; and the Henry Armstids armed with their obsessions, the little periwinkle-eyed boys armed with their indestructibility; the beautiful, overweening spring, too, the moonlight on the pear trees from which the mockingbird's song

keeps returning; and the little store and the fat boy to steal and steal away at its candy. There are undoubtedly spotted horses too, in the offing — somewhere in Texas this minute, straining toward the day. After Faulkner's told it, it's easy for one and all to look back and see it.

Faulkner, simply, knew it already; it's a different kind of knowledge from Flaubert's, and proof couldn't add much to it. He was born knowing, or rather learning, or rather prophesying, all that and more; and having it all together at one time available while he writes is one of the marks of his mind. If there is any more in Mississippi that is engaged and dilated upon and made twice as real as it used to be and applies now to the world, than there is in the one story "Spotted Horses," then we would almost rather not know it — but I don't bet a piece of store candy that there is. In Faulkner's humor, even more measurably than in his tragedy, it's all there.

It may be going too far to say that the exactness and concreteness and solidity of the real world achieved in a story correspond to the intensity of feeling in the author's mind and to the very turn of his heart; but there lies the secret of our confidence in him.

Making reality real is art's responsibility. It's a practical assignment, then, a self-assignment to achieve, by a cultivated sensitivity for observing life, a capacity for receiving its impressions, a lonely, unrelenting, unaided, unaidable vision, and transferring this vision without distortion to it onto the pages of a novel, where, if the reader is so persuaded, it will turn into the reader's illusion. How bent on this peculiar job we are, reader and writer, willingly to practice, willingly to undergo, this alchemy for it!

What is there, then, about Place that is transferrable to the pages of a novel? The best things — the explicit things: physical texture. And as Place has functioned between the writer and his material, so it functions between the writer and reader. Location is the ground-conductor of all the currents of emotion and belief and moral conviction that charge out from the story in its course. These charges need the warm hard earth underfoot, the light and lift of air, the stir and play of mood, the softening bath of atmosphere that gives the likeness-to-life that life needs. Through the story's translation and ordering of life, the unconvincing raw material becomes the very heart's familiar. Life *is* strange. Stories hardly make it more so; with all they are able to tell and surmise, they make it more believably, more inevitably so.

II

I THINK THE sense of Place is as essential to good and honest writing as a logical mind; surely they are somewhere related. It is by knowing where you stand that you grow able to judge where you are. Place absorbs our earliest notice and attention, it bestows on us our original awareness; and our critical powers spring up from the study of it and the growth of experience inside it. It perseveres in bringing us back to earth when we fly too high. It never really stops informing us, for it is forever astir, alive, changing, reflecting, like the mind of man itself. One place comprehended can make us understand other places better. Sense of place gives equilibrium; extended, it is sense of direction too. Carried off we might be in spirit, and should be, when we are reading or writing something good; but it's the sense of Place going with us still that's the ball of golden thread to carry us there and back and in every sense of the word to bring us home.

What can Place not give? Theme. It can present theme, show it to the last detail — but Place is forever illustrative: it's a picture of what man has done and imagined, it is his visible past, result. Human life is fiction's only theme.

Novels that are written about Place for its own sake are a little the fashion now. They are not very good, and are mentioned here because they represent the opposite use of Place from that I've tried to describe. Place applied to for the sake of its surface excitement gives a sort of second-hand glamor to what we might call the Isle of Capri novel, but it gives no authority to it. If these novels are showy and vulgar underneath, it's because they've been vulgarly felt. Drifters write them, and while some drifters may be talented with words, drifting is not an emotion, and can scarcely provide a theme not statable in two words ("I'm drifting.") Restlessness is a different matter, a serious one; but even so it's only an intimation of feeling, or perhaps the first step toward or away from it; it's not the thing itself. Being on the move is no substitute for feeling. Nothing is. And no love or insight can be at work in a shifting and never-defined position, where eye, mind and heart have never willingly focused on a steadying point.

Surely books suffer as people do, from the ailment of lack of base of reference. It comes out in a novel as uncertainty about what the characters really think or mean, ambiguity about what they do or fail to do or as a queer haphazardness in the novel's shape or form. The trouble is, of course, that if a character has no established world to operate in, no known set of



Windsor In The River Country Near Grand Gulf

Eudora Welty

standards to struggle within or against, then whatever disaster may befall, there is no crisis; and although the problem is a moral one, the crisis is an artistic one. The artistic failure is the more certainly fatal, and when sensation rushes in to try to fill the vacuum, the novel takes on the strange consistency of gas, lurid, telltale and soporific. This is allowed to happen, usually, without the author's taking any responsibility for it. "How can *I* say what this is all about?" he seems to be remarking as he passes through. "*I* just write here."

When we write a novel out of the saturation of Place, we have more to draw on than we know, but when we write with no roots struck down, we will have to be exploiters snatching the first things that glitter on top, and trying to be the first one there, too, or these will be gone. In the end we will have only ourselves — unfixed, unconnected, and not so much sensitive to the world as vulnerable to it. We've flown straight out of detachment by denying attachment. Didn't we know these things are too inextricably connected — and to the heart, too — to try to tamper with — as closely perhaps as love and hate?

The bad novel of today is unhappily like the tale told to the analyst. It is not communication, it is confession — often of nothing more than some mild weakness. It's self-absorbed, self-indulgent, too often self-pitying. And it's dull.

Surely what's indicated is for us not to confess ourselves, but to commit ourselves. Only when the best writer on earth is ready and willing, and of course able, to commit himself to his subject can he truly know it — that is, absorb it, embrace it in his mind, take it to his heart, speak it in plain words. This has to be done. As in the experience of our deepest hearts we make no surrender, so in good literature we give and expect no quarter, no compromise. That very sternness is the source of joy.

SHOULD THE WRITER, then, write about home? It is both natural and sensible that the place where we have our roots should become the setting, the first and primary proving-ground, of our fiction. Location, however, is not simply to be used by the writer — it is to be discovered, as each novel itself, in the act of writing, is discovery. Discovery doesn't imply that the place is new, only that we are. Place is as old as the hills. Kilroy at least has been there, and left his name. Discovery, not being a matter of writing our name on a wall, but of seeing what that wall is, and what's over it, is a matter of vision.

One can no more say, To write stay home, than

one can say, To write leave home. It is the writing that makes its own rules and conditions for each person. And though Place is home, it is for the writer writing simply *locus*. It's where the particular story he writes can be pinned down, the circle it can spin through and keep the state of grace, so that for the story's duration the rest of the world suspends its claim upon it and lies low, as the story in peaceful extension, the *locus* fading off into the blue.

Naturally, it is the very breath of life, whether one writes a word of fiction or not, to go out and see what's to be seen of the world. For the artist to be unwilling to move, mentally or spiritually or physically, out of the familiar is a sign that spiritual timidity or poverty or decay has come upon him; for what is familiar will then have turned into all that's tyrannical.

One can only say: writers must always write best of what they know, and sometimes they do it by staying where they know it. But not for safety's sake. Although it's in the words of a witch — or all the more because of that — a comment of Hecate's in *Macbeth* is worth our heed: "Security is mortal's chiefest enemy." In fact, when we think in terms of the spirit, which are the terms of writing, is there a conception more stupefying than that of security? Yet writing of what you know has nothing to do with security: what is more dangerous? How can you go out on a limb, if you don't know your own tree? No art ever came out of not risking your neck. And risk — experiment — is a considerable part of the joy of doing, which is the lone, simple reason all writers of serious fiction are willing to work as hard as they do.

The open mind and the receptive heart — which are at last and with fortune's smile the informed mind and the experienced heart — are to be gained anywhere, any time, without necessarily moving an inch from any present address. There must surely be as many ways of seeing a place as there are pairs of eyes to see it. The impact happens in so many different ways.

IT MAY BE the stranger within the gates whose eye is smitten by the crucial things, the essence of life, the moment or act in our long-familiar midst that will forever define it. The inhabitant who has taken his fill of a place and gone away may look back and see it for good, from afar, still there in his mind's eye like a city over the hill. It was in the New Zealand stories, written 11,000 miles from home and out of homesickness that Katherine Mansfield came into her own. Joyce transplanted not his subject but himself while

writing about it, and it was as though he had never left it at all: there it was, still in his eye, exactly the way he had last seen it. From the Continent he wrote the life of Dublin as it was then into a book of the future, for he went translating his own language of it on and on into a country of its own, where it set up a kingdom as renowned as Prester John's. Sometimes two places, two countries, are brought to bear on each other, as in E. M. Forster's work, and the heart of the novel is heard beating most plainly, most passionately, most personally, when two places are at meeting point.

There may come to be new places in our lives that are second spiritual homes — closer to us in some ways, perhaps, than our original homes. But the home tie is the blood tie. And had it meant nothing to us, any other place thereafter would have meant less, and we would carry no compass inside ourselves to find home ever, anywhere at all. We would not even have guessed what we had missed.

It's noticeable that those writers who for their own good reasons push out against their backgrounds nearly always passionately adopt the new one in their work. Revolt itself is a reference and tribute to the potency of what's left behind. The substitute place, the adopted country, is sometimes a very much stricter, bolder, or harsher one than the original, seldom more lax or undemanding — showing that what was wanted was structure, definition, rigidity — perhaps these were wanted, and understanding was not.

Hemingway in our time has sought out the formal and ruthless territories of the world, archaic ones often, where there are bull fight arenas, theatres of hunting and war, places with a primitive, or formidable, stripped-down character, with implacable codes, with inscrutable justices, and inevitable retributions. But whatever the scene of his work, it is the *places* that never are hostile. People give pain, are callous and insensitive, empty and cruel, carrying with them no pasts as they promise no futures. But place heals the hurt, soothes the outrage, fills the terrible vacuum that these human beings make. It heals actively, and the response is given consciously, with the ardent care and explicitness, respect and delight, of a lover, when fishing streams or naming over streets becomes almost something of the lover's secret language — as the careful conversations between characters in Hemingway bear hints of the secret language of hate. The response to place has the added intensity that comes with the place's not being native or taken for granted, but found, chosen; thereby is the rest more heavily repudiated. It is the response of the *aficionado*; the response, too, is adopted. The title "A Clean Well

Lighted Place" is just what the human being is not, for Hemingway, and perhaps it's the epitome of what man would like to find in his fellow man but never has yet, says the author, and never is going to.

WE SEE THAT point of view is hardly a single, unalterable vision, but a profound and developing one of great complexity. The vision itself may move in and out of its material, shuttle-fashion, instead of being simply turned on it, like a telescope on the Moon. Writing is an expression of the writer's own peculiar personality, could not help being so. Yet in reading great works one feels that the finished piece transcends the personal. All writers great and small must sometimes have felt that they have become part of what they wrote even more than it still remains a part of them.

When I speak of writing from where you have put down roots, it may be said that what I urge is "regional" writing. "Regional," I think, is a careless term, as well as a condescending one, because what it does is fail to differentiate between the localized raw material of life and its outcome as art. "Regional" is an outsider's term, it has no meaning for the insider who is doing the writing, because as far as he knows he is simply writing about life. Jane Austen, Emily Bronte, Thomas Hardy, Cervantes, Turgenev, the authors of the books of the Old Testament, all confined themselves to regions, great or small, but are they regional? Then who from the start of time has not been so?

It may well be said that all work springing out of such vital impulse from its native soil has certain things in common. But what signifies is that these are not the little things that it takes a fine-tooth critic to search out, but the great things, that could not be missed or mistaken, for they are the beacon lights of literature.

It seems that the art that speaks most clearly, most explicitly, directly, and passionately from its place of origin will remain the longest understood. It is through Place that we put out roots, wherever birth, chance, fate, or our traveling selves set us down; but where those roots reach toward — whether in America, England, or Timbuctu — is the deep and running vein, eternal and consistent and everywhere purely itself — that feeds and is fed by the human understanding. The challenge to writers today, I think, is not to disown any part of our heritage. Whatever our theme in writing, it is old and tried. Whatever our place, it has been visited by the stranger, it will never be new again. It is only the vision that can be new; but that is enough.

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HALF THE PEOPLE IN FOX HILL

MOE ROUNTREE TWISTED his body in the saddle so that he could see the man who was obviously surveying the Rountrees' back pasture. Then he booted the mouse-gray mare and cantered up within hollering distance of the intruder.

"What you doin' here? Hey, what you lookin' over my property for like that? We don't mind visitors. We just don't want nobody pokin' around the place," the gnarled gnome-looking man in the saddle shouted.

The surveying man kept on looking, kept on bending his knees, hunching down uncomfortably, keeping his pants legs from the dirt, keeping his suit and himself clean from the dirt.

Moe rode up closer and stopped. His face folded into wrinkles as he spoke pleasantly but briskly to the grounded man. "Moses Rountree's the name. Been livin' here sixty-seven years come summer. Nice place. Needs fixin' up sumpin' bad, though." And then with a twinge of suspicion he added, "Say, what do you want?"

The crouched body unfolded, the suit stood tall and spoke measured clear words. "I'm Paul Monroe representing the Armistead Real Estate Company in Hampton. You've heard of us, haven't you? I think that our company has sent you several letters of a more or less, uh, persuasive nature. They weren't answered, though, and I was sent to talk with you personally. Mr. Rountree, I guess you are aware of the fine real estate value your property holds. There's not a site on the whole Virginia Peninsula that can beat that view over there behind this pasture." And he pointed to the view that would show itself if you passed through the half-tilled green-sprinkled earth, down by the oaks, past the oaks, and finally to the pine forest.

While this surveying man talked on Moe appeared to be listening. But he was really looking past the spot that the surveying man had pointed out and he was beginning to recall what lay there — things that this other man could not see.

He thought of the still smell of things stirring about, the forest and the forest falling into the swamp.

And over all this fusion of swamp-forest smell there would come the approaching tang of salt air. Even the pine trees. He could feel them growing almost, one ring after another, one season's needles burying last season's cones. He could walk through it all and then stand on the sand dunes and look out at the bay. The spray, sea gulls, crab pots floating out by the long poles stuck in the water. And these images came to his mind: On these poles next week's wages for half the people in Fox Hill are hanging. Fish nets on stakes will bring fish for the Saturday night fries, nights when the whole village will gather to talk sometimes of new things in the world but mostly to square dance or to eat fish or crack open oysters and clams or to love a pretty girl. These nights before the Sundays when everybody goes to church past the mail boxes marked alternately Rountree, Clark, or maybe Routten, Johnson, or Forrest. Always Rountree, though. And his mind went past the Methodist Church that held these families every Sunday in its pews and the school house next door that taught the children until they were big enough to go into town to the high school or better yet until they learned to use the plow or the fishing line or needle and cloth. It was the Sunday afternoons that brought riders on well-led mares, and chestnut geldings, galloping down the beaches, then pushing through the brush and thickets in the woods. Sometimes Saturdays would bring fox hunts. Then Sunday and the horses had the day to themselves, the stillness walked out of their legs. Then they would be flocked out to pasture and the men would putter about the hounds, worrying about bran and alfalfa mix. Sunday evenings the women would sing or play the piano or listen for their children and the crickets in the yard. And always the lightning bugs would swarm and the children would shriek and squeal and go to bed. And Monday would come and barnacled fishing boats would shove off from the beach, haul in the fish, come home, go out again on Tuesday. Some days women would crowd at the beach, fearing death. They would clutch their tarpaulins around themselves and their children, who must watch too. And they would scream to each other

through the thrashing wind and rain. The boats would finally come in. Men with calm, soft-hard faces would tie the boats to the beach as securely as they could against the hurricane tides and go home with their children and wives. Later, tarpaulins would hang on clothes lines to dry and maybe a wreath would hang on a door. The new sun would come out and the earth turned out to the sun and plants turned into the earth. And the village grew.

Even in his mind he could stand on the sand dunes and see all this — think all this. He could walk his mind back through his pasture, through pines and oaks. Now, at this moment, he could see a man standing below him, who was still speaking.

"... and of course that's why. So you see, Mr. Rountree, this offer would be well worth your considering. You have in your hands both the power to come out handsomely on this deal and to help out your town by modernizing it. And I repeat—we cannot think of buying other lots for our project unless we can use yours, which is the one we plan to build our most exclusive homes around. It's a grand opportunity, Mr. Rountree. Think it over, Mr. Rountree."

Moe felt a little like spitting on the ground. But he was too polite. He only said, "I'll talk to my son and see what he says. You can have my answer next Saturday, I think."

Moe knew what his son would say and Moe knew his own answer already, as he had known all along. But he would oblige this man at least by asking, if it would get rid of him. "Come next Saturday, then," Moe said and he turned the mare with the flap of a rein and rode off towards the barn.

THEY SAT ON beds made up as sofas — Moe and his son Buck. Buck twisted the bright blue muslin cover in his hands and his feet stepped up and down, although he was not walking. Some hope, some futility, mostly tired resignedness showed on his face. He was not making his point clear because his father talked in his calm, yet insistent voice. Moses did not twist about like Buck, he only kept on saying, "Buck, Buck boy, I tell you it won't be no good. City dwellings will spoil our fun. They'll run over our beaches with them boardwalks like a few miles down the road at Buckroe Beach. They'll put up a big bank and a big fire station and the Lord knows who-all won't be comin' in here to rob the bank and some silly woman'll burn up her house. They'll have you'n' me waiting on them town folks and your own wife'd probably have to take in their wash. Say son, can't you think what them speed boats'd do to our nets over in the water

yonder. You know how long it takes to patch one of them things. We'd be spending all our dancing time mending string. Don't that sound like a fine way to live? Don't that sound like Hell to you son — it does to me. How about your kids. They'd be shoved all over the town, not even thought of by them rich kids. I can see your Skippy now. Skippy leading his pony with a little prissed-up party dress giggling up on top of him. That pony'd bolt, for sure. That — oh son, can't you see? I don't really hate them city ones. I might even like 'em. But they ain't no good for us, they ain't, I know it's so. I know it." And Moe fell against the wall and his calm look left him. He was sure of what he had said and his intense body, his jagged mouth showed it.

"I see Moe," Buck muttered more out of respect than anything else. But he lolled on the bed before he spoke further. And his eyes took in the linoleum on the living room floor, the jagged rock fireplace, the coal stove in the kitchen smoking up the yellow walls. They saw children's clothes, his children's, drying on a rack in front of the stove. They saw his wife listening and podding peas at the same time over the sink, the sink he had installed. Buck looked at his hands that were rough like Moe's. He wanted to speak. He couldn't. He had to wait for the silence to clear up what Moe had said. And then deliberately he spoke, with his mouth and with his body. "Moe," he said, "Man, I can't see any future to this." And he waved his arm in front of him, meaning to encompass the living room, the house, and the village in which it was built. "No future at all. And it would surprise you the number of others my age who feel the same way. We know it's coming and you know it's coming. I want it. You don't. If it's coming sooner or later why don't we sell out now while we can get a high price? Even now they're makin' that new Military Highway which just about touches us on one side, so as to connect Langley Base and Fort Monroe. Think of the business we'd get if we sold out this land and bought us a lot and set up a great big super-market. I'm tired of running that screened-in joint down the road there. Nobody has nothing but good credit. How're you going to live? How're my children going to live? They already want to go in town more'n I ever set foot in a year. Moe, It's got to come, it has!"

Moe heard all this, and he knew long ago that his son thought this way. Still he loved his son and he loved his people. Calm again. Very quietly this time he said in finality. "Son, we've heard both sides. I know your case and you know mine. But the thing is, I own this land and I'm keeping it. When I die it's yours and your people's. Let me have it now."

The son got up off the bed. He understood. He wandered back into the kitchen and slipped his arm around his woman's waist. "Moe's keeping the land," he said.

"I know. That's all right," she answered, "He'll love it more than we will."

AFTER THAT FRIDAY night came Saturday and the fox hunt. And after that Moe invited the whole village to his property for an evening oyster roast. And the whole village came. They spread themselves about the lawns. Down by the biggest oak tree a fire blazed and warmed women scurried about, providing bowls of butter and catsup, salt and pepper. Then talking men, clothed in breeches, laced boots, and thick, long-sleeved T-shirts moved towards the fire. Hungry, tired men from the chase. They smelled of horses and sweat but nobody cared. Over in the pastures their horses roamed about nibbling grass at their will, gazing occasionally at the festivities.

The men were swaggering and joking and trying to make amends to the women for coming home without a foxtail. They complained about a Mr. Simpson. One shriveled-up old man, Edward Johnson, cracked open an oyster and between mouthfuls explained to the women, "That ol' man Simpson. Ever seen him around? Well, he owns that farm way over by Wind Mill Point. Almost into Hampton. Gol dingy, he got himself all sore at us riders. We was chasing after the biggest bush you ever seen, big ol' terrified fox, and what'd the fox do but lead us right up to ol' man Simpson's house. We even had to jump his pig's trough. Well, he came roarin' and rarin' out of his house yellin' for us to stop. Nat'rally we stopped to see what the ol' man had on his mind. I never heard no more high-pitched screamin' than that man was doin' in my life. He hollered, and if you'll pardon me ladies, 'Git the Hell off my property. This is private and I don't want you trespassers spoiling my land. My wife is upstairs sick, my wife is sick, I tell you. So get the Hell out of here and don't come back again, when

are people going to learn?' We all looked as surprised as we could and we asked ol' man Simpson what we could do for his wife and he screamed back at us like before, 'You can get the Hell off my property, that's what you can do. Stay away.' Course by that time we'd lost the fox and so we cleared off ol' man Simpson's property and took a pleasure ride down the beach. Rode all way down to Buckroe Beach to see them nude bathers wan'ring about, burning in the sun. Galloped back fast as we could though. So you ladies, don't blame us for havin' no bush for you. Blame old man Simpson."

And he cackled a good bit over his story and the other men all became occupied with telling their versions of the incident. The women and girls still ate and still helped the men eat. Soon, however, the girls were ready to dance in the clearing by the barn. All the while, old folks were watching everything. And they saw Moe Rountree slip down by the barn to see what a man in a suit wanted. After talking for a while the man shook Moe's hand but then shook his head as if he were mighty sorry about something and then drove off in his car.

Moe walked back to his group. They were still talking about Mr. Simpson. But they were getting tired of it. One of them yelled out to Moe, "Hey, Moses Rountree, where's that fiddle of yours. We need the music to keep us from getting bedded down in this oyster bed here you made for us. Play it, Moe, go on. We sure need it."

Moe took up his fiddle and played while his son and his wife, and their friends ran down to the barn and formed sets and began dancing. And the children still ran round catching lightning bugs and squealing. One little girl gave a big lightning bug to Moe. He squeezed her hand and tucked her up on his knees calling at the same time to the dancers, "And promenade around the ring. Anywhere, I don't care. Take your partner and give her some air. Intermission, everybody." The little girl squirmed down soon and ran back to her friends. They found some more bugs. And the night went on like that.





Sea Forms

Joan Fincher

Connie Mueller *is a senior who will depart in June with an A.B. in English. She writes here of muted human suffering—the empathetic existence of a man in the outer fringes of the world of physical pain, where only the remembrance of past pleasure and the love of beauty hold the present in precarious balance.*

THE IVORY STAR

THE WHITE IRON bed would be there when he got home, shining like bleached bones in the darkening room. The mattress would be rolled down as it always was after six o'clock, the sheets pulled up stiffly from the foot of it. She would be there, a slight apologetic disturbance of the bed—which rose and fell, and rose and fell again, almost imperceptibly with her breath. She would be staring at the reflections of headlights against the high ceiling. When the automobiles rounded the summit, their lights briefly threw distorted shadows of the window panes and curtains against the far wall before they disappeared down the winding hill. They came and vanished silently, for the flat sounds of rubber against contracted asphalt could not penetrate the tightly closed house. He would enter the room and sit on his bed, placed at a decent distance from the iron one. He would stare at her jutting profile, and she would whisper and her voice would come to him like thin broken china. But she would not look at him, for she had finally lost the ability to turn her head. If he were sober, he would talk to her from his bed for a while; otherwise, he would lie on his back thinking of other things until he was sure that the whiskey would not make him sick. Then, when the sweet saline taste went down his throat, he would undress, trying not to lurch against the medicine table as he stepped out of his clothes and went to hang them over a chair. He would ask her with a furry, gentle voice, "Do you want anything before I turn in, Puss?" and get in bed without hearing her negative reply, for it was always the same. The sheets would wrinkle drily, as he slid his legs down into their chalky darkness. He would breathe heavily, smelling the dryness and sterile antiseptic of the room, wishing that the window could be opened. At ten-thirty, Mrs. Brincoc would come from her room to put a syringe in the woman's arm, searching first for a patch of skin not tender from previous injections. If he were in bed, she would close the house for the night and turn on the night lamp by the bedroom door.

IT WAS A meshwork of days, thousands of them strung end on end and jammed together into a tight ball which enclosed him, which would never break, as a god or a vision is shattered into countless fragments until one must wonder what it was when it was all of a piece. He was tired now, for he had been walking for a long time it seemed, and the warm numbness in his legs was almost gone. He had realized that he was lost with the queer disbelief of the city-dweller, and had been wandering in giddy fear through twisted streets and alleys in the old part of the city, thinking that if he walked far enough he would come to a familiar intersection. He leaned up against the blackened brick of a warehouse and fastened his collar button and tightened the knot in his tie. The street sign was meaningless, and he turned to go down a side street when he heard the clattering of a car on the cobblestones. It was a taxi and he hailed it. The leather seat was cold and dirty, but he sprawled loosely on it, giving the driver his address and resting his head on a side window smeared with grease from numberless other weary or reeling heads. When he saw the fare marker go down and heard the ticking of the meter, he looked at his watch. It was almost nine-thirty, and he was glad he had told them that morning that he was going to stay in town for supper. They knew, of course, when the dish slipped from his hands, and smashed on the floor into a splintery pattern of rubies, and his wife had cried. Mrs. Brincoc's lips had tightened visibly and her hands clenched rather than grasped the vase which she meant to take to the kitchen to refill. And again, he had felt the old shame mingled with anger, and he had jerked his head up, as if his collar were too tight. His wife looked at Mrs. Brincoc, who stood at the foot of the bed, and a querulous, moist smile flickered across her bony face. He turned in quick horror from the smiling woman, and his hands were hard knots driving deep into his overcoat pockets. After he had left the office that evening, he had not gone to supper.

But the house awaited his return in the night. He sometimes thought that he had lived his entire

life in that room, clutching at the memorabilia of dead days, dusty glass figurines on the library shelf and old family portraits, their subjects stiffly smiling down from the walls. He had been born in the house, when it was the last refuge of gentility in Walbrook before the invasion of the city people had made the town into a suburban area. It had been built near the turn of the century, a three-storied triumph of turrets, false columns and gazebos, with heavy dark furnishings, a house which stared ponderously at the town from its summit and was the envious pride of Walbrook's respectable society. Until he had gone away to school, he had lived in the white clapboard house, and he sometimes thought of the warm and lovely evenings when he had sat with his father on the porch, looking at the wide, glimmering lawn, ending in a profusion of flowers, and then the well-tended boxwood, beyond which ran the Walbrook road. They talked, and then fell quiet as the night music began.

Later, when he was in Cambridge, his father had died and a caretaker had indifferently tended the lawn, and when he had come back, he had found it choked with crabgrass. Despite sporadic efforts by the man, it had never been as he remembered it on the long summer evenings of his boyhood. The garden was now a tangle of brown dirty vines which he no longer saw because the remembrance was painful.

He had brought his bride home to the house and they had assured each other that they would keep the house in the family, that they would give it children to fill the great square rooms. Later, however, they had converted the house into three apartments and moved the dark and ugly furniture to the second floor, renting out the rest of the house in order to be able to cover increasing medical expenses. For a while, he had made his own bedroom next to that of his sick wife. But when her voice had become a dry whisper, scarcely audible outside the confines of the room, he had been advised that there should always be someone beside her, to raise her body so that the coughing would subside. He had moved back into his wife's room and hired a practical nurse to live in what had been his own room. Since then, except for having occasionally dulled his senses with whiskey, everyone said that he had been a gentleman like his father.

HE REALIZED THAT the driver was speaking to him. "A lot of cabbies won't pick up passengers down this far after dark. You're lucky to get a ride."

"Yes," he answered. He locked his hands and put

them under his chin as if he were praying, feeling the last of the dizziness ebb away from him. Somewhere a star splintered, he thought, and I knew that I had been in a dark forest all along, and then I remembered that it had all happened before, years before, when I was young and virile. And I could not know that I had wedded death who spread her hair on the pillow before me, estranging me from the living, for it was beautiful to watch her sleeping face in the early morning moments. We found the dish in Virginia on our first trip, and she put it in her suitcase without unwrapping it. The air was cool that night and I remember that she whispered and said turn over to me and she was beautiful to my hands that October night. It didn't slip from these hands today and she knew and in that instant something good happened to me, alive and good.

The cab stopped at a light and the man said, "You might as well let me out here. I've got to pick up a couple of things before I go home."

The driver glanced over his shoulder in surprise. "I can wait for you, if you'd like," he said.

"No, that's all right. Here, keep it." The sidewalk was gritty under his feet and littered with the refuse of the temporary people who filled it day and night. He was on the upper part of the street, walled in by cheap haberdashery stores whose swart-visaged proprietors stood outside their entrances by day and beckoned their customers, or stood and looked at the flow of traffic, or talked for a few tired moments to the corner policeman. Further down the street, advertising signs glared against the pavement in garish frenzy and on the lidless eyes of the transient people. He began to walk, and he smelled the rich, greasy odor of cheap foods and stale beer, and heard the thin report of a rifle from a shooting gallery. Music jangled from the entrance to an all-night theatre. Further down were the after-hours bottle clubs, and the thin dissonance of a piano, drum, and clarinet, played by three bored musicians, lured in the early crowd. The man saw that the street was tawdry and sordid, but he drew the ugliness into himself. When he passed the clubs, he continued to walk. He walked until the thick yellow smell of oil from the bay was distinguishable. Far down at the end of the street, the black water slapped soundlessly at filthy docks, and there was no sound but the soft sound of the deep black water, with its overlying yellow smear of oil, slapping with slow insistence at its harbor. At length, he paused. He was before a large window which exposed a warehouse covered with tapestries, with massive chandeliers hanging hugely from the ceiling. An auction was in progress, and the man looked in the window

curiously. The auction was a nightly enterprise, calculated to draw the tourists and bargain-hunters. Daily, trucks arrived from New York, and were unloaded of oriental rugs, furniture, or silver, the manufacturers' labels of which were neatly snipped off. The customers were seated in purple plush theatre seats of an older era, the bases of which were painted gold and screwed into the platform. In front of the patrons stood a florid-faced man with fleshy cheeks and a pouting mouth. He spoke rapidly and loudly in what might have been an English accent, and punctuated his oratory with heavy blows of a gavel on the desk before him. The man looked in the window intently for several more minutes, in spite of himself, and then he entered the door and found a seat on the side aisle. He glanced over at the shelves and packing crates and saw that the display tables were covered with china and statuettes. Wedgewood and grotesque jade carvings were jumbled together with bone china and Japanese ivories on green felt display tables. The auctioneer was pulling at his blue serge lapels, and his face was red and perspiring. He wheedled, cajoled, and smiled ingratiatingly at the crowd, and opened the bidding for a jade letter knife. The bidding rose to a crescendo and was concluded with the excited squeals of the woman behind him who purchased the piece and made it known that it was to be a wedding gift to her friend. The man's mouth was tight and dry as he looked at the people seated around him. I know you, he thought, for you are the dispossessed who buy love with a gilt and would have immortality with a tombstone. And then you will sit between the two of them, and they will mock you until the ashes are bitter in your mouth. Love and immortality are red splinters of glass, swept out the best forgotten by fools, leaving only the cold wind at our backs in a thousand windy streets.

HE ROSE TO leave when an ivory statuette was placed on the table. It was a fine Japanese carving of a young woman, with a gentle and nubile slimness. The man saw the statue and resumed his seat. There was an unearthly emotional detachment and suspension of time in the figure. His voice was clean when he opened the bid, and he was surprised to find his palms wet. He rubbed them against his overcoat.

Twice he had to outbid a woman in front of him, but he did so decisively, only half questioning the thing he was doing, because his heart was beating hard in his chest. He was confused and nervous when he paid for the statue, and he awkwardly insisted on taking it with him without waiting for it to be put in its sandalwood box.

He left the auction gallery with the statue under his arm, looking at the creamy stillness of the face, the motionless, timeless attitude of the hands and the subtle folds of the kimono which almost reached the base of the statuette. He held it tenderly during the taxi ride home, glad now that he had brought it without its box so that he could see the cool, fragile carving, shining against his dark sleeve. The cab stopped in front of his house, and the man paid the driver. The midnight moon was bright on the white clapboard, throwing small mottled shadows against the house where the paint was beginning to peel, or where dirt had been splashed up against the lower boards of the house by the rain, and had become a dry, clinging dust which had been spattered but not washed away by subsequent rains. He walked up to the deeply shadowed porch and unlocked the door to the main hall, and he breathed deeply of the sterile, dry air. He felt his way to the closet and hung up his coat, then walked upstairs to the apartment, guided by the yellow glow of light from under the door at the top of the steps, given off by the night table lamp. He opened the door, and when he closed it behind him, he soundlessly switched off the lamp. He walked blindly to the room and stood for a moment in the doorway.

The moon cut through the window in long rays of light, and he saw the iron bed, luminous and cold in the moonlit room. He listened closely to the sound of the woman's shallow dry breathing and saw the silver light on her face, the black shadows of eye sockets and nose, the thin ridges of her forehead and cheekbones in a cloud of dark hair. She always had Mrs. Brincoe comb her hair out on the pillow before she went to sleep. He went to the library shelf and put the statue on top of it, in the place where the red candy dish had stood. Above it, but not visible in the dark, was their wedding picture. He walked over to his bed and started to undress.



Harry Jackson *sets down the paradoxical image of lonely age—the inner riches of its memory and its ultimate poverty—with a force which draws its greatest strength from a certain poetic tone. JACKSON is a sophomore who may return for special work next year or may go his own way as a writer*

OLD MAN OLD MAN

THE HOUSE STOOD on the corner across the street from the bus station. It was the only house on that side of the street. At one time, there had been others but these were torn down and replaced by an excavation which gashed the surface of black and discovered red.

It was an old brick house, three stories high and narrow-fronted with long sides which stretched into the center of the block. The six windows facing the street were unwashed and the dirt clinging to their surfaces made the yellowed window shades appear even more faded. The red of the bricks was now light rose. The steps before the porch groaned when stepped upon, and on the porch itself, which was surrounded by a sagging railing, the white paint had peeled from the wood to reveal drab gray. A sign was covered with black letters which spelled room and board. The door was warped and stuck in its frame when opened into the narrow hallway which contained the cold, damp musky smell of accumulated years. The stairway at the end of the hall rose three flights past the worn walls which were smudged with dirt and the prints of many hands. The house was quiet, as if doomed forever to be isolated from all noise, all movement.

In this quietness, an old man in a front room on the third floor stood silhouetted against the graying sky. He gazed down into the empty street where there were no hurrying figures, no sounds of falling, clicking footsteps. He frowned and searched. Then his gaze shifted across the street to the bus station and here it rested. He squinted his eyes to stare through the windows, one small and dirty, the other large and clean, into the lighted room where the people waited; and on the first row of shining benches he could see the figures of a boy and girl. He did not really know, but he imagined that they were young and that as they leaned together they whispered of that secret which they thought they alone possessed. Beyond these two, there were others but his eyes failed him and he saw only blurred figures of different colors standing together; thinking as he saw, that he could hear the laughter of arrival or the soft words of departure.

Then he looked to the loading platform beside the building and saw a group of men dressed in blue uniforms. He knew that these would be the drivers of the busses. They stood together and he guessed that each of them would speak and that they would laugh together.

He stood at the window, frowning, his lips moving without sound. And he heard the swallows, the shrieks of their lonely dusk cries filling the empty street below him. He listened.

AFTER AWHILE, HE turned from the window and walked across the room, across the creaking boards, walking with the slow, trudging steps of a man who carries a strong body tired with age. He seated himself in a high-backed rocking chair, one of two which were placed on either side of the pot-bellied stove standing in a corner of the room. He did not speak at first, but soon he smiled as he leaned forward over the stove.

"Next month's my birthday. Be eighty then. Eighty years old. Now that's doing pretty good ain't it?" There were two high-backed rocking chairs in the room, one on either side of the stove. There was no fire and the air was still and cold. "I guess that's mighty old to a young fellow like you." Again he smiled as he leaned across the stove and looked into the opposite chair. "Yes, that's mighty old to a fellow like you." His eyes had once been blue but were now gray just as winter fades the sky of summer.

"Eighty years and I been a lot'a places and done a lot'a things." He paused and remembered the places and remembered the things, and he smiled. The flesh of his face was gray, was hard with deep lines which seemed to have been gouged into it, but as he smiled the lines relaxed and he was young.

"Ran away from home when I was seventeen and started work in a tobacco factory where I rolled hogsheads, big hogsheads and it was my first job and the work was hot and sweaty and cheap but I lived and had fun and I was young and strong. I didn't ask no-

body for nothing. Not a thing." The white stubble upon his face was stiff as his jaw jutted forward.

In one corner of the room, the plaster had fallen away from the wall and revealed thin strips of gray wood. There were brown rings on the ceiling which spread wavy lines beneath the leaks in the roof.

"I got tired'a that foreman there trying to act like God Almighty so one day I took a swing at him then left and went to work with a railroad gang and drove spikes in the sun where it was hot and men passed out and some died and if you didn't hit the steel solid it ricocheted and it could go right in a man's skull and lay his head open and his brains'd spill out. I worked and got big and there was a lot'a towns and I was a man." As he spoke, he paused to stare across the stove, seeming to reach for help as he searched for words long unused.

"In all those years I must'a done twenty or thirty different jobs and they all took a man to do'em."

HHE SPOKE OF the earth; and of a man. And as word followed word, his face became hard, as if in his mind the sun and snow, and mud and dust, sweat and dirt, the pain and the happiness once again gouged those lines which they had already dug so deep.

"And one day I bought some land up in the mountains. Not much at first — but I worked it and saved and bought a little more and then some more and built and made a home and I did it — me alone with my own hands and I didn't ask nothing'a nobody. Just me. The earth was good and clean and I worked it and the plants grew and I grew with'em." His hands clutched at the arms of the chair, and in his dirty, limp clothes his body was straight and tall.

"Then my sister died and I took her children and raised'em and sent'em to school. I give'em all I could. I tried to teach'em how to love — how I've tried to love, to live — how to love the land what don't ask nothing of you 'cept just offers the challenge of whether or not you got the guts to be strong as it. I tried to teach'em how to be happy in that kind'a love — a love where you give and happiness in that giving'a all and receiving what's done given back without asking for no more. It's a love what can bring strength and patience and happiness. Strength like when you go out everyday and give your whole body without never knowing — without never knowing if it's gonn'a change a thing and then you start to see it — slow at first — then faster — a sprout'a green against earth — a green that ain't no paint gonn'a never paint and you know it's good and you've done gave and received and you're happy." The violent

softness of the words slipped away as he leaned back in the chair. He bowed his head and watched his hand toy with an undone button on the rumpled shirt front. He waited, and when finally he spoke, he did not look across the stove but continued to watch the button in the awkward fingers.

"But I don't reckon they wanted that. Maybe I tried too hard. Anyways they took me to court a while back and got it said that I was too old to handle my own life. They just wanted the farm — the money. But they ain't living there. They done got somebody else to work it." His hand fell from the button and he lifted his head and stared faraway.

EIGHTY YEARS. EIGHTY years and I been a lot'a places and done a lot'a things." He continued to stare until his gaze shifted across the stove and his lips turned with the quickness of a forced smile.

"Why you're young and I bet you care for dancing and singing and running around in nice clothes and women." He leaned forward and grinned as he rubbed both hands over the creaseless pants which covered his thighs. "Sure you do. You're young." The tone of his voice was high and false.

"I guess the first time I really cared for them things was when I run off and worked in that tobacco factory. The machines was upstairs and there was girls what worked'em and when we went up there we'd walk by and give'em a little pat and they'd laugh. They laughed real easy and we had a good time. Go out on Saturday night and spend all we'd made during the week and laugh and drink and we laughed a lot back then." He brought his hand to his face and scratched the white stubble.

"Never got married though." He grinned. "And you want'a know why?" He pointed, then wagged his finger across the stove. "Because a woman ain't never satisfied. She ain't satisfied just to have what she's supposed to have but she wants everything she can't have. She'll take a man and want his whole body and then she ain't satisfied with that but she wants his whole mind and soul and she'd suck his guts out and make jelly out'a him if she could." He nodded his head as if to agree with himself.

"I always had friends and we always laughed together. There was a lot'a towns and a lot'a people — a lot'a men and a lot'a women. Them what you don't like you ain't got'a mess with. That is you ain't got'a mess with'em just so long as they don't mess with you. Anyhow I ain't never run from a fight yet. I lost'em but I ain't never run from'em." The false tone was gone, again the voice was low and violent. He

cocked his head to one side and clamped his jaws together as if he were ready to fight.

An iron-posted bed was shoved against one wall, its mattress raised with lumps, the spread rumpled and faded.

"You're young and you care for those things." For an instant, he looked across the stove; there was only the tight squeal of the rocker; then he stared into the corner of the room and seemed lost within himself. He spoke, "But one day you start to know that them things ain't so important anymore and they begin to look a little foolish. And so I bought some land up in the mountains and stayed there." He sat very still and thought of the land.

"And now I'm here." His head moved very slow until his gaze had covered the room, then he was still again.

"An old man don't need much. He don't need much at all. But he needs one thing just like anybody else needs it I reckon. And I ain't got that."

IN THE HALLWAY outside the door, two women walked by and talked with each other. He listened, not for the words but for the sound of the voices.

"No, he don't need much." He pushed himself from the chair and walked across the room to the window where he stood with his hands clasped together behind his back. He looked into the street. When he spoke, he did not turn, but remained with his back to the room. Outside, the swallows cried.

"If they need the money that's all right. They can have it if that's all what's important to'em. I got a little saved away — just enough to let me have a room and some food in this place for as long as I got left and that ain't gonn'a be too long now. No, it ain't gonn'a be long at all." He looked into the street but he did not really see anything. He was not conscious of the busses which left the station with the passengers whose fumbling conversations were now improved and who told one another of their families and who they expected to see at the end of the trip.

"They can have the money, the land. But they don't even come around no more. They just leave me here. Two winters I been here and there ain't been a fire in that stove yet and its been cold with snow on the ground most'a the time. Can't get no coal 'cause that's extra and I ain't got but enough for the room and food. I reckon they 'spect me to come to'em. To come to'em and ask'em for money." His hand gripped the window sill, the knuckles hard, gnarled, broken many times. "But I ain't gonn'a beg. So I

don't see'em and they're all I know now." He gazed across the street with the gray eyes which focused and saw beyond the room.

OVER YONDER'S THE bus station." He twisted his body in the direction of the stove and motioned with his head, then turned back to the window.

"I could go there."

Outside, the dusk had deepened and the night was in the midst of veiling. The lone light on the ceiling had not been turned on and the blackness crept into the room, first filling the corners, then hiding the ceiling, then the whole room itself. The window framed the black form of the man.

"It's warm over there."

The street light in front of the house had been lighted and the artificial yellow spread black shadows over the asphalt.

"People. There're a lot'a people there."

Lightly, he rubbed a coarse hand over the window sill, then touched the creaseless pants with trembling fingertips and played with a fold of cloth.

"Maybe I shouldn't never have run away."

His tongue slid over his lips. New busses arrived to replace those which had departed, new busses and new people who would soon be telling each other of those they had left and of those they were to meet.

"I might could'a got married."

There was the rough scraping sound of dried skin as he held his hands before him and rubbed them over and around each other.

"I can go there and it's warm and I can talk to 'em. Sure I can go over there and just sit and they'll think I'm travelling."

He looked faraway, away into the night, thinking, thinking, perhaps thinking of that which he loved, the land, the earth, life, that which challenged, which he answered, to which he gave himself, that from which he received only what was given and asked for no more, that lover, the land, the earth, life which asked only that he have the strength to be as strong as it. He looked faraway.

"I can go.

I can go there."

HIS EYES FOLLOWED a young soldier who left the bus station with a middle-aged woman dressed in black slacks. Her room would not be faraway, he thought. He watched them, watched them walk beneath the yellow streetlight, his eyes fascinated,

(Continued On Page 31)

Anne Rhodes Nicholson *shows again her fine hand in the evocation of mood and place, so intense in their quietness as to be virtually palpable. And in this imagined world, as real as our own, she seeks the relationships of mothers and sons, the breaking of those ties which bind us all, and the sources of all love.*

DARK NEED

IT WAS AUTUMN. The sunlight had already thickened into dusk and the earth was still warm beneath the pallid light. There was a web of quiet across the mountains, not yet broken by the secret song of hidden night creatures. The trees printed grotesque shadows across the face of the hills — and then it was night. There was a stream of slow smoke from the chimney which soon lost itself in the grey-ness of evening. The young man changed the suitcase that had grown heavy to the other hand. The house leaned against a hill where thick rhododendron made night come fast. The house was small, dwarfed still more by the hills and the broad ancient trees that surrounded it. Before they lived there it had been rented out to tourist couples under the name Cedar Lodge, but the venture had failed.

The interior was obvious in its ugliness and because of this it had an unusual glow of warmth. The sitting room furniture was a horsehair sofa, an overstuffed chair and several massive rockers whose wood had been enamelled scarlet. There was also a painted upright piano with a worn hymnal. The floor was covered by a standard square of carpet in a floral design. The other rooms were furnished with equal abandon.

He ascended the smooth dirt path, mounted the two or three steps, and passed quietly in through the door that his father was holding open for him. "Hello Pa." He grabbed awkwardly for his father's gnarled hand and saw the warmth flash through the older man's eyes. But his father did not smile. "I'm glad you came as soon as you did, Andrew. It's good to have you home again."

"How's Ma?"

"She's waiting to see you." And with that he vanished into the dark recesses of the hall to see about fixing a supper for them.

Andrew pushed open the door and walked softly into the room where his mother lay dying. She lay very still, with the evening breeze blowing wisps of hair into the soft crevices of her colorless cheek. Resigned, uncomplaining, she lay waiting to see once more this child who was a stranger to her. He leaned

over to kiss her and suddenly felt a great pity for her.

"Hello Ma."

"Andy."

"Ma, I'd have come sooner if I'd known."

"Yes."

"But, well . . . The old awkward silence was falling between them, the puzzling curtain that neither of them could part. They spoke haltingly, aware of painful gaps in the conversation. Her love for him was a strange thing that he did not understand. It was the secret of a woman. He was her love-work. She had created him, without knowing him or why it was that she must create him. The cord was cut but they were still bound. There was a strange deliant communion between them, but he did not know why it existed. He only felt vaguely that he had once known the velvet dark intimacy of this woman. He knew that he had needed her. This . . . so strong . . . and yet no more. For she had never been able to show to him the place he held in her heart's core. He looked at her with wonder, half with fear at the thought that perhaps he still needed her. It made him sad that he did not love her. She was a Christian woman and had lived a life of example. It almost seemed as if the life had been lost in the example. Did she see how empty it had been? Now here they sat—strangers, their distance emphasized by the intimacy of the situation. Perhaps it had been his fault too. She had worried about him, his life in college and the sins he must be committing. He was suddenly aware of a sense of responsibility for this death and in this moment of tragic union Andrew felt that he owed his mother a debt.

She broke the silence to ask him for a drink of water. He thought he heard her stifle a moan.

After he brought the water, Andrew sat down again at the foot of the bed. He looked from his mother to his father who was standing in the doorway. They too were bound, by a passion that had long since cooled into an even more desperate need. She had come from the sandy flatlands because the need of man and his warmth against her flank was greater than the cry of her soul. She hated the mountain prison to which

he had brought her. To her the mountains were ugly eruptions, iron breasts grassed over to lure you with their softness, to hide the hurt that lay beneath.

She clutched his hand in her rough warm grasp. Now that it was too late she would have known him. Then his father spoke. "Son, it's getting late. You better go to bed."

"Yes, I feel tired."

"Good night, Andy."

HE AWOKE AND lay in bed smelling the early mountain morning before he opened his eyes. Then he looked out at the sky, blue but not with a hard pureness: lazy grey blue, softened by the morning mists that rolled off the mountains. It was a full time. The autumn was young and death hung but lightly on the trees. The hills above the still green valleys were lush with harvest, while the sharp air on the higher slopes had deeply rouged the sapless leaves. Winter had already come to the cloud-bound mountain tops.

He rose, dressed hurriedly, and slipped out the back door. He ran down the hill past the apple trees and the running made him ageless. He was five, he was fifty. He ran to where the grass grew long, then threw himself on his stomach and wanted to cry hot tears into the earth without knowing why. Perhaps as a tribute to the tears he had understood. Tears at first seeing death, tears for a girl, tears at leaving childhood, tears he would never again be able to weep. He rolled over onto his back and felt life running through his legs. He wondered again as he had so often these last few years about this. He sat up and looked at his legs stretched out before him. He bent over and touched one, then clutched at both legs almost desperately, thinking, marvelling, why, why, why? Is this a work of God? That two columns of flesh should move me perfectly through my network of days. Am I alone in wondering at this pump that keeps me alive to the beauty of the night? I am Andrew Cathey. Am I God? She up there knows God. That shrouded figure dying up there has told me of a God with thunderbolts around his head. She has read in her Bible and it says that she will see him soon. My people also have this God. They work until they lay down to die. When the land yields, they say, "Praise God." But when the harvest is poor, it is "thy will be done."

I have thought that God was love and found that I was wrong. And he went briefly back to a night during his college days. He had been in love with a small, laughing girl who answered his hunger. He had held

her to his breast in the dark night that was like a purple flower and thought "O God, O God this is the secret, God is love." But when he turned to her he knew that it was a lie and it seemed like something that he had dreamed before and he did not know the stranger who lay beside him.

He did not think that God was in death. He had not seen God in the house on the hill.

Now, round him lay the village. Ugly wooden houses and further out a thin circle of cheap farmhouses. It was here that he had come to find the answer. He picked himself up and went back to the house for breakfast. Then he left for the village. He walked down the thickly pebbled road to the brown bridge at the foot of the hill, then stopped and leaned over to watch the swift water. And he thought the smooth stones were giant sapphires dropped there to color the water. He looked further downstream to the dammed-up pool of still black water where he had swum when a boy. The road went up again to the highway and he followed it around the curve to where the stores were. He paused at the sound of a train higher up on the slope and in his mind's eye he saw the iron snake that gripped the mountain in its vise and would finally undulate into the valley, leaving its prey inviolate, knowing that it could return.

HE WALKED INTO the big general store that was run by Walter Sorrel and his empty-headed, bespectacled daughter. There was the old smell of earth and of morning. Vegetables with roots stained red from the soil mingled their odor with the smell of old harness leather and new brogan shoes. The men were already settled in their rigid semi-circle of Saturday society. Once a week on Saturday they left their white frame farmhouses to walk the mountain mile into town. They came because they must, without understanding the need to hear the human voice. To see the reflection of their own humanity, to hear the cry from man to man.

Jack Barton saw him coming and rose to greet him, offering him at the same time an empty packing case to sit on. "Hello, Andy, how's your ma this mornin'?" The semi-circle voiced its sympathetic chorus.

"She's the same, Jack. She's sleeping now."

"Your ma is a good woman, Andy. She always done her duty as she saw it and now she has a just, deserved rest." The chorus droned out its tragic assent. Then Jack Barton in his role as leader steered the conservation into other channels.

Yes, Andrew thought, this is their idea of death, severing the mysterious bond which holds them to

the rocky soil. Not understanding, but only fulfilling. "Thy will be done." They sat in the stiff semi-circle facing the twisted highway, not talking much, exchanging a few remarks about the passing cars. The gist of which were, "Nobody can drive that fast and have a big slick car like that and still be God-fearing." And they felt a real pity for these foreigners.

Andrew rose presently to return to the little house where this strange thing was happening to a woman in a darkened bedroom. She had just awakened when he walked in. He was glad to stand there where she could see him and her life in him. He saw that she would not be able to talk much longer. He sat holding her hand, staring first at the grey felt slippers on the floor and then at the scaling scrolls of ugly wallpaper. He was sorry that he had no tears for her. They sat this way with his father always standing near for a long while.

She died. "And it was done that the scriptures might be fulfilled." He walked outdoors and down the hill to where the long grass grew. He was not sad. It

was as if this woman whose image he bore had quietly passed from one room to another. How many rooms were there? In my house are many mansions. In my mansions are many rooms. But that did not matter for she was gone, her God was gone, the debt was paid.

IT WAS GOOD that he had come back. He would rest here for awhile in this timeless valley before he began again to search the hollow land. He lay down in the dew-damp dark, almost content. He was thirsty but the thirst was good. He was hungry and did not want to be filled. He was alone, but he had renounced all bonds. He felt a freedom, and was glad of this death he had just seen. He looked up. The sky over the earth was night. Man was bound by need and not by love. He thought of the lovers and saw that they were children huddled together in the dark. The earth was under him and the sky was over him and the stars were very far away. It was magnificently lonesome.

I CANNOT FORSEE WHAT GLORY

I cannot forsee what glory you have gathered,
O glory-gathering windfall of unhappiness,
Firm though be my insight, further yet
Than all man-founded righteousness.
What dreary state awaits the mass of sleeping brothers,
Who seek in feeble pettiness pauacea?
Crushing groans unheard of, unendurable, beating
With racing rhythm stifling fury within?
Least of lilting, lily music pounding ever endlessly
Do your torture-travels bring to lilt and
Lily-pound among my writhings. Further yet
Than can be known, you clutter what will
Come with what is now, adding what has been.
I speculate, feather-frowned with curiosity,
Full-wishing all the veils to rend; yet could
Such be, the first slash would bring fright-death.

Joel Underwood



The Moat

John Nash
(by courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery)

TO ACCOMPANY JOHN NASH'S "THE MOAT"

For R. F. B.

Swung from a proud and ancient place
Poplars, dying, bend their grace,
Their aged grace, their graceful hands
To a high young row which strongly stands
Across a still and moving stream
Which shows again the measured dying,
The hopeful lying down to dream
Of proud and ancient poplar trees.

So seeing I might learn to die:
With peace to let each rich leaf lie
When it must lie, upon a still and moving Time;
Standing bare, then dying slowly,
Taking care to hold with holy, knowing hands
The new trees living yet in younger lands,
The lands made rich by countless dying,
The lands made proud by all this quiet lying down to sleep.

Edward Reynolds Price

Duke University Dining Halls



- Woman's College Dining Halls
- Southgate Dining Hall
- The Oak Room
- Old Trinity Room
- Cafeterias A-B-D
- Breakfast Bar
- The New Grille
- Graduate Center Cafeteria and Coffee Lounge

(Continued From Page 3)

discipline to make themselves practicing writers and understanders. They cannot go on forever writing for the fun of it. One cannot write as a hobby, as one can paint or play the piano. The best writing is — as painting and music do not have to be — direct communication, the proud or soft speech of one heart to the next, the hunger and the need in search of sympathy. Even an Emily Dickinson alone in an Amherst house, even the young Milton of *Lycidas* craves an audience, if only an audience of one or two: "fit audience . . . though few." If they do not find that audience they die.

I would not be interpreted as saying that *THE ARCHIVE* — this year's *ARCHIVE* — has viewed with disdain all but the lonely genius. It is proud and jubilant to find such a one, and it is the hope of that discovery that sustains the magazine through the years. I am not going so far as to name those who, in my days here, have seemed to me true writers. I will say that I think there have been at least two people at Duke this year whose work leads us on to the "expectation and desire of some great thing." But without the others *THE ARCHIVE* — and no other magazine — could exist; and it ill befits anything to strike thoughtlessly at the source of so much of its life.

I would have it understood, though, that this *ARCHIVE* has stood for what it thought finest in writing. This year has ended, and I can say it with confidence and with awareness of the criticism which may follow: this *ARCHIVE* of 1954-1955 has contained no single story, poem, or picture which has not seemed to me either a first-rate accomplishment or an accomplishment which at least had the hope of the first-rate shining through it. If you have thought otherwise of the contents of these *ARCHIVES* then your standards differ somewhere from mine. Perhaps you are right, perhaps I am — if we had

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124 W. PARRISH STREET

the time it would do us both good to examine our differences.

I AM LEAVING THE ARCHIVE, and there will be shouts of joy from some directions. Some fine writers are retiring from this place in June. But THE ARCHIVE will hardly die for our departure. It will go on having its good years and its bad, its attacks from the land of the Philistines. When it is good there will come the still and ever-so-small voice of appreciation which steels our souls against the blasts of the unthinking. When it is bad it can only wait in hope, like Israel with its many sorrows. But it will sally forth again with vigor and with the strength of a proud young thing, and in these moments of quality it will weather all the callous criticism of the world, for it will know that it has done a thing worth the doing, that it is mirroring the best that a handful of conscientious and variously gifted people can do. And there will always be a few of you to appreciate that fact. You will be enough.

— E. R. P.



(Continued From Page 2f)

unable to leave the two figures until they had passed up the street into the darkness.

"But I can go." He repeated himself.

In the dark, the old man threw on a rough-threaded overcoat and tumbled to the door. He heard.

Heard the busses roar spew their tinkling exhaust on track eleven leaving for Henderson, Petersburg, Richmond, Washington; goodbye, goodbye have a nice time, have a nice time roared, roared.

He stopped.

His hand slid, then fell from the door knob. After a moment, he turned and walked to the chair. He

sat down very slow without removing his overcoat. The words were whispers which grated against the dark silence of the room.

"I ain't going."

Deep, deep, he inhaled, exhaled, the breath an explosion of sound enclosed by the walls.

"I can't.

Not never."

He was an old man who would soon be eighty years old, who sat alone in the blackness of the room. It was night, and he no longer heard the swallows cry.



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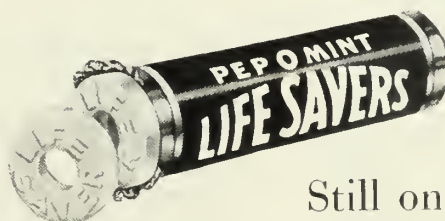
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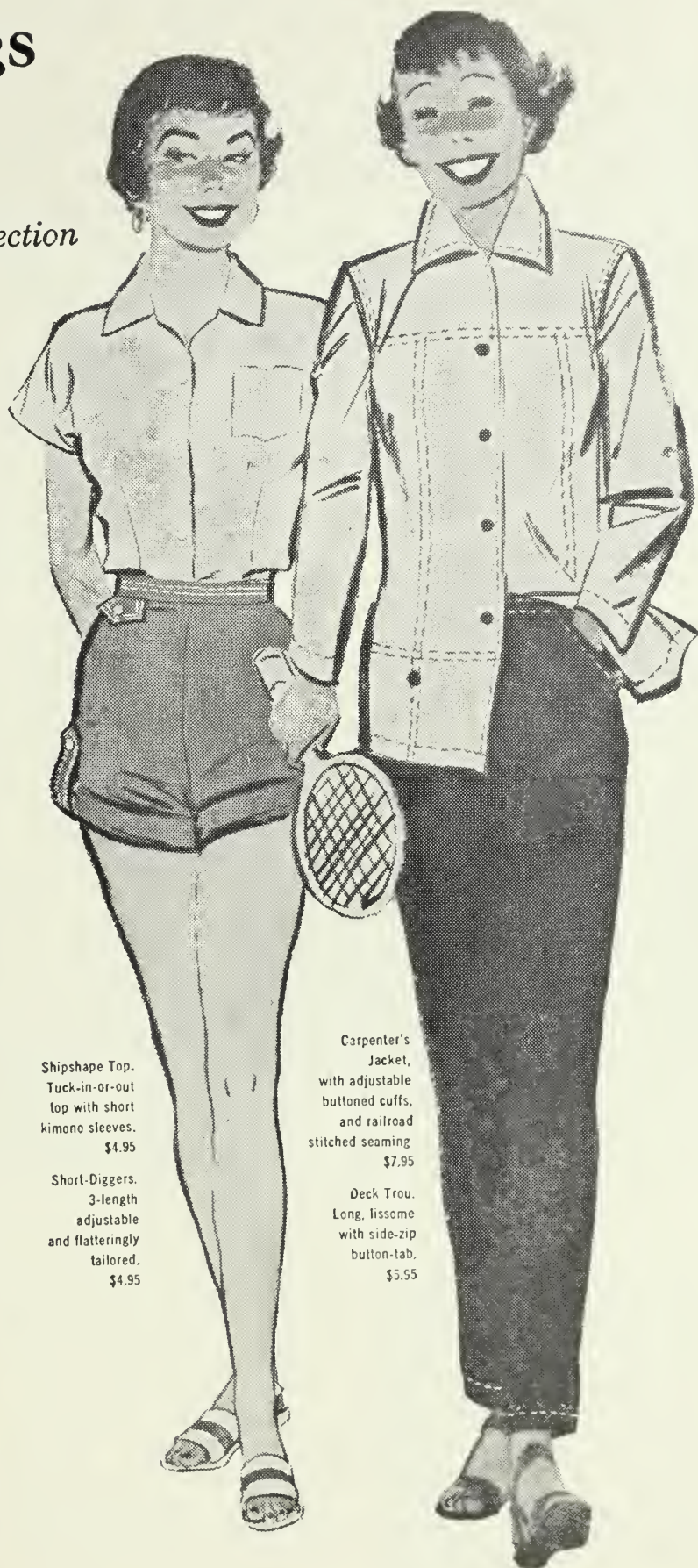
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